

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

DECEMBER 1910

The Torn Letter

By Thomas Hardy

I

I ~~TORE~~ your letter into strips
No bigger than the tiny feathers
That ducks preen out in changing weathers
Upon the shifting ripple-tips.

II

Thereafter on my bed alone
I seemed to see you in a vision,
And hear you say : " Why this derision
Of one drawn to you, though unknown ? "

III

Yea, eve's quick mood had run its course,
The night had cooled my hasty madness ;
I suffered a regretful sadness
Which deepened into real remorse.

IV

I thought what pensive, patient days
A soul must know of grain so tender ;
How much of good must grace the sender
Of such sweet words in such bright phrase.

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V

Uprising then, as things unpriced
I sought each fragment, patched and mended ;
The midnight faded ere I had ended
And gathered words I had sacrificed.

VI

But some, alas, of those I threw,
Were past my search, destroyed for ever :
They were your name and place ; and never
Did I regain those clues to you.

VII

And having missed, by rash unheed,
My first, last, only means to know you,
It dawned on me I must forgo you,
And at the sense I ached indeed.

VIII

That ache for you, got long ago,
Comes back ; I never could outgrow it.
What a revenge did you but know it !
But that you will not, cannot know.

Hard Labour*

By John Carter

I

I **work**, and as the task is done I brood
On what has been and what is yet to pass,
A life spilt from an idly-handled glass,
And days as this, an endless multitude.

Labour and brooding—is there then no rest ?
Day follows day, and in the silent nights
Throng ghostly memories of past delights,
Faces I loved, and lips that I have pressed,

Until the sullen, deep-toned morning bell
Wakes me to face a yesterday again
With all its bitter agony of pain.
Thou didst not linger, Dante, in thy hell.

They say the torture's gone, the dawn's arisen,
Mercy, to angered hearts a suitor strange,
Has begged her own ; yet this they cannot change,
I have been free, and I am here in prison.

II

We bear upon us different brands of shame,
And some the outward insults cannot brook,
The gaoler's ready oath, the scornful look,
While others grieve in silence ; yet the same

* This poem, by John Carter, written in prison, is here published for the first time.

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Rebellious thoughts we share ; we hate alike
The grudging hand that offers us its dole,
And in the deep recesses of the soul
The eager voice, half-stifled, whispers " Strike ! "

A brave pretence we make of merriment,
Cut-throats and thieves, a jolly murderous crew ;
" The Devil's Own Brigade "—he spakē most true
And here and there, who knows ? one innocent.

Nay, we are innocent all, we never stole,
A madman has condemned us ; it may be
We shall go hence to-morrow, pardoned, free.
Free in the body, yes. But in the soul ?

III

O thou belovèd of the cloud-dark hair,
Whose hands I clasp no more, whose lips I crave,
O thou who art so beautiful and brave,
Avert thine eyes ; look not on my despair.

I have not breathed thy name since first this gate
Shut, and the wall upreared its frowning height,
Unless some stealthy turnkey in the night
Has heard a whisper, sobbing-passionate.

Four gaunt years have I mouldered in this place,
Am I not then repentant of my sin ?
I know not, for my heart is dead within,
Thou art so far—I cannot see thy face.

And yet, if thou hadst died, I had returned
To holy thoughts and long-forgotten prayers.
So might thy God be cozened unawares
To yield a moment of His heaven unearned,

HARD LABOUR

IV

Labour and brooding, and a shattered Grail,
And at the last a few square feet of earth,
What care I for your jargon of new birth ?
To live and strive again, again to fail ?

The deadly sin atoned, the shame forgot,
To rise triumphant to a Love-God's breast
I crave not. Mine the certainty of rest.
Ruthless I lived ; unpitied let me rot.

Minnesota State Prison,
November 1909.

A Song of Silence

By Frederick Niven

If thou possess thy soul in peace,
It matters not what may befall
From seed time, till the Summer's lease
Of flowers is o'er, and on the wall
No roses flutter or birds call.

For whether thou dost smile, or sigh ;
Or make thy soul to feel, or make
Thy soul to feel not ; all goes by—
The smiles that cheer ; the griefs that break ;
Thee let not such things captive take.

Even she who sets thy heart aglow
With Love's strange lure, half-sad, half-gay,
Must in a little rise and go
Into the dark, the wonted way :
What love speech, there, can a man say ?

Soon thou, too, softly hence shalt pass,
In silence, to the silent land,
And over thee the heedless grass
Shall wave and the tall jonquils stand :
Possess thy soul ; withhold thy hand.

Paris Nights

By Arnold Bennett

EVENING WITH EXILES

I LIVED up at the top of the house, absolutely alone. After eleven o'clock in the morning, when my servant left, I was my own doorkeeper. Like most solitaries in strange places, whenever I heard a ring I had a feeling that perhaps after all it might be the ring of romance. This time it was the telegraph-boy. I gave him a penny, because in France, much more than in England, every one must live, and the notion still survives that a telegram has sufficient unusualness to demand a tip; the same with a registered letter. I read the telegram, and my evening lay suddenly in fragments at my feet. The customary accident, the accident dreaded by every solitary, had happened. "Sorry, prevented from coming to-night," &c. It was not yet six o'clock. I had in front of me a wilderness of six hours to traverse. In my warm disgust I went at once out in the streets. My flat had become mysteriously uninhabitable, and my work repugnant. The streets of Paris, by reason of their hospitality, are a refuge.

The last sun of September was setting across the circular Place Blanche. I sat down at the terrace of the smallest *café* and drank tea. Exactly opposite were the crimson wings of the Moulin Rouge, and to the right was the establishment which then held first place among nocturnal restaurants in Montmartre. It had the strange charm of a resort which is never closed, night or day, and where money and time are squandered with infantile fatuity. Somehow it inspired respect, if not awe. Its terrace was seldom empty, and at that hour it was always full. Under the striped and valanced awning sat perhaps a hundred people, all slowly and deliberately administering to themselves poisons of various beautiful colours. A crowd to give pause to the divina-

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tion of even the most conceited student of human nature, a crowd in which the simplest *bourgeois* or artist or thief sat next to men and women exercising the oldest and most disreputable professions—and it was impossible surely to distinguish which from which!

Out of the medley of trams, omnibuses, carts, automobiles, and cabs that continually rattled over the cobbles, an open *fiacre* would detach itself every minute or so, and set down or take up in front of the terrace. Among these was one carrying two young dandies, an elegantly dressed girl, and another young girl in a servant's cap and apron. They were all laughing and talking together. The dandies and the elegancy got out and took a vacant table amid the welcoming eager bows of a *maitre d'hôtel*, a *chasseur*, and a waiter. She was freshly and meticulously and triumphantly got up, like an elaborate confection of starched linen fresh from the laundress. Her lips were impeccably rouged. She delighted the eye by her health and her youth and her pretty insolence. A single touch would have soiled her, but she had not yet been touched. Her day had just begun. Probably her bed was not yet made. The black-robed, scissored girls of the drapery store at the next angle of the *place* were finishing their tenth hour of vigil over goods displayed on the foot-path. And next to that was a creamery where black-robed girls could obtain a whole day's sustenance for the price of one glass of poison. Evidently the young creature had only just arrived at the dignity of a fashionable dressmaker, and a servant of her own. Her ingenuous vanity obliged her to show off her servant to the *place*, and the ingenuous vanity of the servant was content to be shown off; for the servant might have a servant to-morrow—who could tell? The cabman and the servant began to converse, and presently the cabman in his long fawn coat and white hat descended and entered the vehicle and sat down by the servant, and pulled out an illustrated comic paper, and they bent their heads over it and giggled enormously in unison; he was piling up money at the rate of at least a sou a minute. Occasionally the young mistress threw a loud sisterly remark to the servant, who replied gaily. And the two young dandies bore nobly the difficult *rôle* of world-worn men who still count not

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the cost of smiles. Say what you like, it was charming. It was one of the reasons why Paris is the city which is always forgiven. Could one reasonably expect that the bright face of the vapid little syren should be solemnised by the thought: "To-day I am a day nearer forty than I was yesterday" ?

The wings of the Moulin Rouge, jewelled now with crimson lamps, began to revolve slowly. The upper chambers of the restaurant showed lights behind their mysteriously curtained windows. The terrace was suddenly bathed in the calm blue of electricity. No austere realism of the philosopher could argue away the romance of the scene.

* * * *

I turned down the steep Rue Blanche, and at the foot of it passed by the shadow of the Trinité, the great church of illicit assignations, at whose clock scores of frightened and expectant hearts gaze anxiously every afternoon ; and through the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, where corsets are masterpieces beyond price and flowers may be sold for a sovereign apiece, and then into the full fever of the grand boulevard with its maddening restlessness of illuminated signs. The shops and *cafés* were all on fire, making two embankments of fire, above which rose high and mysterious façades masked by trees that looked like the impossible verdure of an opera. And between the summits of the trees a ribbon of rich dark soothing purple—the sky ! This was the city. This was what the race had accomplished, after eighteen Louis and nearly as many revolutions, and when all was said that could be said it remained a prodigious and a comforting spectacle. Every doorway shone with invitation ; every satisfaction and delight was offered, on terms ridiculously reasonable. And binding everything together were the refined, neighbourly, and graceful cynical gestures of the race : so different from the harsh and awkward timidity, the self-centred egotism and aristocratic hypocrisy of Piccadilly. It seemed difficult to be lonely amid multitudes that so candidly accepted human nature as human nature is. It seemed a splendid and an uplifting thing to be there. I continued southwards, down the narrow, swarming Rue Richelieu, past the immeasurable National Library on the left and Jean Goujon's studies of the rivers of France on the right, and

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past the Théâtre Français, where nice plain people were waiting to see *L'Aventurière*, and across the arcaded Rue de Rivoli. And then I was in the dark desert of the Place du Carrousel, where the omnibuses are diminished to toy-omnibuses. The town was shut off by the vast arms of the Louvre. The purple had faded from out the sky. The wind, heralding October, blew coldly across the spaces. The artfully arranged vista of the Champs Elysées, rising in flame against the silhouette of Cleopatra's needle, struck me as a meretricious device, designed to impress tourists and monarchs. Everything was meretricious. I could not even strike a match without being reminded that a contented and corrupt inefficiency was corroding this race like a disease. I could not light my cigarette because somebody, somewhere, had not done his job like an honest man. And thus it was throughout. I wanted to dine, and there were a thousand restaurants within a mile; but they had all ceased to invite me. I was beaten down by the overwhelming sadness of one who for the time being has no definite arranged claim to any friendly attention in a huge city—crowded with preoccupied human beings. I might have been George Gissing. I rewrote all his novels for him in an instant. I persisted southwards. The tiny walled river, reflecting with industrious precision all its lights, had no attraction. The quays, where all the bookshops were closed and all the bookstalls locked down, and where there was never a *café*, were as inhospitable and chill as Riga. Mist seemed to heave over the river, and the pavements were oozing damp.

I went up an entry and rang a bell, thinking to myself: "If he isn't in, I am done for!" But at the same moment I caught the sound of a violoncello, and I knew I was saved, and by a miracle Paris was herself again.

* * * *

"Not engaged for dinner, are you?" I asked, as soon as I was in the studio.

"No. I was just thinking of going out."

"Well, let's go then."

"I was scraping some bits of Gluck."

The studio was fairly large, but it was bare, unkempt, dirty, and comfortless. Except an old sofa, two hard imperfect chairs,

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and an untrustworthy table, it had no furniture. Of course it was littered with the apparatus of painting. Its sole ornamentation was pictures, and the pictures were very fine, for they were the painter's own. He and his pictures are well known among the painters of Europe and America. Successful artistically, and with an adequate private income, he was a full member of the Champ de Mars Salon, and he sold his pictures upon occasion to Governments. Although a British subject, he had spent nearly all his life in Paris; he knew the streets and resorts of Paris like a Frenchman; he spoke French like a Frenchman. I never heard of him going to England. I never heard him express a desire to go to England. His age was perhaps fifty, and I dare say that he had lived in that studio for a quarter of a century, with his violoncello. It was plain, as he stood there, well dressed, and with a vivacious and yet dreamy eye, that the zest of life had not waned in him. He was a man who, now as much as ever, took his pleasure in seeing and painting beautiful, suave, harmonious things. And yet he stood there unapologetic amid that ugly and narrow discomfort, with the sheet of music pinned carelessly to an easel, and lighted by a small ill-regulated lamp with a truncated, dirty chimney—sole illumination of the chamber! His vivacious and dreamy eye simply did not see all that, never had seen it, never saw anything that it did not care to see. Nobody ever heard him multiply words about a bad picture, for example—he would ignore it.

With a gesture of habit that must have taken years to acquire he took a common rose-coloured packet of caporal cigarettes from the table by the lamp and offered it to me, pushing one of the cigarettes out beyond its fellows from behind; you knew that he was always handling cigarettes.

"It's not really arranged for 'cello," he murmured, gazing at the music, which was an air from *Alceste*, arranged for violin. "You see it's in the treble clef."

"I wish you'd play it," I said.

He sat down and played it, because he was interested in it. With his greying hair and his fashionable grey suit, and his oldest friend, the brown 'cello, gleaming between his knees, he was the centre of a small region of light in the gloomy studio, and the

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sound of the 'cello filled the room. He had no home ; but if he had had a home this would have been his home, and this his home-life. As a private individual, as distinguished from a public artist, this was what he had arrived at. He had secured this refuge, and invented this relaxation, in the middle of Paris. By their aid he could defy Paris. There was something wistful about the scene, but it was also impressive, at any rate to me, who am otherwise constituted. He was an exile in the city of exiles ; a characteristic item in it, though of a variety exceedingly rare. But he would have been equally an exile in any other city. He had no consciousness of being an exile, of being homeless. He was above patriotisms and homes. Why, when he even wanted a book he only borrowed it !

" Well, shall we go out and eat ? " I suggested, after listening to several lively airs.

" Yes," he said, " I was just going. I don't think you've seen my last etching. Care to ? "

I did care to see it, but I also desired my dinner.

" This is a pretty good print, but I shall get better," he said, holding the sheet of paper under the lamp.

" How many shall you print ? " I asked.

" Thirty."

" You might put me down for one."

" All right. I think it will give you pleasure," he said with impartial and dignified conviction.

After another ten minutes, we were out on the quay.

" Grand autumn night ? " he said appreciatively. " Where shall we have the *apéritif* ? "

" *Apéritif* ! It's after eight o'clock, man ! "

" I think we shall have time for an *apéritif*," he insisted, mildly shocked.

Drawing-rooms have their ritual. His life, too, had its ritual.

* * * *

At nearly midnight we were sitting, three of us, in a *café* of the Montparnasse quarter, possibly the principal *café* of the Montparnasse quarter. Neither notorious nor secretly eccentric ; but an honest *café*, in the sense of " honest " applied to certain women. Being situated close to a large railway terminus, it had a

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broad and an indulgent attitude towards life. It would have received a frivolous *habitué* of the Place Blanche, or a nun, or a clergyman, with the same placidity. And although the district was modified, and whole streets, indeed, de-Parisianised by wandering cohorts of American and English art-amateurs of both sexes, this *café* remained, while accepting them, characteristically French. The cohorts thought they were seeing French life when they entered it ; and they in fact were.

This *café* was the chief club of the district, with a multitudinous and regular *clientèle* of billiard-players, card-players, draughts-players, newspaper readers, chatterers, and simple imbibers of bock. Its doors were continually aswing, and one or other of the two high-enthroned *caissières* was continually lifting her watchful head from the desk to observe who entered. Its interior seemed to penetrate indefinitely into the hinterland of the street, and the effect of unendingness was intensified by means of mirrors, which reflected the shirt-sleeved arms and the cues of a score of billiard-players. Everywhere the same lively and expressive and never ungraceful gestures, between the marble table-tops below and the light-studded ceiling above ! Everywhere the same murmur of confusing pleasant voices broken by the loud chant of waiters intoning orders at the service-bar, and by the setting down of heavy glass mugs and saucers upon marble ! Over the *café*, unperceived, unthought of, were the six stories of a large house comprising perhaps twenty-five separate and complete homes.

The third man at our table was another exile, also a painter, but a Scotchman. He had lived in Paris since everlasting, but before that rumour said that he had lived for several years immovable at the little inn of a Norman village. Now, he never left Paris, even in summer. He exhibited, with marked discretion, only at the Indépendants. Beyond these facts, and the obvious fact that he enjoyed independent means, nobody knew anything about him save his opinions. Even his age was exceedingly uncertain. He looked forty, but there were acquaintances who said that he had looked forty for twenty years. He was one of those extremely reserved men who talk freely. Of his hopes, ambitions, ideals, disappointments, connections, he never said a

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word, but he did not refuse his opinion upon any subject, and on every subject he had a definite opinion which he would express very clearly, with a sort of polite curtness. His tendency was to cynicism—too cynical to be bitter. He did not complain of human nature, but he thoroughly believed the worst of it. These two men, the 'cellist and the Scotchman, were fast friends; or rather—as it might be argued in the strict sense neither of them had a friend—they were very familiar acquaintances, each with a profound respect for the other's judgment and artistic probity. Further, the Scotchman admired his companion for a genius, as everybody did.

They talked together for ever and ever, but not about politics. They were impatient on politics. Both were apparently convinced that politics are an artificiality imposed upon society by adventurers and interferers, and that if such people could be exterminated politics would disappear. Certainly neither had any interest in the organic aspect of society. Their political desire was to be let alone. Nor did they often or for long "talk bawdy"; after opinions had been given which no sensible man ever confides to more than two reliable others at a time, the Scotchman would sweep all that away as secondary. Nor did they talk of the events of the day, unless it might be some titillating crime or mystery such as will fill whole pages of the newspaper for a week together. They talked of the arts, all the arts. And although they seemed to be always either in that *café*, or in their studios, or in bed, they had the air of being mysteriously but genuinely abreast of every manifestation of art. And since all the arts are one, and in respect to art they had a real attitude and real views, all that they said was valuable suggestively, and their ideas could not by any prodigality be exhausted. As a patron of the arts even the State interested them, and herein they showed glimmerings of a social sense. In the intervals of this eternal and absorbing "art," they would discuss with admirable restrained gusto the exacerbating ridiculousness of the cohorts of American and English art-amateurs who infested and infected the quarter.

* * * *

Little bands of these came into the *café* from time to time,

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and drifting along the aisles of chairs would sit down where they could see as much as possible with their candid eyes. The girls, inelegant and blousey; the men, inept in their narrow shrewdness: both equally naive, conceited, uncorrupted, and incorruptible, they were absolutely incapable of appreciating the refined and corrupt decadence, the stylistic charm, the exquisite tradition of the civilisation at which they foolishly stared, as at a peepshow. Not a thousand years would teach them the human hourly art of life as it was subtly practised by the people whose very language they disdained to learn. When loud fragments of French phrases, massacred by Americans who had floated on but not mingled with Paris for years, reached us from an Anglo-Saxon table, my friends would seem to shudder secretly, ashamed of being Anglo-Saxon. And if they were obliged to salute some uncouth Anglo-Saxon acquaintance, and thus admit their own un-Latin origin, their eyes would say: "Why cannot these people be imprisoned at home? Why are not we alone of Anglo-Saxons permitted to inhabit Paris?"

Occasionally a bore would complacently present himself for sufferance. Among these the chief was certainly the man whose existence was an endless shuttle-work between the various cities where art is or has been practised, from Munich to Naples. He knew everything about painting, but he ought to have been a bookmaker. He was notorious everywhere as the friend of Strutt—Strutt being the very famous and wealthy English portrait-painter of girls. All his remarks were apropos of Tommy Strutt—Tommy Strutt—Tommy. He was invariably full of Tommy. And this evening he was full of Tommy's new German model, whose portrait had been in that year's Salon. . . . How Tommy had picked her up in the streets of Berlin: how she was nineteen, and the rage of Berlin, and was asked to lunch at the Embassies, and had received five proposals in three months: how she refused to sit for any one but Tommy, and even for him would only sit two hours a day: how Tommy looked after her, and sent her to bed at nine-thirty of a night, and hired a woman to play with her: and how Tommy had once telegraphed to her that he was coming to Berlin, and how she had hired a studio and got it painted and furnished exactly to his fastidious taste all on her own, and

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met him at the station and driven him to the studio, and tea was all ready, &c. : and how pretty she was. . . .

"What's her figure like?" the Scotchman inquired gruffly.

"The fact is," said Tommy's friend, dashed, "I haven't seen her posing for the nude. I've seen her posing to Tommy in a bathing-costume on the sea-shore, but I haven't yet seen her posing for the nude. . . ." He became reflective. "My boy, do you know what my old uncle used to say to me down at the old place in Kildare, when I was a youngster? My old uncle used to say to me—and he was dying—'My boy, I've always made a rule of making love to every pretty woman I met. It's a sound rule. But let me warn you—you mustn't expect to get more than five per cent. on your outlay!'"

"'The old place in Kildare!'" murmured the Scotchman, in a peculiarly significant tone, after Tommy Strutt's friend had gone; and this was the only comment on Tommy Strutt's friend.

* * * *

The talk on art was resumed, the renowned Tommy Strutt being reduced to his proper level of the third-rate and abruptly dismissed. One o'clock! A quarter past one! The *café* was now nearly empty. But these men had no regard for time. Time did not exist for them, any more than the structure of society. They were not bored, not tired. They conversed with ease, and with mild pleasure in their own irony and in the disillusioned surety of their judgments. Then I noticed that the waiters had dwindled to two, and that only one cashier was left enthroned behind the bar. Somewhat later, she too had actually gone! Both had at length rejoined their families, if any. The idea was startling that these prim and neat and mechanically smiling women were human, had private relations, a private life, a bed, a wardrobe. All over Paris, all day, every day, they sit and estimate the contents of trays which waiters present to their practised gaze for an instant only, and receive the value of the drinks in bone discs, and write down columns of figures in long ledgers. They never take exercise, nor see the sun; they even eat in the *café*. Mystic careers! . . . A quarter to two! Now the chairs had been brought in from the terrace, and there

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was only one waiter, and no other customer that I could see. The waiter, his face nearly as pale as his apron, eyed us with patient and bland resignation, sure from his deep knowledge of human habits that sooner or later we should in fact depart, and well inured to the great Parisian principle that a *café* exists for the convenience of its *habitués*. I was uneasy: I was even aware of guiltiness; but not my friends.

Then a face looked in at the doorway, as if reconnoitring, and hesitated.

"By Jove!" said the violoncellist. "There's the Mahatma back again! Oh! He's seen us!"

The peering face preceded a sloping body into the *café*, and I was introduced to a man whose excellent poems I had read in a limited edition. He was wearing a heavily jewelled red waistcoat, and the largest ring I ever saw on a human hand. He sat down. The waiter took his order and intoned it in front of the service-bar, proving that another fellow-creature was hidden there awaiting our pleasure. When the Mahatma's glass was brought, the Scotchman suddenly demanded from the waiter the total of our modest consumption, and paid it. The Mahatma said that he had arrived that evening direct from the Himalayas, and that he had been made or ordained a "khan" in the East. Without any preface he began to talk supernaturally. As he had known Aubrey Beardsley, I referred to the rumour that Beardsley had several times been seen abroad in London after his alleged death.

"That's nothing," he said quickly. "I know a man who saw and spoke to Oscar Wilde in the Pyrenees at the very time when Oscar was in prison in England."

"Who was the man?" I inquired.

He paused. "Myself," he said in a low tone.

"Shall we go?" The Scotchman, faintly smiling, embraced his friend and me in the question.

We went, leaving the Mahatma bent in solitude over his glass. The waiter was obviously saying to himself: "It was inevitable that they should ultimately go, and they have gone." We had sat for four hours.

Outside, cabs were still rolling to and fro. After cheerful

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casual good-nights, we got indolently into three separate cabs, and went our easy ways. I saw in my imagination the vista of the thousands of similar nights which my friends had spent, and the vista of the thousands of similar nights which they would yet spend. And the sight was majestic, tremendous.

FRENCH BOURGEOIS EVENING

You could smell money long before you arrived at the double portals of the flat on the second floor. The public staircase was heated ; it mounted broadly upwards and upwards in a very easy slope, and at each spacious landing was the statue of some draped woman holding aloft a lamp which threw light on an endless carpet and on marble mosaics. There was, indeed, a lift ; but who could refuse the majestic invitation of the staircase, deserted, silent, and mysterious ? The bell would give but one *ting*, and always the same *ting* ; it was not an electric device by which the temperament and mood of the intruder on the mat are accurately and instantly signalled to the interior.

The door was opened by the Tante herself—perhaps she had been crossing from one room to another—and I came into the large entrance-hall, which even on the brightest summer day was as obscure as a crypt, and which the architect had apparently meant to be appreciated only after nightfall. A vast *armoire* and a vast hat and coat stand were features of it.

“My niece occupies herself with the children,” the Tante half whispered, as she took me into the drawing-room. And in her voice were mingled pride, affection, and also a certain conspiratorial quality, as though the mysteries of putting a little boy and a little girl to bed were at once religious and delicious, and must not be disturbed by loud tones even afar off.

She was a stout woman of seventy, dressed in black with a ruching of white at the neck and the wrists ; very erect and active ; her hair not yet entirely grey ; an aquiline eye. The soft, fresh, white frill at the wrist made a charming contrast with the experienced and aged hand. She had been a widow for very many years, and during all those years she had matched herself against the world, her weapons being a considerable and secure

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income, and a quite exceptional natural shrewdness. The result had left her handsomely the victor. She had an immense but justifiable confidence in her own judgment and sagacity; her interest in the spectacle of existence was unabated, and a long and passionate study of human nature had not embittered her. She was a realist, and a caustic realist, but she could excuse; she could accept man as she knew him in his turpitude. Her chief joys were to arrange and rearrange her "reserves" of domestic goods, to discuss character, and to indicate to a later generation, out of her terrific experience of Parisian life, the best methods of defence against the average tradesman and the average menial. So seldom did anybody get the better of her that, when the unusual did occur, she could afford to admit the fact with a liberal laugh: "*Il m'a roulé, celui-là ! Il a roulé la vieille !*"

In a corner of the drawing-room she resumed the topic, always interesting to her, of my adventures among charwomen, generously instructing me the whole time in a hundred ways. And when the conversation dropped she would sigh and go back to something previously said, and repeat it. "So she polishes the door-knobs every day! Well, that is a quality, at least." Then my hostess (her niece-in-law) came blandly in: a woman of thirty-five, also in mourning, with a pale, powdered face and golden hair; benevolent and calm, elegant, but with the elegance of a confessed mother.

"*Ca y est ?*" asked the Tante, meaning—were the infants at last couched?

"*Ca y est,*" said the mother, with triumph, with relief, and yet also with a little regret.

There was a nurse, but in practice she was only an under-nurse; the head-nurse was the mother.

"*Eh bien, mon petit Bennett,*" the mother began, in a new tone, as if to indicate that she was no longer a mother, but a Parisienne, frivolous and challenging, "what is it that there is new?"

"He is there," said the Tante, dramatically interrupting.

We heard the noise of the front door, and by a common instinct we all rose and went into the hall.

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The master of the home had arrived. He entered like a gust of wind, and Marthe, the thin old parlourmaid, who had evidently been lying in wait for him, started back in alarm, but alarm half-simulated. My host, about the same age as his wife, was a doctor, specialising in the diseases of women and children, and he had his cabinet on the ground floor of the same house. He was late, he was impatient to regain his hearth, he was proud of his industry; and the simple, instinctive joy of life sparkled in his eye.

"Marie," he cried to his wife. "I love thee!" And kissed her furiously on both cheeks.

"It is well," she responded, calmly smiling, with a sort of flirtatious condescension.

"I tell thee I love thee!" he insisted, with his hands on her shoulders. "Tell me that thou lovest me!"

"I love thee," she said calmly.

"It is very well!" he said, and swinging round to Marthe, giving her his hat, "Marthe, I love you." And he caught her a smack on the shoulder.

"Monsieur hurts me," the spinster protested.

"Go then! Go then!" said the Tante, as the beloved nephew directed his assault upon her in turn. She was grimly proud of him. He flattered her eye, for, even at his loosest, he had a professional distinction of deportment which her long-deceased husband, a wholesale tradesman, had probably lacked.

"Well, my old one," the host grasped my hand once more, "you cannot figure to yourself how much it gives me pleasure to have you here!" His voice was rich with emotion.

This man had the genius of friendship in a very high degree. His delight in the society of his friends was so intense and so candid that only the most inordinately conceited among them could have failed to be aware of an uncomfortable, grave sense of unworthiness, could have failed to say to themselves fearfully: "He will find me out one day!"

* * * *

The dining-room was large, and massively furnished, and lighted by one immense shaded lamp that hung low over the table. Among the heavily framed pictures was a magnificent

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Jules Dupré, belonging to the Tante. She had picked it up long ago at a sale for something like ten thousand francs, apparently while the dealers were looking the other way. It was a known picture, and one of the Tante's satisfactions was that some dealer or other was always trying to relieve her of it, without the slightest success. She had a story, too, that on the day after the sale a Duchesse who affected Duprés had sent her footman offering to take the picture off her at a ten per cent. increase because it would make a pair with another magnificent Dupré already owned by the Duchesse. "Eh well," the widow of the tradesman had said to the footman, "you will tell Madame la Duchesse that if she wants my picture she had better come herself and inquire about it." In the flat, the Dupré was one of the great pictures of the world. Safer to sneeze at the Venus de Milo than at that picture! Another favourite picture, also the property of Tante, was one by a living and super-modern painter, an acquaintance of another nephew of hers. I do not think she much cared for it, or that she cared much for any pictures. She had bought it by a benevolent caprice. "What would you? He had not the sou. *C'est un très gentil garçon*, of a great talent, but he was eating all his money with women—with those birds that you know. And one day it may be worth its price."

What always interested me most in the furniture of that dining-room was not the pictures, nor the ample plate, nor the edifices called sideboards, &c., but the apron of Marthe, who served. A plain, unstarched, white apron, without a bib—an apron that no English parlourmaid would have deigned to wear; but of such fine linen, and all the exactly geometric creases of its folding visible to the eye as Marthe passed round and round our four chairs! Whenever I saw that apron I could see linen-chests, and endless supplies of linen, and Tante and Marthe fussing over them on quiet afternoons. And it went so well with her dark blue shiny frock! When Tante had joined her nephew's household she had brought with her Marthe, already old in her service. These two women were devoted to each other, each in her own way. "Arrive then, with that sauce, *vieille folle!*" Tante would command; and Marthe, pursing her lips, would defend herself with a "*Mais, madame—!*"

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There was no high invisible wall between Marthe and her employers. One was not worried, as one would have been in England, by the operation of the detestable and barbaric theory that Marthe was an automaton, inaccessible to human emotions. I remember seeing in the work-basket of the wife of a wealthy English Socialist a little manual of advice to domestic servants upon their deportment, and I remember this: "Learn to control your voice, and always speak in a low voice. Never show by your demeanour that you have heard any remark which is not addressed to you." I wonder what Marthe, who had never worn a cap, nor perhaps seen one, would have thought of the manual, which possibly was written by a distressed gentlewoman in order to earn a few shillings. Marthe could smile. She could even laugh and answer back—but within limits. We had not to pretend that Marthe consisted merely of two ministering hands animated by a brain, but without a soul. In France a servant works longer and harder than in England, but she is permitted the constant use of a soul.

A simple but an expensive dinner, for these people were the kind of people that, desiring only the best, were in a position to see that they had it, and accepted the cost as a matter of course. Moreover, they knew what the best was, especially the Tante. They knew how to buy. The chief dish was just steak. But what steak! What a thickness of steak and what tenderness! A whole cow had lived under the most approved conditions, and died a violent death, and the very essence of the excuse for it all lay on a blue and white dish in front of the hostess. Cost according! Steak; but better steak could not be had in the world! And the consciousness of this fact was on the calm benignant face of the hostess and on the vivacious ironic face of the Tante. So with the fruits of the earth, so with the wine. And the simple, straightforward distribution of the viands seemed to suit well their character. Into that flat there had not yet penetrated the grand modern principle that the act of carving is an obscene act, an act to be done shamefully in secret, behind the backs of the delicate impressionable. No! The dish of steak was planted directly in front of the hostess, under her very nose, and beyond the dish a pile of four plates;

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and, brazenly brandishing her implements, the Parisienne herself cut the tit-bits out of the tit-bit, and deposited them on plate after plate, which either Marthe took or we took ourselves, at hazard. Further, there was no embarrassment of multitudinous assorted knives and forks and spoons. With each course the diner received the tools necessary for that course. Between courses, if he wanted a toy for his fingers, he had to be content with a crust.

During the meal the conversation constantly reverted with pleasure to the question of food ; it was diversified by expressions of the host's joy in his home, and the beings therein ; and for the rest it did not ascend higher than heterogeneous personal gossip—"unstitched" as the French say.

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Instead of going into the drawing-room, we went through a bed-chamber, into a small room at the back. By taking a circuitous service-passage, and infringing on the kitchen, we might ultimately have arrived at that room without passing through the bedchamber ; but the proper, the ceremonious way to it was through the bedchamber. This trifling detail illuminates the methods of the French architect even when he is building expensively—methods which persist to the present hour. Admirable at façades, he is an execrable planner, wasteful and maladroit, as may be seen even in the most important public buildings in Paris—such as the Town Hall. In arranging the "disposition" of flats, he exhausts himself on the principal apartments, and then, fatigued, lets the others struggle as best they may for light and air and access in the odd corners of space which remain. Of course he is strong in the sympathy of his clients. It is a wide question of manners, stretching from the finest palaces of France down to the labyrinthine coverts of industrialism. Up to twenty-five years ago, architects simply did not consider the factors of either light or ventilation. I have myself lived in a flat, in one of the best streets of Central Paris, of which none of the eight windows could possibly at any period of the year receive a single direct gleam of sunlight. Up to twenty-five years ago, nobody had discovered a reason why, in a domestic interior, a bedroom should not be a high road. . . .

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Visualise the magnificent straight boulevard, full of the beautiful horizontal glidings of trams and automobiles; the lofty and stylistic frontages; the great carved doors of the house; the quasi-Oriental entrance and courtyard, shut in from the fracas of the street; the monumental staircase; the spacious and even splendid dining-room; and then the bedroom opening directly off it; and then the still smaller sitting-room opening directly off that; and us therein—the ebullient doctor, his elegant and calm wife, the Tante (on a small chair), and myself—sitting round a lamp amid a miscellany of bookcases and oddments. This was the room that the doctor preferred of an evening. He would say joyously: “*C’est le décor home!*”

* * *

A cousin of the host was announced; and his relatives and I smiled archly, with affectionate malice, before he came in; for it was notorious that this cousin, an architect by profession, and a bachelor of forty years standing, had a few days earlier solemnly and definitely “broken” with his *petite amie*. I knew it. Everybody knew it within the wide family radius. It was one of those things that “knew themselves.” This call was itself a proof that the cousin had dragged his anchor. Moreover, he embraced his aunt with a certain self-consciousness. He was a tall, dark-bearded man, well dressed in a dark grey suit—a good specimen of French tailoring, but a French tailor cannot use an iron and he cannot “roll” a collar. A rather melancholy and secretive and flaccid man, but somewhat hardened and strengthened by the lifelong use of a private fortune. They all had money—money of their own, independently of earned money; the wife had money—and I do not think that it occurred to any of them to live up to his or her income; their resources were always increasing, and the reserves that the united family could have brought up to face a calamity must have been formidable. None of them had ever been worried about money, and by reason of their financial ideals they were far more solid than a London family receiving, but spending, thrice their income.

Marthe came with another coffee-cup, and the cousin, when the hostess had filled it, set it down to go cold, after the French manner.

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"Well, my boy," said Tante, whose ancient eyes were sparkling with eagerness. "By what appears, thou art a widower since several days."

"How a widower?"

"Yes," said the host, "it appears that thou art a widower"; and added enthusiastically: "I am pretty content to see thee, my old one."

The hostess smiled at the widower with sympathetic indulgence.

"Who has told you?"

"What! Who has told us? All Paris knows it!"

"Well," said the cousin, looking at the carpet and apparently communing with himself—he always had an air of self-communing—"I suppose it's true!" He drank the tenth of a teaspoonful of coffee.

"Eh well, my friend," the Tante commented, "I do not know if thou hast done well. That did not cost thee too dear, and she had a good-hearted face." Tante spoke with an air of special intimacy, because she and the cousin had kept house together for some years at one period.

"Thou hast seen her, Tante?" the hostess asked, surprised a little out of the calm in which she was crocheting.

"Have I seen her? I believe it well! I caught them together once when I was driving in the Bois."

"That was Antoinette," said the cousin.

"It was not Antoinette," said the Tante. "And thou hast no need to say it. Thou quittedst Antoinette in '96, before I had begun to hire that carriage I recall it to myself perfectly."

"I suppose now it will be the grand spree," said the hostess, "during several months."

"The grand spree!" Tante broke in caustically. "Have no fear. The grand spree—that is not his kind. It is not he who will scatter his money with those birds. He is not so stupid as that." She laughed dryly.

"Is she *rosse*, the Tante, all the same?" the host, flowing over with good nature, comforted his cousin.

Then Marthe entered again:

"The children demand monsieur."

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The host bounded up from his chair.

"What! The children demand monsieur!" he exploded.
"At nine o'clock! It is not possible that they are not asleep!"

"They say that monsieur promised to return to them after dinner."

"It is true!" he admitted, with a gesture of discovery.
"It is true!"

"I pray thee," said the mother. "Go at once. And do not excite them."

"I think I'll go with you," I said.

"My little Bennett," the mother leaned towards me, "I supplicate you—at this hour——"

"But naturally he will come with me!" the host cried obstreperously.

We went down a long narrow passage. There they were in their beds, the children, in a small bedroom divided into two by a low screen of ribbed glass, the boy on one side and the girl on the other. The window gave on to a small subsidiary courtyard. Through the half-drawn curtains the lighted windows of rooms opposite could be discerned, rising, story after story, up out of sight. A night-light burned on a table. The nurse stood apart, at the door. The children were lively, but pale. They had begun to go to school, and, except the journey to and from school, they seemed to have almost no outdoor exercise. No garden was theirs. The hall and the passages were their sole playground. And all the best part of their lives was passed between walls in a habitation twenty-five or thirty feet above ground, in the middle of Paris. Yet they were very well. The doctor did not romp with them. No! He simply and candidly caressed them, girl and boy, in turn, calling them passionately by the most beautiful names, burying his head in the bedclothes, and fondling their wild hair. He then entreated them, with genuine humility, to compose themselves for sleep, and parted last from the girl.

"She is exquisite—exquisite!" he murmured to me ecstatically, as we returned up the passage from this excursion.

She was.

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In the small sitting-room the cousin was offering to the Tante some information of a political nature. The Tante kept a judicious eye on everything in Paris.

"What!" The host protested vociferously. "He is again in his politics! Cousin, I supplicate thee——"

A good deal of supplication went on there. The host did succeed in stopping politics. With all the weight of his vivacious good-nature he bore politics down. The fact was, he had a real objection to politics, having convinced himself that they were permanently unclean in France. It was not the measures that he objected to, but the men—all of them with scarcely an exception—as cynical adventurers. On this point he was passionate. Politics were incurably futile, horribly *assommant*. He would not willingly allow them to soil his hearth.

"What hast thou done lately?" he asked of the cousin, changing the subject.

And the talk veered to public amusements. The cousin had been "distracting himself," amid his sentimental misadventures, by much theatre-going. They all, except the Tante, went very regularly to the theatres and to the operas. And not only that, but to concerts, exhibitions, picture-shows, services in the big churches, and every kind of diversion frequented by people in easy circumstances and by artists. There was little that they missed. They exhibited no special taste or knowledge in any art, but leaned generally to the best among that which was merely fashionable. They took seriously nearly every craftsman who, while succeeding, kept his dignity and refrained from being a mountebank. Thus they were convinced that dramatists like Edmond Rostand and Henri Lavedan, actors and actresses like Le Bargy and Cécile Sorel, painters like Edouard Détaillé and La Gandara, composers like Massenet and Charpentier, critics like Adolphe Brisson and Francis Chevassu, novelists like René Bazin and Daniel Lesueur, poets like Jean Richepin and Abel Bonnard, were original and first class, and genuinely important in the history of their respective arts. On the other hand, their attitude towards the real innovators and shapers of the future was timidly, but honestly, antipathetic. And they could not, despite any theorising to the contrary, bring themselves to take quite

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seriously any artist who had not been consecrated by public approval. With the most charming grace they would submit to be teased about this, but it would have been impossible to tease them out of it. And there was always a slight uneasiness in the air when they and I came to grips in the discussion of art. I could almost hear the shrewd Tante saying to herself: "What a pity this otherwise sane and safe young man is an artist!"

"Figure to yourself," the host would answer me with an adorable, affectionate mien of apology. When I asked his opinion of a new work by Maurice Ravel, heard on a Sunday afternoon: "Figure to yourself that we scarcely liked it."

And with the same mien, of a very fashionable comedy in which Lavedan, Le Bargy, and Julia Bartet had combined to create a terrific success at the Théâtre Français:

"Figure to yourself, it was truly very nice, after all! Of course one might say . . ."

The truth was, it had carried them off their feet.

Upon my soul I think I liked them the better for it all. And, in talking to them, I understood a little better the vast and solid basis upon which rests all that overwhelming, complex, expensive apparatus of artistic diversions laid out for the public within a mile radius of the Place de l'Opéra. There *is* a public, a genuine public, which desires ardently to be amused and which will handsomely put down the money for its amusement. And it is never tired, never satiated. The artist, who seldom pays, is apt to wonder if any considerable body of persons pay, is apt to regard the commercial continuance of art as a sort of inexplicable miracle. But these people paid. They always paid, and richly. And there were whole streets of large houses full of other people who shared their tastes and their habits, if not their extreme attractiveness.

* * * *

I wondered where we should be without them, we artists, as I took leave of them at something after midnight. My good friend the melancholy cousin had departed. Tante had gone to bed, though she protested she never slept. We had been drinking weak tea as we wandered about the dining-room. And now I, obdurate against the host's supplications not to desert them so

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early, was departing too. At the door the hostess lighted a little taper, and gave it to me. And when the door was opened they moderated their caressing voices ; for a dozen other domestic interiors, each intricate and complete, gave on the resounding staircase. And with my little taper I descended through the silence and the darkness of the staircase. And at the bottom I halted in the black entrance-way, and summoned the concierge out of his sleep to release the catch of the small door within the great portals. There was a responsive click immediately, and in the blackness a sudden gleam from the boulevard. The concierge and his wife, living for ever sunless in a room and a half beneath all those other interiors, were throughout the night at the mercy of a call, mine or another's. "Curious existence !" I thought, as my shutting of the door echoed about the building and I stepped into the illumination of the boulevard. "The concierge is necessary to them. And without the equivalent of such as they, such as I could not possess even a decent overcoat !" On the façade of the house every outer casement was shut. Not a sign of life in it.

(To be continued)

An Enchanted Princess

By Ella D'Arcy

WHEN we were children, and lived in the Islands, we used to be sent, now and then, to buy eggs from Miss Murray at Bosq Cottage, a name which in Island pronunciation is softened to Beau.

You pass Bosq Cottage every time you go up the Contrée Mansel, the steep, cobbled street that climbs painfully out of Jacques-le-Port on the right, to take breath again and its ease, as the flat country road leading to Saint Gilles. It is a sombre-looking, one-storied house, with tiny windows set in such wide spaces of wall as to suggest darkness rather than light, and its façade, turned due north, is always in shadow. But its false air of austerity could not daunt our young spirits. We knew too well what lay behind.

Nor could we look upon Miss Murray, its mistress, with the eyes of the world. To these she must have appeared but a poor, plain, elderly spinster, arrayed in strange odds and ends of rusty black, going solitary about the town, slipping her unobtrusive way through the crowds of Saturday's market. But to us she seemed young, quite as young as we ourselves, and this in spite of her wrinkled skin, and thin grey hair. I think the reason was that she always talked *with* us, as on a perfect equality, not down *to* us from an immeasurable height as other grown-ups did. She would ask for my advice, or Bertie's opinion, with an evident desire to have them, and I imagine that when she was in our company she must often have forgotten that she was old.

In those days, however, we had a different theory, and this was a theory propounded by Bertie to the effect that, in reality, Miss Murray was a beautiful Princess who had been transformed

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by a wicked fairy, not into a white cat, as is usually the case in fairy tales, but into an old woman, and an old woman she must remain until the day the Prince should come to dissolve the enchantment with his kiss. He confessed this belief on one occasion to Miss Murray herself.

And before she could speak, it occurred to me to say, "Perhaps you're the Prince, Bertie, changed by the fairy into the shape of a little boy. Kiss Miss Murray and see!"

Delighted with the idea, he sprang upon her knee, and gave her scores of earnest kisses. But, to our disappointment, the grey hair, the wrinkled skin, the bent and meagre figure, continued unchanged. Miss Murray continued old as before.

"All the same, I'm sure she *is* a Princess," Bertie told me afterwards, "'cos her eyes was full of tears when she found the spell didn't break!"

And really to Bertie and to me not only was its mistress enchanted, but there was an unmistakable air of enchantment over the whole cottage, over all its inhabitants. Except for the power of some magician, how, for instance, did this dark, bleak-fronted house come to possess such a marvellous, sun-drenched, flower-crowded garden?

To no passer-by in the Contrée Mansel was a glimpse of the garden's beauty vouchsafed. No stranger would ever dream of its existence. Yet we children had but to knock at the deep-set, low-browed door, to skip down into the hall, to scamper along it, and up and out again at the other end, to find ourselves at once in fairyland.

The reason why the façade had been turned north now became plain. It was that the garden might slope to the south, and the walker therein savour the most adorable of Island views. For these houses on the north side of the Contrée Mansel are built on the extreme edge of the town and of the cliff. There is nothing behind them but garden, valley, sea and sky. Their back windows enjoy an immense sky-view, an immense sea-view, and Saint Maclou and its islets resemble clustered jewels set in the shining sea.

But the garden of Bosq Cottage was beautiful in itself

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considered quite apart from the prospect, and although you should never raise your eyes from its flowers. It was full of sunshine and perfume, of birds and of bees ; the bees that came over from Les Calais to visit its old-fashioned parterres. It was altogether an old-fashioned garden, laid out in geometrically-shaped beds, which radiated from a weather-worn, stone sundial in the centre.

Each bed had been set round with a border of box, which in the beginning, no doubt, had been a prim and narrow edging. But with years this box had grown so tall and spread so wide, that to-day it almost choked the paths it once had bordered neatly, and to follow them we had to push our way between its sturdy, bushy greennesses.

"Jus' 'xactly like the garden of the Sleeping Beauty," Bertie used to say.

Within the box-borders grew purple-velvet scabious ; long-fingered sweet-pea ; immense clumps of hydrangea, the colours passing up from a dewy lemon-white, through every shade of purest pink and lilac, to a wilting blue. And there were century-old fuchsias, with crimson fringes that swept the ground ; love-in-a-mist, unveiling turquoise stars behind a tangle of palest green ; and dark blue monkshood, that lifted high above its foliage its strangely shaped flowers.

Bertie and I knew them by no other name than "chariots and horses," because on pulling back the hood which then served as chariot, we found the outstretched necks of two white steeds below. When the Prince came, we told each other, these flowers, enchanted like everything else, would be changed once more into the splendid carriages and horses belonging to the Princess, and the present hen-yard would then again become the royal stables.

Our visit to the garden always ended with a visit to the hens, for this indeed was our only reason for being at Bosq Cottage at all.

Miss Murray would bring with her from the kitchen a basket and a bunch of long keys, one of which opened the wire door, and Bertie would go in to collect the warm, white eggs from the nests and corners in which they had been dropped.

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Miss Murray and I would watch him from the outside while the hens turned on us haggard, apprehensive faces, their little bead-like eyes inflamed by a senseless fear.

"Do you know, Cissie, I don't think fowls are at all nice birds," Miss Murray confided to me one day as we stood by the wire door. "I wonder why it is that the hen has been given such a good character?"

She expressed her dissent from a universally accepted opinion in exactly the same diffident manner that I might have done, and it was this characteristic in Miss Murray which so endeared her to us, which made us feel that she was one of ourselves.

Neither did I think fowls at all nice birds. In fact I hated them, and, at the same time, they possessed for me a horrid fascination. I was never tired of looking at them.

That day I had begged some bread from fat Marie, the servant—fat Marie herself was bewitched, by the way, or why did she have that dark mole on her cheek, and why was she so improbably deaf?—and the whole yard at the sight of the bread had run to meet us, lifting towards us silly, sideways heads, cocking at us round, red, glassy eyes. There is a furtiveness of expression, a foolishness of physiognomy about a hen as she stands thus, her head on one side, one scaly claw lifted preparatory to taking a step which she then forgets to take, which, if birds obtained their dues, would make the fowl and not the goose the synonym for folly.

I threw a bit of bread into the yard, from no goodwill, but merely to see the general rush for it, its seizure, and the little comedy which follows.

On this occasion it was the young speckled Dorking who managed to secure the bread and carry it off. But unless the morsel be very small the bird cannot swallow it all at once. She is obliged to lay it down and take pecks at it. The others know this, and follow her round the yard waiting for the inevitable moment, and she, well aware of their intentions, scurries before them, always holding the prize in her beak, and venting the vexation of her baffled greed by a succession of the most dismal little squawks. Reaching a solitary spot she gives a frantic glance round, before she ventures to drop the tit-bit—

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but, instantly, half a dozen of her companions are within beak-snap—she picks it up again in a hurry, and resumes her Tantalus-tormented flight. Sometimes during a quarter of an hour she is chivvied from corner to corner of the yard, every now and then dropping the prize in the hopes of enjoying it, but always obliged to postpone the pleasure, or to see the *bonne bouche* snatched from her. Abandoning, at last, all hopes of eating it in peace, she makes desperate efforts to bolt it whole, and it sticks in her gullet, so that she can neither swallow it nor bring it up, and she stands, purple in the face and gasping convulsively, until finally she gulps it down.

Bertie and I agreed that the fowls must have been the greedy, unkind maids of honour, and when the Prince should come, they alone would not regain their human form, but the wedding-feast should consist entirely of cold chicken, after which there should not be any cocks and hens at all. For breakfast we could buy shop eggs.

My opinion of fowls became a shade blacker when, on another day, Queripelle brought into the sitting-room the dead body of a hen to show his mistress. The bird had been bought only a few days before and introduced into the poultry-yard, the older inhabitants of which had hunted her from pillar to post, had never permitted her to eat, and had only left her alone when they had pecked her to death.

“Dey is terrible set on dere rights, is hens,” Queripelle had said. “Dey don’t ’low no foreigners ’mong dem.”

Queripelle was the gardener, a genuine old Islander, and he, too, looked upon foreigners, especially upon Englishmen, with the gravest suspicion and distrust.

He cultivated the kitchen garden of Bosq Cottage for his own profit, giving Miss Murray, in return, such vegetables as she required, and, at odd intervals, a day’s work among the flowers.

Bertie always spoke of him as “Mr. Caterpillar.” He had begun to do so when a very little boy through a mispronunciation of Queripelle, but later we had found something appropriate in the name of “Caterpillar” for the gardener of a magic garden. Bertie eventually elaborated the theory that old Queripelle

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really had been a caterpillar which had been turned into a gardener just to look after things a bit until the Prince came.

But it was only while out in the garden that we told each other these fairy tales, for once inside the cottage, we found everything so interesting that a half-hour's errand could always be prolonged into a whole afternoon's entertainment. To begin with, everything at Bosq Cottage was exactly the reverse of what we were accustomed to at home.

You reached our front door, for instance, by a semicircular flight of stone steps, and this seemed to us the essential nature of front doors. That Miss Murray's hall door opened level with the pavement, and that thence you had to go *down* two steps into her hall, gave me the sensation that the cottage had been misbuilt. Then the hall was more like a room than a proper hall, for it was broad and low-ceilinged, with Chippendale chairs ranged against either wall, and dividing the two lines of chairs a mahogany flap-table faced a tall grandfather clock. The tiled floor was covered with rugs, old and faded and frayed.

The kitchen opened on the right. Here stood a dresser cluttered up with a thousand oddments, and from the big, transverse, ceiling-beam hung strings of onions and muslin bags of herbs. We took an awesome pleasure in the pitch-black cavernous hearth, on which an ogre's dinner could be comfortably cooked, and we regretted that Marie never used it, but did all her baking and boiling in the lean-to at the back.

On the *jonquière* by the hearth-side, we would find Queripelle eating his dinner, brought with him in a blue check handkerchief the size of a small tablecloth. The dinner consisted of hunches of bread and cheese, or bread and bacon, washed down by draughts of cider drunk straight from the bottle, a simplification of table manners which won Bertie's admiration and respect. Meanwhile, Queripelle would grumble away to Marie in the Island tongue, which we did not understand, and which she did not hear. Nor did the old man, knowing her infirmity, take the trouble to raise his voice.

The sitting-room was on the left of the hall. It, too, had a transverse ceiling-beam, and low, small windows, with twelve little panes to each. Two of these windows looked upon the

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street, and one upon the garden, and all had broad sills on which we delighted to curl ourselves up. But as the ground-level of the house was lower than that of garden and street, we could see little from these cushioned seats save the boots of the passers-by or the branching stalks of the box. And when Bertie and I sat in the back window together, we used to imagine ourselves Lilliputian warriors wandering about and losing our way in the tangled forest of box. We would meet there strange and terrible creatures, giants, and winged dragons, and serpents with tongues of flame, and also a good little fairy named "Pim," who at critical moments came to our rescue, showed us how to climb the trunks, how to run lightly along the box tree-tops, and where to drop again to earth far from the threatening foe. When tired of this amusement we would become a little boy and girl again, and seek a change of play within the room.

This would be when we were spending the whole afternoon with Miss Murray, having been formally invited, by means of a note to our mother, to come and take tea.

Amidst furniture, mostly ramshackle and modern, the sitting-room contained two pieces that were antique and good, a Broadwood piano in a case of yellow wood, and a Sheraton sideboard with a long, shallow centre drawer and a deep cupboard at either end.

The piano was some eighty years old, and its keyboard consisted of six octaves only, the shrunken time-stained notes of which responded to Bertie's vigorous poundings in cracked and clattering tones.

On this piano, Miss Murray told us, she had learned to play when she was a little girl, and her mother and her Aunt Adelaide had learned to play on it before her, when they, too, were little girls, for it had been one of her grandmother's wedding presents, when she had married Mr. Le Havres.

The names of "Aunt Adelaide" and of "Le Havres" (which in the Islands is pronounced Lehavers) were quite familiar to us. We took the deepest interest in Miss Murray's family histories, and there was nothing we liked better than to be allowed to look at her family miniatures, which she kept, with other treasures, locked away in the Sheraton sideboard.

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The two prettiest miniatures were those of her mother, Charlotte Le Havres as a young girl, and of her Aunt Adelaide at the same period, blonde and brunette beauties, dressed in the fashions of 1838.

The blonde beauty's golden hair was drawn forward on either side to be fixed by a comb on the temple, whence it fell upon her neck in a bunch of cylindrical curls. She wore a dress of white satin finished by a *berthe* of lace, and a little pearl necklace round her throat.

The dark beauty's plump shoulders rose innocent of a crimson velvet gown, and her hair was arranged in smooth, thick *bandeaux*, on which the pomade had been spread with a liberal hand. You could see this from the superlative gloss, from the manner in which the broad slab of brown hair was split up in tiny cracks.

We would sit with these portraits in our laps gazing intently into the smiling radiant faces, while Miss Murray retold the story of how they came to be painted, just as her grandmother used to tell it to her, fifty years before.

When Charlotte became engaged to Captain Murray, and the dates of her marriage and of her departure with him to India were fixed, the parents, in losing her, wished to keep some counterfeit presentment. A miniaturist was invited over from Southampton to paint her portrait, and advantage was taken of his stay in the house to have Adelaide's painted as well.

The miniatures of the sisters, who up to the marriage of the elder had led identical lives, were framed in precisely similar frames of thin red gold, which were again enclosed in morocco cases, and the cases had lain side by side in a sandal-wood box, locked away in the Sheraton sideboard for over half a century, to be taken out now and then by Miss Murray, looked at, gently rubbed with a soft rag of silk, and put back for another long sleep in the scented darkness.

After the marriage of Charlotte the two sisters never saw each other again. Mrs. Murray lived for five years in India, and then with her two younger children was carried off by cholera in a few hours.

The eldest child, our Miss Murray, escaped, and was sent

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home in charge of an ayah to her grandparents in the Islands.

The points which interested us most in this story were, first, that she had had a real black nurse—"Was she all over black?" Bertie questioned; "or only her face and hands?"—and, secondly, that she did not know the names of her little dead brothers.

Such ignorance seemed to both of us almost incredible.

"But what should you *s'pose* their names was?" Bertie insisted. "Do you *s'pose* one p'raps was called Harry, and the other Tom?—or George?"

Miss Murray could only shake her head. "Ah, my dears, it was such a long time ago! And the poor little babies died and are buried so far away from here."

Bertie meditated a moment before asking, "Then who looks after their graves? Doesn't nobody never go and put flowers on them?"

Every Saturday we went with our mother to water the flowers growing on the grave of the little brother whom we had lost two summers before, and this was become so invariable a part of our week's routine, that the day would have seemed blank and incomplete to us if we had not paid our morning's visit to the churchyard.

"Sometimes I wonder," said Miss Murray, speaking rather to herself than to us, "whether any trace of those graves remains, or whether all was not obliterated and forgotten years ago? My father, of course, put up a headstone. I seem to read its crisp, black lettering, 'Sacred to the memory of Charlotte Murray.' But to-day the inscription is no longer legible, the stone is cracked across, or fallen; a tangle of creeper has overgrown it, and completely hidden it from sight. . . . And at other times the whole of India appears to me one vast graveyard, to which we journey with infinite toil and trouble, merely to lay our bones beneath its soil."

"Oh, but all peoples doesn't die in India!" objected Bertie, and I knew that he wished to say something consoling, to give the conversation a more cheerful turn. "Your Aunt Adelaide died here, didn't she, Miss Murray? In this very house. That was nice for you, wasn't it?"

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Bertie held in his chubby hand the miniature of Adelaide, the dark beauty, and I held that of Charlotte.

Adelaide had married an Englishman named Baker, and had gone to live with him in Sheffield. On becoming a widow she had returned to the Islands and I remember her vaguely as an enormously stout old lady, not in the least pretty, not in the least like the portrait in Bertie's hand, the portrait with the dark brown slabs of hair and rose-leaf skin, with the shoulders white as the white of an egg, rising innocent of a crimson velvet gown.

According to my memories of her, Mrs. Baker had been nearly as yellow as an egg's yolk, her face puffy and full of creases, with hardly any hair visible beneath the black bonnet, or widow's cap.

It was to me a perturbing thought that the ponderous, uncomely old lady had actually been the original of the smiling miniature, and I preferred in consequence the portrait of the blonde beauty who had never grown old.

Mrs. Baker had lived to be sixty-seven, was bedridden for years, and had died at Bosq Cottage in the room above the parlour.

This room, now Miss Murray's bedroom, was reached by a sharply turning wooden staircase tucked away in a corner of the hall. You opened a latched door, climbed a flight in semi-darkness, and were confronted by three similar latched doors at the top. One shut off the ladder which led to the attics, one gave access to Marie's room over the kitchen, and one opened into a room, now disused, but through which you had to pass to reach the third room beyond. A couple of steps set in the thickness of the wall took you down from the outer to the inner room, where you found yourself in a most pleasant old-world chamber, which had never been altered since the cottage was built.

The parlour had been altered and spoiled. Its ceiling-beam had been whitewashed, its panelled walls covered with a sage-green paper and dado, in the ill-named "high art" style of the eighties. Some twenty years earlier, I imagine, its vast fireplace had been bricked in, and fitted with the marble chimney-

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piece and iron grate then in vogue. Earlier still, its leaden casements had been exchanged for guillotine sashes. As a room, apart from its contents, it had lost all character and distinction.

But the bedroom remained untouched to bear witness to the forgotten builder's taste and intention. The wooden panels reached from floor to ceiling, were finished off with delicate mouldings, and were painted in two shades of cool grey. The diamond-paned windows were exactly like those in our Walter Crane picture-books, and the hearth was set round with blue and white tiles, representing Biblical scenes.

Most of these scenes gave us no difficulty to identify. Such were Abraham preparing to sacrifice Isaac, Cain fleeing from the dead body of Abel, and John baptizing Christ in the Jordan.

But there was a certain scene representing a woman kneeling at the feet of three very nondescript personages whose sex was not clear, and on the subject of this picture Bertie and I had earnest discussions. He favoured the idea that it was the woman taken in adultery, but I was inclined to believe it the visit of the three strange young men to Sarah.

It remained a source of frequent debate between us, and as we pursued our studies in Bible literature, we were constantly discovering new readings for the title, which we would treasure up for confirmation or rejection the next time we visited Miss Murray's bedchamber.

As in the parlour, there were two small, low windows looking upon the street and one upon the garden, but from this window, in contrast to the window below, you obtained a beautiful view not only of the garden itself, but of the outjutting cliffs on either hand, of the islands, and of the sea.

When Bertie and I kneeled together on this window-ledge we were no longer soldiers of Lilliput threading our way among the box-stalks, and waging valiant warfare with such monsters as scaly beetle or shell-armoured snail. Instead, we became wonderful gauze-winged creatures, inhabiting the purple sunset clouds, whence we flew down to Bosq Cottage, and in at the window to amuse Miss Murray by "pretending" to be a little boy and girl.

Miss Murray, for her part, could always amuse these "pre-

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tended" children by unfolding for them the mysteries of the old Normandy press which served her as wardrobe, and from which the odour of lavender floated out the moment she opened its doors. It was not her own poor black gowns which she kept so carefully folded away here, beneath sheets of tissue-paper. It was the quaintly fashioned, bright-hued garments of the dead.

We never wearied of admiring her aunt's wedding-gown, a lilac and white silk *à mille raies* trimmed with a narrow white silk fringe. The bodice was very long, the waist very pointed, and the skirt opened down the front to display an underdress of embroidered muslin. Rosebuds had been scattered all over the muslin by Adelaide Le Havres herself, and to see her actual handiwork thus enduring, to examine it, to count the stitches, and to know that the fingers which set them were crumbled into dust, stirred thoughts in my childish mind too complicated for words.

But dear Bertie was never at a loss for words, and one day while I stood thus day-dreaming over the muslin petticoat, "What was your very own wedding-dress like, Miss Murray?" he wanted to know.

I woke up to laugh. "Oh, you silly!"

Then he laughed too, doubling himself together ecstatically as he realised his blunder. "Why, of course, you didn't have a wedding-dress, 'cos you never was married. Didn't nobody ever ask you, Miss Murray?"

"No, the Prince never came," she told us, "or if he came I didn't recognise him, or perhaps he came and went and never returned. . . . Now, wouldn't you both like to come and help me pick black currants for a pudding?"

We were, of course, charmed to do so, and we picked—and ate—currants with Miss Murray in the garden, during a hot and scented half-hour. Then, one on either side of her, we sat upon the low boundary wall, while she "headed and tailed" the currants into a bowl.

This wall, so low on the side of the flower garden that we children could sit down on it with ease, dropped on the other side, to the kitchen garden, a distance of forty feet. For the

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flower garden lay upon the cliff's top, and the kitchen garden sunned itself upon the cliff's broad flank. A flight of perpendicular stone steps descended from one to the other.

At the bottom of the kitchen garden there was a second flight of steps by which you reached the meadow, and the sloping meadow-path brought you at length to the water-lane in the ravine, along which the winding course of the rivulet is marked by masses of undergrowth, and a double line of trees. On the other side the ground again rises steeply, at first tree-dotted and hung with green sheets of pasture, then barer and more rugged, until it towers at last into a crag of naked granite, clearly outlined against the sky.

"You like to have us with you, Miss Murray, don't you?" Bertie remarked. "Now you can pretend you're married, and we're your children, you know."

His mind was still running on the conversation upstairs.

"I suppose you feel rather lonesome sometimes when we've gone home?" said I. "Marie isn't much good to talk to, is she, because she's so deaf."

"Oh, when you've gone away," Miss Murray told us, "there's another little girl who very often comes to play with me. She is always somewhere about the garden, but she only comes out of her hiding-places when I am quite alone."

Bertie and I exchanged glances which said that now Miss Murray too was "pretending." We settled ourselves more comfortably upon the wall top, drew in deep breaths of delight, and gave ourselves up to the joys of make-believe.

"What is that other little girl like, Miss Murray? Please describe her. Is she bigger or littler than Cissie?"

"She is not so big as Cissie. She is about as big as you. She has long bright hair hanging down her back, and she runs about the garden exploring over and over again every one of the little paths, for she never feels quite sure that she has not left one unexplored. She is always laughing, and everything makes her laugh, and towards evening she becomes more and more gay, flitting hither and thither and waving her arms, just like a little bat."

Bertie asked, "What is that little girl's name?"

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"She is called Kitty."

"Yes, but her other name?"

Our friend answered, "She is never called anything but Kitty, just as I am never called anything but Miss Murray."

"Does she come and talk to you as we do?"

"No, she doesn't talk to me. It's an older girl who talks to me, sitting by me here upon the wall. Her lap is full of lesson-books, and so long as daylight lasts she studies her task for to-morrow's class in college. But when every bit of sunset has faded from the sky, then she closes her books and tells me of the events of the day, of all they did in school, of what the mistress said, and of how Monsieur Paragon, the French master, blushed when Annette Gosselin presented him with a bunch of violets."

I cried out, struck by the coincidence. "Why, my mother's name was Annette Gosselin before she married father! How very funny!"

And I began to wonder whether Miss Murray was still "pretending," or whether she was telling us things which were really true.

Bertie, meanwhile, had got down from the wall top, and resting his elbows upon it, and his face in his hands, gazed into the distance.

"Don't she never go down there," he wanted to know, "right down to those most mysterioustest bushes at the bottom?"

"She doesn't often go there because she is too busy with her work and with her play, but I did know a girl, quite a grown-up girl, you understand, who used to go there every evening to meet her sweetheart. He wasn't allowed to visit her in her home, because he was poor, and because he was not quite of her own rank. But he was very fond of her, and she of him, and so they used to meet all one summer through, at the door which leads from the meadow to the water-lane.

"She used to slip out of the house the moment the curtains were drawn and the lamp lighted, run through the garden and down the steps beside the scented bean-rows, and then cross the meadow to the door. And when she had unlocked it, there she always found him waiting for her in the shadows of the lane.

"He would take her in his arms and kiss her hair and eyes,

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and all her finger-tips, and then both little ears, 'lest one should be jealous.' Sweethearts," broke off Miss Murray with timid apology, "are very childish——"

Bertie breathed thickly a most emphatic "Very!"

"It used to be beautiful down there—so she has told me—on those long warm evenings in June. You could smell the wild thyme and rosemary from the cliffs, you could hear in the stillness the sound of the sea breaking on the shore, and when you looked up, the trees overhead seemed to bite out a black pattern upon the coloured sky. The same pattern, repeated in shadow, lay spread over the moon-white ground. And with the growing moon every succeeding night was brighter, and on the night that the moon was full—it was the last night of all—so intense was the light that looking back at the meadow she had just crossed, it seemed to the girl like a lake of milk. I have never seen such an effect; have you, Cissie? But perhaps to see it one must be down by the gate at full moon——"

I, however, was only interested in the story.

"Why was it the last night of all, Miss Murray?"

"Because he wanted her on that night to make a decision. He wanted her to go away with him and get married and then sail with him to the home he had made in the States. He urged her strongly, and she longed to go, and yet, at the same time, she was afraid. She was equally afraid to refuse, knowing that if she did not go with him, she might never see him again, for he was to sail next day."

Miss Murray paused and considered me, musingly.

"I wonder, Cissie, what you would have done in her place?"

"Was she *very* fond of him?" I asked.

"She was very, very fond of him."

"And wouldn't her people have allowed her to marry him even if she had begged them hard?"

"No. It was useless to beg them, they would never have allowed it."

"But did he want her to go without asking her father's and mother's leave?"

"Yes, without asking her grandparents' leave, for she lived

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with her grandparents. Her mother was dead, and her father many thousand miles distant."

"Did he want her to go right away that very minute without a hat or anything?"

"He wanted her to go with him there and then down to his people's house by the harbour, and to be married to him early the next morning before going on board his ship."

"Oh, Miss Murray, I don't know what I should have done! Wouldn't her grandfather and grandmother have been dreadfully angry when they found out? . . . Still, of course, if her sweetheart wanted her to go so much . . . but I don't see how she *could* have gone without any of her frocks and things . . . why she hadn't even a hairbrush!"

Bertie broke in with fine scorn. "Boo! Who cares for a hairbrush! Would she have gone on a ship a long far way off where there are lions nan tigers nan efelants to be shotted?"

"Yes, but like Cissie, she was afraid that her grandparents would be dreadfully angry and grieved."

My little brother expounded his philosophy. "Oh, they wouldn't have been angry long! They never are. They just say, 'Well, now, I'll forgive you this time if you promise to be a good boy, and never don't do it no more.'"

"That was very much what he told her, for he argued as Bertie does, but she argued like Cissie. And it was, perhaps, remembering, just like Cissie, that she would be without even a hairbrush, which as much as anything else decided her not to go. She let him leave her in anger . . . and he sailed next day alone . . . and she never saw him again."

I meditated a little on this, while my eyes followed the bees indefatigably working among the flowers, or rested on the gold-belted wasps, vibrating idly in the golden air.

"Afterwards," I said, "I expect she was sorry, and wished she *had* gone?"

Miss Murray laughed out. "Oh, Cissie! You are a true woman, my dear! Afterwards she was terribly sorry, but then it was too late."

Was it her own story that Miss Murray told us, as we sat

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beside her on the sunny wall, and inhaled the pleasant odour of black currants mingled with that of picotee and stock ? Even at the time I suspected it was, and yet I have never known for certain. She died before I attained the grown-up hardihood to ask her outright. And before she died Bertie and I were taken from the Islands to live elsewhere.

But so puissant is a child's imagination, and so enduring the memory of it, that no real scene of our past stands out for me more distinctly than the scene I never saw. I have but to call it up . . . and I feel the warmth of a summer evening against my cheek, I am conscious of the smell of wild mint and the crash of the waves, overhead black foliage frets itself upon a greening sapphire sky, black shadows and silver moonlight shift about my feet. . . . A young girl comes running through the long wet meadow grasses to meet her lover in the lane. He takes her in his arms, he kisses her hair and eyes, and all her finger-tips, and each little ear in turn lest either should be jealous, and although I never saw the girl save thus through the Veil of Illusion, although I have never been told her name, I recognise her by her dear kind eyes, eyes which no cruel after-transformation could wholly change.

Art, Science, and Beauty

By Francis Grierson

ART, in its highest form, is that quality which springs from a union of imagination, feeling, and reason. This quality has never been inactive in the world at any period since civilisation began. The greatest epochs in history were art epochs: Athens under Pericles, Rome under Augustus, Florence under Lorenzo the Magnificent, England under Elizabeth and Victoria, France under Louis XIV. and Louis Philippe. To go back to the Hebrews, Jerusalem became an art centre under the poets David and Solomon; but while the Temple with all its splendour and riches has disappeared, the works of the two poets remain. The most enduring art is that embodied in words, for the decline of literature implies the decline of all the other arts. All through the Middle Ages art found expression in two channels: in the mystic and in the romantic—saints in religion, troubadours in poetry and song. Learned and inspired monks dreamed life away in the monasteries; knights errant roamed the world seeking adventure; mystery, war, romance, and religion worked together to bring about the Renaissance in which the old arts were to be revived and many new ones unfolded. In one sense the Middle Ages was a period of free and untrammelled inspiration. The art of the troubadour was expressed by improvisation; with Dante, it became concrete and assumed new and measured forms to express the old and eternal principles. In the Middle Ages scholasticism took the place of science, but it did not kill the art instinct; neither did the words over Plato's door: "Let no man enter who is ignorant of geometry," for these words could have had no literal meaning for any one except the philosopher and the dialectician. Poets and composers are not always conscious of the mathematical order which underlies

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the measure and harmony of their work. But philosophy can exist without art, and although Plato was a great artist in words it was not philosophy that made him so, but the artistic faculty with which he was born. Systems of philosophy pass away in time, while the works of art remain, to become more precious as the ages come and go. A philosophical system may be full of error, but art rises above the disputations of philosophical schools and the innovations of time. Contrast the effect of the scientific discourse you heard yesterday evening with the effect produced by an artistic performance in the same hall this evening. The speaker of yesterday was a distinguished scientist, the performer of this evening was an unlettered boy with an unpronounceable name, but he managed his violin with the skill of a master of expression. He cast a spell over the audience, which the scientist could not do. The scientific discourse gave instruction, but the performance of a simple virtuoso gave not only instruction, but a spiritual pleasure and that undefinable feeling that comes from the mystery and the magic of art, even in an imitative form. For even a violinist must know what he is doing; he must be sure of his technique, and know how to express feeling and awaken it in others. Philosophers and scientists have to impart knowledge by detailed explanation; the process is often uninteresting, but in art everything has a charm peculiar to itself. An influence is poured forth from the creative mood which is superior to philosophy and intellectual research. "What avails the analytical method," says Goethe, "if we do nothing more than busy ourselves with the separate materials of which it is composed while we are unmoved by the spirit which pervades it." The knowledge derived from the anatomical, the rhetorical, and the analytic is, in many cases, a knowledge that does more harm than good, for it often represses originality.

Men of talent are usually taught what it is not necessary for them to know, while the others are taught what Nature never intended them to understand. When a man of genius passes from the college into the freedom of the world he finds that he has just begun life; he has to find out what he can do best, and, in some cases, this requires years of weary effort. Perhaps the vainest work for the creative mind is the reading of books devoted

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to the psychology of human thought and feeling. Art is neither embellished nor developed by this study ; the scientist, the philosopher, who has explained away the secret workings of the mind, the nerves, the passions, is bound by the same laws of Nature as the artist who creates by an emotional process. Schopenhauer, who wrote the greatest work on love that was ever written, fell a victim to the passion of love ; and Sully Prudhomme, one of the most distinguished of modern psychologists, has told us how easy it is for a beautiful woman to lead a philosopher by the nose. We are led by what is stronger than ourselves, and this is not science, but beauty—which is art. We are influenced more by the artistic than we are by the scientific, and in this age of analysis it is well to reiterate the fact. All the science in the world will not save us from the inevitable, from that inexorable supremacy exercised by beauty in all its forms, personal and impersonal, material and spiritual.

While there can be no creative art without imagination, facile imagery entices a rapid flow of work which is one of the most serious stumbling-blocks in the path of talent. If we consider painters at their work we have to consider the model posing before them. It is, at first, difficult to see what use the creative imagination can have for a model ; but the model sitting before a painter is what grammar is to the writer, arithmetic to the man of business, the plans of the architect for the workman. By the model the painter's art becomes exact and definite. He must harmonise the fantasy of the mind with the figure of reality. Every creation of the mind is a work of art when it expresses the unity of the laws of beauty. Music is an expression of harmonious movements and sounds, painting an expression of harmonious colours and forms, architecture of proportion and perspective, but literature embodies all these and more. The artist in words must achieve proportion with the architect, colour with the painter, rhythm with the musician, and imagination with the poet. Words are intended to present, as well as to explain, principles and things. The art of language explains all the other arts, but no art can explain language. The artist in words rightly takes precedence of all others ; he must know more than the architect, the sculptor, the musician, or the painter.

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Writers and poets, in their supreme moments, embody in a short period of time the principles and aspirations underlying all the plastic arts. The world has unconsciously accepted this fact, for it has always paid the greatest honours to the verbal artist. I have often asked why a fine piece of music does not awaken in the listener a desire to see and hear the composer. People enjoy an opera as a thing apart from the individuality of the composer ; and melody, although conceived according to law, is the least reasoned thing in the realm of art. A melody is so impersonal that it may be appropriated by the people of different nations without any one caring to know the name of the composer.

Architecture is another phase of art which appeals to the impersonal. We gaze at beautiful structures as we do at mountains. The beauty of a Gothic cathedral, however, is more apparent than that of a Grecian temple : the first strikes the eye by its majesty and power ; the second by its repose and harmony. The Gothic cathedral looks more complex, but the simplicity of the Grecian temple requires more art to produce. In the Middle Ages art was dominated by imagination, but in ancient Greece it meant beauty and symmetry. And symmetry demands measure, proportion, in which the form assumes the perfection and simplicity of a natural law. A fine Gothic cathedral gives the impression of a picture in a dream—something that does not belong to natural life—while a Greek temple gives the impression of something that pertains to Nature ; in it imagination is subdued and adjusted to the requirements of art in its purest form. To most people Grecian architecture appears too simple to be imposing. The modern mind looks for towers and spires, high colours, sensational scenes, things that protrude on the sight and impress the imagination. The English language is Gothic—like English poetry and English cathedrals—and for this reason we are more given to change and sensation in our language than the writers of the Latin nations. A cathedral symbolises art ; yet, see what words will do : its splendid colours, its mystery and pomp, its organ harmonies, all fade away when a Bossuet appears in the pulpit and, by the harmony of language, unifies all the other arts in his own person. Here, in a temple erected by

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artists, his own art dominates all other art, and here the orator-poet speaks for all the Muses. He is action, gesture, expression, rhythm, and reason. The art of Demosthenes treats of time and action, that of Bossuet time and eternity. With him, the arts were united in one body. Under such a combination of harmonies the achievement appears to the eye as a fascination, to the reason as a natural charm—like a flower or a sunset, to which nothing can be added and from which nothing can be taken away.

All the arts are, in some way, related. Even in the art of war a competent commander is a military architect—he draws his plans. A general who is not an artist is one who imitates the methods of successful captains without knowing why. A great commander represents an epic in action. He has to move from one event to another—to form plans of defence, of attack, and retreat ; and when his manœuvres have failed he has to decorate the face of confusion by rhetorical devices. He becomes an orator in speech and an actor in gesture and attitude. No wonder the Ancients mistook the Alexanders and the Cæsars for descended gods. None of the great generals depended on guess-work to win a battle ; they were all, from Alexander to Condé, from Bonaparte to Moltke, men who meditated, planned, rejected, and replanned before going into action. Art unifies the faculties of thought and feeling. But the scientist must be a specialist ; it is the mission of every scientist to make discoveries, which are taken up and enlarged upon by other scientists ; but every new discovery tends to obliterate the old ones. Not so with art. All the consummate works of art retain the old power and charm. The scientist says to his pupils, “Continue my work when I am gone” ; and the pupils continue the master’s work until it no longer resembles the work of the master. No great artist could expect a disciple to finish his work. When Virgil died his style and personality went with him ; and when Raphael passed away there was not a painter in the world who could produce a pendant to the Sistine Madonna. Aristotle was a great and wonderful mind, but his work was preparatory and unfinished because it assumed a scientific form. Others could proceed from the point where he left off and show where he was wrong ; but no one could add another pillar to the Parthenon, or a chapter

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to the *Book of Job*. Aristotle fumbled with the alphabet of Nature, while the Hebrew poets and the Greek artists made it unfold the eternal verities in symbols and images. The highest art cannot exist without the unity of the principles of beauty. In science there is no special regard for beauty, but for fact, which is often repulsive. For science has to deal with the minute—things have to be classified. The scientist often possesses imagination, but he is opposed to sentiment because it hinders the search for facts. But the combined work and thought of twenty scientists would not produce the effect of one work of supreme art, for nothing considered singly is of any permanent value. Imagination, unbridled by reason, means intellectual riot; sentiment, unchecked by discrimination, means emotional dissipation; calculation without feeling is art without charm. The works which pass away are those in which one thing is expected to fill the place of several. This is why realism, alone, has always failed; while idealism, developed by and for itself, rises beyond the needs of human life, and fails by ignoring the uses of the material.

The vital power is never manifest in the fleeting things of the world, in imitation of Nature, in dramatic or sensational poses calculated to produce surprise or horror. And how vain it is to say that any artist, in any great work, hits upon an idea in the same way as he would stumble across a purse of gold in the street. Excellent work is never done by chance. Millet well knew that two peasants, painted as they stood in the fields, would mean nothing. In such a pose there would be no idea. The two figures had to be endowed with a sentiment, a feeling, a something superior to the physical condition of their life and their work. Now, an idea is not a worked-up, patched-up thing, but is perfect in itself. The competent artist knows when he is in the presence of such a force and his one aim is to give it a visible form.

Ruskin has said, "An artist should be fit for the best society, and keep out of it," in which saying there is a double meaning. Society is insincere; poets, writers, and painters cannot live in it without becoming flatterers. The true artist, whether his work be plastic or poetic, has to avoid the influence both of the

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masses and the classes ; for no great work of art was ever conceived and executed on personal grounds. And yet all creative minds have had a distinct personality of their own. It is this which gives originality to each. It is the principles involved in the artistic unities that render the work impersonal. The combination of the different principles shown by each individual temperament belongs to the person. The manner, therefore, is the man ; it is that by which we distinguish the work of Balzac from the work of Flaubert ; the language of Canning from that of Burke ; the paintings of Raphael from those of Rubens. All that the artist can do is to represent beauty in moments of supreme harmony. Art is not assisted by audacity, but by independence ; it seeks freedom of expression. Science demands moral and physical courage, imitation, and daring ; art, at its best, is serene and self-confident. Science and philosophy mean progress from one fact and state to another ; and there would be no good in scientific knowledge if it did not lead to something better ; but science, which began in facts and figures, must continue so to the end. Meanwhile, Homer remains Homer. The supreme artists have kept their seats while the world has been shaken and society torn by political, religious, and scientific revolutions. Art is the synthesis of beauty in Nature ; and beauty is as serious as death itself. In the best art there is no room for persiflage. The great orations were delivered, not to make people smile, but to make them think, by contrasting life and death, liberty and bondage, justice and tyranny. The same motive characterises the great epics and dramas. The best comedy ever written does not equal in beauty any of the best tragedies. But if any one doubts the seriousness of beauty let him contemplate the effect of personal beauty on the minds of young and old alike ; it is one of instant gravity.

The passion it inspires brings the most frivolous to book and sobers the most inveterate humorist. It is the passion of sincerity that keeps the flame burning on the altar of art. People who take up painting, music, or literature as a pleasurable pastime never succeed. Art, beauty, and genius are three things which permit of no trifling. The true artists are those who feel the reality of their power and the necessity for their effort, and

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who, as the late Lord Houghton said, do what they must, while the others do what they can. For the sense of power precedes all successful efforts. Every fresh aspect of beauty comes to the world like a revelation. It reveals a new combination of harmonies. The art of an age is the highest achievement of its civilisation. Art-epochs are preceded by tyranny and fanaticism and followed by levity and cynicism. When the sense of beauty begins to wane people indulge in the humorous and the satirical ; the sensational and the trivial then take the place of dignity and harmony. And the time comes to every nation when art is weakened by becoming popular.

The rise and decadence of any art reminds one of the rise and decadence of the French Revolution, which was begun by the best minds and made popular by the worst. Everything excellent, from the making of a statue by a Phidias, to the writing of poem by a Tennyson or a Whitman, is aristocratic in the highest and best sense. Pericles and Augustus knew this ; Lorenzo the Magnificent knew it ; Louis XIV. knew it ; the gardens of Versailles were planned and planted by Lenoir, and the Court was embellished and ennobled by the great artists in colour, form, poetry, and music. But art declined in France when Voltaire began to satirise and Rousseau began to sentimentalise. The age of serenity and beauty had passed, and wit took their place ; and the placid dignity of art was disturbed by the personal talk of the *salon*, falsely called the art of conversation. For conversation even at its best is, by its nature, extemporaneous, irregular, and disjointed. Wit and gossip ruled in the *salons*, but wit of itself has no relation to art, because in it there is neither feeling nor imagination. No one can have absolute control over conversation, and art cannot exist without a serene and reasoned harmony. The art of conversation is not a lost art, never having existed. What we have lost is the wit and the tact of the eighteenth century. But the truth is, there was something trivial in the conversation of that epoch. It had no solid basis, being like the fashions, which pass away never to return. All talk that passes rapidly from one subject to another is puerile. Ideas can never be expressed by witticism, grace of manner, and tact ; they require time and gravity. And society, everywhere and at all times,

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reposes on the humours, passions, and caprices of the moment. Art, like personal beauty, is not a caprice, but a fixed reality, which cannot be dismissed by witty repartee and the graces of good humour and elegant manners. Nothing requires more time than the development of art ; and society is opposed to all serious effort. I have not been able to discover an important work achieved by any one living in the fashionable world. An artist, be he engaged with the brush or the pen, has to ignore the fashions and ambitions of society ; the work done for material gain will perish in time, like everything that is insincere and artificial. But the novice has to learn in the rude school of experience before he can appropriate the benefits of intellectual and social independence. There comes a time in the lives of all artists when the truth is made plain that living in the world does not mean being controlled or influenced by it. Society is the enemy of the natural, the mother of puerile forms and conventions, the envious opponent of harmonious beauty. Lovers of Nature are never contented unless surrounded by the natural—flowers, trees, and birds being the highest expression of the divine in Nature ; and it may be taken as a rule that the deeper the love of Nature in the artist the higher will be his expression of art. Sympathy limited to one phase of life will not suffice for the highest artistic achievement. The intelligence which is not in unison with the universal movement that embodies rhythm and form, colour and harmony, has not attained the soul of beauty. A poet is one who sees and hears and feels with Nature. He speaks for all things, animate and inanimate ; he understands not by rule but by feeling, not by study alone, but by meditation and intuition. The ancients distinguished the poet from other artists by the saying, *poeta nascitur, non fit* ; which means that he alone is not bound to systems and rules. And they were right. The highest verbal art is founded on feeling, sympathy, universal insight ; and these are the things which usually ignore rules and systems. But when the poet depends on rhyme instead of rhythm his inspiration is, to a certain degree, confined to a fixed rule ; he has, like the painter and sculptor, to pay attention to measure and number ; in which case he becomes, in the academical meaning of the word, an artist. The soul of poetry

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is not confined to any stated form or measure. Buffon declared long ago the best prose to be the best poetry ; but Whitman had to unfold his panoramic word-pictures before we could believe it. This poet induces a miracle by ignoring all the rules ever accepted by preceding poets, and succeeds by sheer force of natural and spontaneous feeling. By his treatment the new world appeared large, luminous, and romantic. Poetry, like romance, means the love of the universal. But the work of Whitman is one of the most striking instances of the failure of art to influence the people for whom it was intended. The people adore conventional art ; they demand the sensational and the sentimental through conventional channels ; and it requires a high degree of culture to be at once naive and natural. Art is the science of selection ; and particularly so in the world of language. This is why no supreme art has ever appealed to the multitude. None but the highest intellects can appreciate and understand the qualities required for selection. This faculty of choosing the best is the enemy of chance-work. It erases discords, rejects the mediocre, evokes and waits for the illuminating thought.

“The highest simplicity is produced,” says Emerson, “not by few elements, but by the highest complexity.” And if it is a rare thing to meet with an educated man who knows what the highest complexity means, how can we expect the masses to understand so much ? If we are wise we agree with Emerson “to give up all hope of approbation from the people in the street.” “All the human race,” says the sage of Concord, “have agreed to value a man according to his power of expression.” He does not mean the people of any epoch or country, but the elect judges of diverse epochs and countries. The masses everywhere are moved and influenced by sensation, not by art and beauty. They cannot feel what they do not understand.

How many pioneers of the New World have been able to appreciate the simplicity and sublimity of Whitman’s lines :

Has the night descended ?

Was the road of late so toilsome, did we stop discouraged nodding on our way ?
Yet a passing hour I yield you in your tracks to pause oblivious,

Pioneers ! O Pioneers !

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Still with sound of trumpet,
Far, far off the daybreak call—hark! how loud and clear I hear it wind,
Swift! to the head of the army—swift, spring to your places,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

The deep and simple expression here belongs to the *naïveté* of genius, and all the ordinary rules of poetic art are ignored. Feeling, when expressed by a master, takes precedence of everything else. By a single bound it clears the circle of rules and becomes universal, like the atmosphere and the heavens. In these lines, as in many others of Whitman, feeling is supported and elevated by imagination. The words "Far, far off the daybreak call," come to the mind with the freedom of romance and adventure, enthusiasm for fresh work, and an absolute trust in the future. They are full of the complexity of romance, which is always simple.

Art degenerates in the atmosphere of palaces, drawing-rooms, factories, sordid and commercial communities, crowded localities and social conventions. For imagination is the mother of romance. All the great epics, from Homer to Milton and Shelley, were conceived in a spirit as vast as the universe. There are grades of merit in all work, but the supreme must be attained in the regions of the universal, and it is not difficult to tell when we are in its presence. The portraiture of a person, no matter how fine and perfect, can never equal the figure that typifies a whole race. Michelangelo's statue of Moses assumes a universal meaning; it is not the man we see, but the whole Hebrew race—the power and splendour of the incomparable epics of the Old Testament. This is why it is a work of pure feeling and imagination; it is the synthesis of the passion and the majesty of a people who live close to Nature. In art, the particular is of far less interest than the general. The least interesting marbles in the Vatican are the busts of the Roman emperors; and yet these emperors lived, and many of the busts must have been copied from life. The secret of their failure to interest lies in the fact that these busts are not works of art, but realistic copies of heads. We hurry past them till we come to the works which represent the human form, in movement or repose, typifying the excellence and the power of beauty. The making

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of a bust, like the making of a portrait, belongs to the mechanical side of art, and we are singularly deceived when we place these things beside works of imagination and feeling. We have but to step from the National Gallery to the National Gallery of Portraits to realise the difference between the art that creates and the art that imitates. The pleasure it gives us to gaze at the portrait of Turner is nothing compared to the sensations produced by the contemplation of one of his paintings. In literature, the supreme art seems to consist in hiding personality under the charm and illusion of art. When we speak plainly of our own sorrows we are in danger of outraging some of the fundamental principles of art. We can analyse the form, the thought, the movement, the expression, but quality eludes definitions. To give an idea of the intrinsic worth of anything in art or Nature we must get at the soul of the thing, hidden under colour, form, and movement. Painters and poets can describe the form and colour of the rose, but no description can impart its perfume ; to get at the quality of a page of writing we have to quote the actual words, for no description of our own would prove adequate. It is the quality of a thing that gives the value and creates the distinction, not bulk or power or passion or colour alone. Quantity does not necessarily add to the reputation of an artist. On the contrary, bulk hinders the unity of power and beauty. Quality in a work is the quintessential character of the person who produced it. How many roses does it not take to make a small vial of the attar of roses ! There is nothing remarkable in the colour or the size of the violet, but its perfume makes it one of the most distinguished objects in the physical world.

Art, like common sense, is eternally modern. It is the power of embellishing fact ; and the great artists know how to avoid the apparent and omit the superfluous. Every artist has his own mode of thinking and working which he could not impart to another were he to spend a life-time in trying. A scientific inventor can initiate his pupils into all his methods and secrets. Schools teach people how to imitate, but not how to create ; they teach the scholar how to think logically, how to write with precision, but never how to imagine and to feel.

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Religion, as it seems, can do without art, but all supreme art is a religion in itself. It should be noted that Millet's *Angelus* expresses a high religious feeling which is in harmony with the highest expression of beauty. Without the sincere and naive sentiment in the *Angelus* the painting would fall to the level of two peasants who symbolise nothing more than the sordid work of the world. There are writers who think that art will become scientific, practical, socialistic, utilitarian; let them consider for one moment the cause of Millet's triumph. Was it the simple portrayal of two French peasants? Hundreds of other painters could have done the same. What, then, is the secret? The secret lies in the complex idea of the simple and the sublime. The prime motive here is religious eternity opposed to time, the sublime opposed to the vulgar. The picture would be banal without the bowed heads, the attitude, and the expression, which unite the very soil of the material world with the soul and mystery of the universe. Nor is this all. The fact that this picture has been the one supreme success of recent times in a country of philosophical sceptics is but one more proof that work without soul can have no lasting place in the Pantheon of Art. The commonplace must be transformed by the magic of the artist's mind: *æternum internum*.

In art, the supreme moment arrives with the unity of many harmonious influences. It is what is called the mood. Without this complex union the excellent is never attained. Everything in the world of intellect and inspiration is produced by natural means. There is no visible line between the material and the spiritual, human consciousness being only the last and highest mode of the physical; for the laws of mind harmonise with those of all the forces known in matter. What we call psychical manifestations are not distinct from other manifestations of natural law, and we have ceased to talk and write about the "supernatural." And for the same reason writers of intelligence no longer allude to persons of talent as "instruments" of higher powers. The higher powers are always the powers of the soul. In poetry, the word "afflatus" defines that state in which a happy combination of the necessary conditions of mind and body, weather and season, is created.

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Milton and Hawthorne could do no excellent work between the vernal and the autumnal equinoxes. Moods, impressions, inspirations, belong to the same order of law, and are practically one thing. Supreme work is done under the impulses of spontaneous thought and feeling, and for this reason : artists, writers, and thinkers are bound up in the same general law, no one being free to produce supreme work to order. It is impossible to predict when the magical unity of all the necessary conditions will occur. All our efforts are vain unless we are aided by season, weather, health, and tranquil nerves. Indeed, the state which produces what is called inspiration combines too many elements and influences for a definite analysis, since it is composed of all those subtle conditions springing from Nature in her most delicate and complicated moods.

Love's Philosophy

By C. F. Keary

THERE was a wood of young oaks and fir-trees reaching directly from the inn 'garden, full of scent and sound, of sun and wind. It looked at first like a mere thicket. But a man might wander on and never come forth of the shade : for the wood was an off-shoot from the Forest of Orleans. Butterflies of many descriptions flashed about the open spaces. In the deeper shadows the small pink carnation shone like a red railway-signal at dusk ; and crickets and beetles as fantastic as the creatures of a pantomime grinned at the passer-by while they swung on grass-stalks or emerged from hollows in the sand. In one plantation of trees lodged a great company of jays, peacefully restless and sweetly discordant. It was full summer ; and on this morning France, at any rate this country of the middle Loire, was sweltering beneath one of those hot waves that often pass over her.

The wanderer in the wood felt his whole being strung to express that word which holds within its compass more of happiness and misery than any other of the language—"waiting." With him it meant the extremity of bliss ; wherefore it hardly needs to go further, and say that he was waiting for a woman : for him the air trembled with expectancy, and all the voices of Nature repeated a hundredfold the same promise—"In two hours she will be here."

A fortnight since it had not been : or been only to the extent of a nod and a *bon jour* when they met at a *cr  merie* where Marcelle sometimes, and he always, dined. It was the only place where he had the chance of meeting her, so that the food there was ambrosia and the place shone in his eyes with a celestial light. The model did not come often : and four times out of

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five not alone. It was suggested that she was *collée* with André Cottin, a man more or less distinguished and "arrived"; whereas Louis Warren was still only "at school." Warren might have learned more about Marcelle by asking questions; but his love was very timid. Until one day, a word overheard at the *crémérie* had inspired that bold stroke to which he owed his happiness at this moment—a visit to Burckheim's studio. This American was likewise a man known, a *sociétaire* of the New Salon, still often called of the Champ de Mars. It had been only in the most general way that he had invited Warren to see his picture—the one which illness had prevented his getting ready for the shows. A morning visit to a man who was at work was against custom. But Warren plucked up courage to do the thing.

"Oh, Mr. Warren! Yes, of course. I met you in Archer's studio. How do you do, sir? Will you sit down?"

"You said you would be kind enough to show me your picture."

"Take a cigarette. Are you doing anything yourself, Mr. Warren?"

"I? Oh no. I'm only working at the Beaux-Arts. I'm a *nouveau* almost."

"Mr. Smalley told me you gained the *concours* last week."

But Warren, too anxious to see his host's picture to answer this last remark, stood before the canvas. "Ah!" he cried, drawing a long breath, "that's your picture."

"Yes! If you stand by that chair you'll be about right for seeing."

Louis sighed deeply and his eyes grew moist with admiration. There, there she was, in all the divine beauty with which Nature had crowned her, and which no artificial coverings had power to efface. Hitherto he had seen Marcelle with her clothes huddled on—almost what the French call *fagotée*. For models are the only Frenchwomen who are careless with their dress: they see themselves in fancy and are used to being seen without it. "Ah!" Warren said at last, "it's stunning."

Burckheim's heart warmed to the young man. After all, have we not all been *nouveaux* once? And was not this one at the Beaux-Arts, and had gained a *concours* there?—which was

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something, though not much. He might some day be a great painter too, like—or nearly like his entertainer.

"That figure is splendid," said the *nouveau*.

"I've got a very good model; she's not spoilt yet, and her figure is first class."

"She's got a lovely face too."

"Marcelle Foynet her name is. She's coming to pose to me this morning; so I'm afraid I shall have to turn you out in a minute. I'm going to put a few roses in that corner; they'll bring out the flesh no end——"

"I think I know her," Warren said absently.

"I'm not sure but that I'll take out that piece of rock; it swears rather with the hair. . . . Know Marcelle? She's never posed at the Beaux-Arts though—has she?"

"No; I think I've met her. . . . Oh, that piece of rock? Yes, I see; perhaps it does rather; still——"

"Yes, look here," and Burckheim held the fingers of his right hand between the eyes of his visitor and the canvas. "Of course I might just throw it back a bit——"

"Yes, that would do." Warren shook himself together, more than ever anxious to keep occupied the thoughts of the painter. "That standing figure is awfully good too. And I like those hyacinths you've put in her hair."

"I think that bit of cool colour makes the rest look all the richer. But old John Paul who came the other day said that I must take that out. Oh, you wouldn't——?"

"No, no—no. I shouldn't certainly——"

He dared not look round; but his strained sense caught a footfall outside the door.

Then the door opened.

"*Bon jour*," said Marcelle. She was eating an apple. But she held out her left hand; and Warren, not knowing what he did, took it—for the first time—that small, firm, shapely hand. "No, no," he went on, his voice sounding strangely in his own ears. "I like those flowers— In fact, the whole thing. It's perfectly splendid."

Marcelle, with an air of cool criticism, placed herself beside him. She held her half-eaten fruit; and between those

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two well-grown Anglo-Saxons—Warren was six feet high, and Burckheim well^lgrown and deep-chested, with a large red face—she showed like a being of another race, almost of another world, so exquisitely slender was her form, so small and gentle her face. “Ah,” she said, “you’ve put up the hair of the other one. Well, that’s much better, as mine is down. I wish you hadn’t made me stick my arm back so much. I pose much easier with it so. *N’est-ce pas vrai*,” she turned to Warren, “that when you’re lying down sideways you don’t put your arm back so far as that ? *Regardez* : I’ll show you.” She took on the model-stand the same position which she had in the picture.

“Yes, that’s it,” said Warren, not knowing what he said. For the vision of the actual Marcelle in the flesh threw him beside himself with admiration. Burckheim, meanwhile, had got out his tubes and was squeezing his colours on to the palette, without paying the smallest attention to Marcelle’s speeches.

“*Allons ! dépêchons*,” he said ; and then to his visitor, “Well, Mr. Warren, I’m afraid I shall have to turn you out now.”

“Yes, I’ll go. Oh, that’s first rate, there’s no doubt of it.” He made as if he could not force himself to take leave of the canvas.

“*Vous pouvez rester si vous voulez*,” came the voice of Marcelle from behind the screen.

Burckheim frowned. He gave no lessons, and had no desire to let any one see him at work. Yet for one brief minute more the visitor maintained his air of absorption.

And then he was rewarded. For from behind the screen stepped the most beautiful form in France, or in the whole world, so far as one admirer was concerned. She still held in her hand the stalk of the symbolic apple. Eve was no longer the fairest of her daughters ! Or perhaps this god-like being was descended from some other mythology and moulded of purer elements than clay. Warren saw, and gave her his whole soul in passionate admiration unmated to low desire.

A man may adore a woman, not because she is a blue-eyed girl, or a charming girl, a modest girl, a clever girl, a good girl, a witty girl, a rider to hounds, a bicyclist, a golf-player, a dancer ; not because he has known her since they were children ; not because

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he met her yesterday ; not because she is " awful fun " ; not because their fathers are next neighbours, and she will have a good bit of money ; not because the elders on either side are fixed that the two shall wed elsewhere ; not because she is a maiden or a widow ; not because she is a wife and unappreciated, in which case he must have the bliss of pining in secret ; not because she has a soul, as the romantic loves ; not because she has a body, as the sensualist loves—only for that she is a woman and the eclipse and glory of womankind. It is the oldest way of love, the instinctive way. And it was in this wise that Louis Warren loved Marcelle Foynet.

So had their real acquaintance begun. And now she was coming here to sit to him. As Warren knew, he was defying the lightnings of inextinguishable laughter by having a model down to pose to him, a mere student. For this reason, through a remaining shred of prudence, he had settled himself far away from Paris in the Loiret, where few artists came. He might have reflected, too, that the expense was much beyond his means, and that he must some day awake from his dream and find himself reduced to bread and water or theft. But there is no hereafter to a passion such as his.

It was time to go and meet her at the station.

Miraculously his blue shadow ran before him along the soft white road, girt at the edges with a sort of iridescence, a kind of aureole ; and his " wheel " devoured the distance with noiseless hunger. She would be in bicycle costume—as he had never yet seen her. The station, when Louis reached it, lay silent and sweltering : and he had time to get lost in thought, and then to start as if he had been struck, when there sounded the continuous metal cry of the alarm. All at once, because his nerves were set on edge, a terrible notion swooped down upon him. Suppose she did not come ! Strange, that he had never contemplated that possibility ! And yet, now he did think of it, his memory was stored with voices of complaint over the untrustworthiness of the model class : he had no personal experience to go upon. Oh, why had he never thought of that possibility—of that probability—of that almost certainty ! Might he not have been capable of steeling himself to bear even that—if he had only had

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time. But now— And no longer with any hope but with terror he saw a puff of steam among the trees and noted, while he hated, the purple shadows in the folds of the white. Anon it was the vast black engine itself which was bearing down upon him, as such things advance upon us in nightmares. A hideous grating: the train had stopped.

Then—out of a second-class carriage stepped the most dainty shape that eyes had ever beheld. She wore a sailor hat with some cheap spotted ribbon round it: her blue-black hair fell in bands over her ears. But, though her hair was so black, Marcelle's face was a very delicate pink and white, and asked no aid from powder or rouge. The eyebrows were arched; the forehead rather rounded; the mouth sensitive and delicate, the chin a little peaked. The eyes were a surprise; they were so much lighter than one would expect; and it was impossible to determine whether they were grey or hazel. Not a classical type: what she would have sat for most appropriately, so far as the face was concerned, was a very young virgin—a virgin of the Primitives; such as Botticelli or Matteo di Giovanni or Ambrogio da Borgognone have painted.

“*Bon jour; eh bien*, here I am.” Marcelle put her fingers into her mouth to extract the stone of a plum before she spoke. It was an adorable habit of hers, seemingly to be always eating fruit. Warren knew he had turned pale. But he recovered himself quickly. And soon they were bowling along amicably side by side—Marcelle in check knickerbockers and the loveliest of yellow boots, Louis too happy for many words.

It was lunch time when they got back to their inn. The air was stirred with loud voices, and the hum of myriads of flies. The rush chairs grated on the brick floor over which the sand lay in lines and thin fantastic patterns. The inn dining-room was distempered in pale green with a maroon dado, and for sole ornament it displayed on two of its walls a highly coloured advertisement from an American-French firm of agricultural-implement makers; another of the chief distillery in the Loiret. The landlady and her single *aide* bustled about. There seemed to be a large and noisy party outside; within were a family group, a *bourgeois* party, a husband and wife and two children;

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and a young couple at another table. The appearance of Marcelle caused a momentary pause. The heavy *bourgeois* let slip the napkin he was tucking into his collar; the young man—husband or lover, which?—cast a keen glance of appreciation, and his companion frowned. To Warren it seemed that such an angelic visitant must give a pure delight to every one; and his pleasure was doubled by theirs.

They took their coffee in the garden, hard by the edge of the wood. "*Comme on est bien ici!*" Marcelle exclaimed with enthusiasm. "Why didn't we *déjeuner* out here?"

"We will another morning."

"How long do you want me to stay?"

"How long can you stay?"

Marcelle shrugged her shoulders. "André won't like my coming down. But he's obliged to go off and see his parents. Look here! (*tiens!*) we'll go down there after we've done our coffee, eh? Do you want me to pose this afternoon?"

"Not if you don't wish to."

"It is so *gentil* to be in the country. I want to walk right into that wood. Let's go now. Finish your coffee." She would hardly wait for her companion, going boldly onward from light to shadow, her linen shirt changing from pink to grey and back again to pink, her little brown boots tripping over the mossy path. But anon a rustling made her step back in fear. "What's that?"

"Only a lizard."

"Oh, I'm afraid. The ugly beast. It bites, doesn't it?"

"Not a bit of it. Ugly? It's lovely, a lovely green. You'll see. I'll try and stir him out of the bush."

"*Oh, non, non, non, j'ai peur.*"

"Little stupid."

And it was the same with a dragonfly. Her ignorance of the country was astonishing and divine. Till the appearance of the lizard she had walked ahead, without so much as turning to see if her companion followed. But after that they went on more sociably. And when she wanted to climb some rocks and took Warren's hand, his inmost thought said, "Why not die now?"

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But the willing charioteer who drives the horses of the sun had already a long time turned his course down the steep of heaven. Now the flaming car sank into the bed of Oceanus. All the western sky burned with an amber light. And Warren felt that above him fluttered some great wing raining down thoughts too serious for life—a Hope too splendid to be gazed upon, a Fear too great to be measured. Ah, if he had his choice, he believed he would prefer that the daylight should never die.

But it did die. And Night spread wide her sombre mantle sown with innumerable stars.

“Look here! Suppose we were to dine in the garden?” Marcelle’s voice startled him from his reverie; and she looked at him keenly.

The noisy party had gone. The dinner, though enchanted, was not lively as the *déjeuner* had been. But Marcelle’s face was more wonderful than ever in the lamplight. And, when a white moth settled for a moment upon her raven locks, Warren saw in her the noblest Psyche that brush had ever rendered—Psyche sorting the grain, now that her head was lowered over the cloth; now Psyche discovering Cupid by torchlight, with fixed rapt eyes. For ever after, that dinner *à deux* remained engraven in his memory. He recalled the pink and white cloth that matched not so ill with her blouse, both turned to pale amber in the lamplight; and the red stains that their full glasses threw over the amber; yes, and the moths and the thousand midges which stuck to the lamp or fell a holocaust upon the table. There were bats outside the circle of light, symbols of the haunting thoughts he could not drive away! Marcelle gave a cry when she fancied one touched her hair.

Then, at Warren’s suggestion, they wandered down a moment to the wood to see the rising moon. She took his hand through the dark places; but when he would have drawn her close she peremptorily refused, “No, not that,” and drew away. “I think I shall go to bed,” she said soon after.

And the dæmons of Fear and Hope descended from air to earth.

“What do you want here?”

“It—it’s my room,” Warren stammered,

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"Then where is mine?"

"I thought—come, Marcelle——" His companion cut him short. She was not the least nervous nor embarrassed, whereas Louis was oppressed by a mountain-load of shyness. But she clothed herself in dignity.

"*Ecoute, mon cher.* Didn't you ask me down here to work?"

"Yes, but——"

"Didn't you know I was with André Cottin?"

"No indeed: at least——"

"Then you know it now. And to suppose!—why, I hardly know you!"

"Oh, Marcelle, I adore you. You are divine."

"Anything else!" (*Avec ça!*)

"No, it's true; I swear it: since the first day I saw you at the *crémérie*——"

"Look here, my friend. You've got to find me a room."

"You'll make such a fool of me."

"I can't help that. You've made a fool of yourself. The idea!" Olympian anger clouded Marcelle's brows.

"All right—all right. You shall have the room. Eh, madame," and he went out upon the stairs to call to the landlady: "You didn't understand that I ordered another room for the lady." He tried to put the best countenance upon it he could. Warren came back to find Marcelle seated on his bed, swinging one leg. She was quite free from shyness, but her brow was still dark.

"You're not angry with me?"

"Oh no," she answered carelessly.

"One little, little kiss." He sat down beside her.

"No."

"Your hand—give me your hand."

"As you like," and she abandoned her left hand to him. Warren kissed it passionately.

"Not the least little kiss?" This time Marcelle said nothing, but she did not resist.

Louis Warren left alone in his bedroom broke now and again into song over his rather elaborate toilet; for he had not adopted French art-student ways in such things. How heavy a weight had

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fallen from his conscience ! How clearly now he saw that this was the solution he had desired all along : that other a delirium of fever. His courage had risen directly he had settled for Marcelle's separate room. Then for the first time had his tongue been loosened. Throughout the day he had said nothing of his feelings, though he had hoped that a thousand slight attentions might have spoken a little, just a little, to her heart. And perhaps they would have done——

Ah ! of a sudden his song died down as the thought of André Cottin crossed his mind. That " No indeed " had been a lie ; or the best part of one. He had kept the thought of André at arm's-length : he did not remember (and he would be sure not to forget) hearing that Marcelle was distinctly *collée* with Cottin : but then he had never dared to ask much about her way of life ; for all that, whenever her name was mentioned, he pricked up his ears and lost no syllable. Without doubt that fat, round-faced man he had seen with her at the *crémèrie* and twice afterwards in the street—that was Cottin. A man known certainly—a painter of the most charming symbolic pictures. But what a brute to look at ! Oh no ! oh no ! On such things he must not think.

Not of the artists, but of their pictures. Burckheim—one was safe from him at any rate—was a dreadful object to think of breathing the same air as Marcelle. Yet he had known how to inspire himself from her divinity.

Wherefore, before long, a quite fresh chain of ideas began to lay siege to the art-student's brain, called up by the ideal portraits he had seen of the girl in the next room. Cottin—it was that sort of thing he would have liked to do himself—or nearly that. Nudes not quite so unsubstantial as the Frenchman's, yet something above the earthy. And why not ? Why might not he too be destined—O wondrous thought ! That was what Marcelle embodied for him, what his love for her meant. As that love was infinite, should it not give him undreamed-of force ? It had been leading him unconscious thitherward. That was the Worship of Humanity which Art was born to spread abroad. And at this wondrous thought, at this changed Hope, Warren broke out again into song as he put out his light.

Marcelle, for her part, sat on the edge of her bed with

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one brown bootlace in her hand. What a *bête* to think he—to think *that*. Did he really not understand the strict social laws of the *collage*—the whole sea of custom which divides the model from the *cocotte*? It was insulting. And up to that moment he had been so, so different. Marcelle did not know the word chivalrous: so she could not express wherein the difference lay. But she realised that, from the moment of their meeting at the station, she had not heard one broad joke, nor once surprised in the Englishman's eyes that look for which the French have a special name, the look *qui déshabille une femme*. For a change, she was not sure if it was half disagreeable. And then the way he had just touched her cheek! That Mr. Bourquehême was made absolutely of wood: she hated him beyond words. But here was another kind. Englishmen were certainly incomprehensible.

After all, it was not altogether flattering to have got her way so easily; though she never had any doubt about getting it in the end.

And then—the man was singing on the other side of the partition, singing out of tune. When, to goodness! would he stop? It got on one's nerves. And Marcelle, her unlacing done at last, went to the door and flung the boots down heavily on the tiles outside. She listened a moment. The Englishman had stopped. She heard the only other couple who were in their part of the inn (for there were some rooms on the opposite side of the court) coming up to bed with low voices and laughter. Almost directly—for her preparations were of the simplest—Marcelle was in bed. Well, she had stopped him—that was a good thing. No: he was actually beginning again. "Oh, I shall never get to sleep if he makes that noise," Marcelle almost cried in hysterical agony. Very soon, however, all was still. "Did I lock my door?" she asked herself. "I forget."

II

Shrill screams, some far, some near, crossed each other like arrows through the air, dividing the light from the darkness—they were the voices of the cocks of the village.

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Louis Warren awoke—as awakes a general before a battle, a duellist in the grey mist of morning. The thoughts with which he had gone to sleep told him that this was to be a supreme day in his life ; before consciousness had quite returned he yet knew that he was on the edge of a new beginning ; that it behoved him to be bold as he had never been before. Till now he had thought of his artistic career as a thing which came of itself, made up of continual practice, of professors' criticisms and successful "competitions." Now he brought home to himself those two lines about the "tide" and the "flood." Should he be equal to the moment when it came ? And then followed an overwhelming rush of gratitude to Marcelle, that she had saved him from that mean assuagement of all the longings she evoked. It was intolerable that yesterday he should have dreamt only of that. Of course, a day might come—as a day would certainly come, not to-morrow, not this year or the next perhaps, "but it will come," when as a painter he should leave André Cottin far behind. His idealism should be something manlike, something far ahead of the epicene *décadence* of the French artist.

So it was that when Marcelle came out of doors—for they took their first breakfast in an arbour in the garden—she, who had expected perhaps a certain shyness in her entertainer or, if not that, a sullen air, was startled to find him all gaiety and tenderness. With what a brilliance his steel-blue eyes shone ! And she—how one saw the perfect shape under her light open jacket and shirt and knickerbockers ! Yes, yes ; he was going to achieve the thing. As he talked gaily in his fluent ungrammared French, Louis felt Marcelle's yellow eyes fixed upon him, a something fiery out of the cool tint of her shaded face.

Now they set forth for that corner of the wood that Warren had already fixed upon, and during the night again and again visited in imagination as the scene for his study. First of all he had planned his picture in the evening. Then, even in that corner of the rock, the reflected light came warm, and the flesh would be richly tinted as on a Venetian canvas. But that idea had been abandoned, when he postponed his work the day before : and all his design was now changed. By this morning light the effect was utterly different. This picture should be

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something new and strange. And when he had posed his model in the niche, and set to work upon his drawing, every moment the scheme of his picture grew more clear to him. Ah, should he, anon, be able to catch the violet-grey tint of the flesh of Marcelle reclining, one arm over a jutting mossy rock. As in a religious frenzy, Louis worked on and on; and the meaning of his work grew instant before him. It was as through a strange medium, as a sort of water-nymph that he saw his model, only that—so to say—the water was air; as if a native of the light-bearing ether should look down into our denser atmosphere, and see Marcelle stretched there amid blue-green shadows, the blue atmosphere spreading its veil over her.

“The air, earth’s seamless robe——”

Warren thought he had read somewhere a line beginning thus. He could not remember more. As he drew and drew, this beginning sang in his ears; as never before, he felt the presence of that great living garment which unites all terrene things—the means and substance of all art. Oh, it would be great if he could reach to one-hundredth part of all he felt and saw! Then, of a sudden, he was startled out of his enthusiasm, as Marcelle jumped up and said she must have a rest. He had brought out a light great-coat for her use; she threw it over her and came to look at the drawing.

“*Qui ; c’est bien,*” she was good enough to say. But this time Warren hardly heard: he was preparing his palette. It was difficult to wait till she was ready to sit once more.

“An air Undine”: that was what she was. How divinely firm and smooth was the plane where the shoulder sloped off to the pectoral muscle! If he should lose the modelling of the deltoid he lost a world of beauty; or of the squareness of the knee. The black hair was certainly green-tinted. If only one could work at all these parts at once! What a happy artist might have been Briaræus!

Marcelle talked for a while, and then pouted because she got such lean replies. But though he could not answer her, Louis’ worship of the girl before him grew with every stroke of his brush. How had Nature risen to fashion such perfection? Familiar talk might be for a girl in a pink shirt and check knicker-

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bockers: now, face to face with a goddess, who could have found words?

And in very truth there were two presences near the painter. One was a little model whose home was up four pairs of stairs in the Rue Campagne Première. The other was a foam-born deity; or an Artemis of the silver bow; or the mystic Isis; or the Blessed Virgin Mary; whatever being, that is, in any age or for any people, has embodied the mysterious, the unfathomable influences, which flow from womankind. It seemed to the painter that this one stood over him with awful nod—*dea certe*. Even if she were the goddess of love, she proclaimed that not now nor in this place were her rites. If she were—and she seemed rather—the chaste huntress, she pointed to the image of Actæon, and threatened condign punishment to whosoever should dally in love with one of her nymphs. But she was full of condescension and help for him who obeyed her decrees.

It was still under the impression of her command and her favour that Warren walked home with his comrade when their morning's work was over. He was out of himself: a being of another atmosphere. Art had touched him with her magic wand. Deep in his heart he was persuaded that such a transformation could only have been possible because he came into Art's presence pure in spirit. And who shall say that he was wrong?

"Away impure!" said the priests to those who would partake in the Eleusinian mysteries.

It was Marcelle the nymph herself who had saved him from that corruption.

But now the nymph had half disappeared from sight, beneath knickerbockers and shirt, when in the afternoon they set off in company upon their winged bicycles over the noiseless dusty roads. Yesterday was on the outer bounds of Time for Louis Warren, and its thoughts were dim or forgotten. They came presently to a modest-looking village on a slight hill. Hard by was a walled enclosure with turrets and dry fosse, the remains of an old château, the beginning of the magnificent series of châteaux on the banks of the Loire. And then at the bottom of the hill

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was a beautiful lake which ran upwards among the trees, the trees of their own forest, the Forest of Orleans. In the village Louis bought some fruit—(Didn't he know Marcelle's tastes?)—some early peaches and small sweet grapes; and they sat side by side on the grass and ate them, till the sun's rays rounding the hill began to glance with mild level beams upon the Arcadian pair. Marcelle was resting at full length upon her elbow, her face still in shadow; and the yellow eyes looked out from the shade, like flames of burning gorse in a landscape that is growing grey. The sunlight caught the edges of Warren's crisped hair, he lying prone with his hands clasped behind his head.

"Ah!" Marcelle said, breaking the silence as she wiped her fingers on the grass, "the English have pretty hair. I like that golden chestnut," and she stretched out her hand and touched his head. But she touched his ear likewise, and with an involuntary start he drew away from her sticky fingers. Immediately he excused himself: "You tickled me."

"Are you ticklish?" Marcelle made as if she would touch his neck again.

"No no." Warren caught her hand and kissed it. Howbeit, it came home to him now for the first time, what he had grown conscious of in these four and twenty hours, that if Marcelle was on one side more than a woman, she was in certain ways—in vulgar domestic ways one did not like to think about—below the higher standard of her sex, even in France. He kissed her hands gracefully; but the woman's instinct in her was not to be altogether deceived. Her lips took a pout and her brows a frown. For some while she remained silent.

"Who are you with?" she asked suddenly, throwing her flashing glance upon him.

"With? Oh, with a compatriot of mine called Emmett, who goes to the Beaux-Arts too."

He spoke in the masculine. But then, as Marcelle knew, Englishmen will say *un toile, une verre*.

"Goes to the Beaux-Arts? What is she, a model?" she asked.

"She? I thought you meant who I shared my studio with——"

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"Bah!"

"I'm not with any one in that way."

"Not with any one! *Avec ça.*"

"I'm not really. Of course, one—one has friends," and he shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, several! *C'est sale ça.* Englishmen are like that, aren't they?"

"I said friends. But really I only know two women in Paris and very little."

"Where did you see me first? At the *crémérie*?"

"Yes; the first time was when you came with two men. I suppose one of them was Cottin, but I didn't know him by sight then. Berthon spilt some gravy on your back."

"Yes, I remember. You noticed me then."

"My faith, yes." Then there was another pause. This time they were face to face.

"*Tiens!*" she said at last. "I don't know what your name is—your little name."

"Louis."

"*Bien!*" and then another pause. "He is good-looking, André Cottin, isn't he? He has fine eyes. A little heavy, however. And he has got lots of talent."

"Oh yes: there's no doubt of that."

"*Aôh ou-i,*" Marcelle mocked. "You talk French funnily. You make one laugh."

"I know I do. Wouldn't you like to learn English, Marcelle? I'll teach you."

"*Oyyès; shôking.*" Then she said a little sentence in her English. Warren exclaimed in horror.

"What's the matter?"

"It's disgusting what you said then."

"*Tiens!*"

"Who taught it you?" Warren asked, his blood boiling.

"André, I suppose. He knows a good deal of English. He was three months in England two years ago. He wanted to take me, but I was afraid of the water. He was furious; but he was obliged to go." Marcelle laughed.

"What did you do?"

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"I? I stayed. I went back to Monsieur Gaillard. Of course he always wanted me to go back to him."

"Gaillard the sculptor?"

"Of course. Didn't you know I had sat to him for lots of things?—*The Nymph of the Loire* and *Agnès Sorrel*."

"Oh! sat to him?"

"*Ma foi!*" Marcelle shrugged her shoulders. "He was very kind, but he bored me—you have no idea."

"Oh, my God!" Warren said, jumping up. The white-haired Academician, one of the professors at the Beaux-Arts, was a familiar face to him, and not a pleasant one. "I went back to M. Gaillard"—two years ago; and she was not twenty yet! "O God!" He trembled, and his heart stifled him with its beating. But he was still enough of an Englishman not to declare his surpassing pain.

"What's the matter?" she asked in astonishment.

"Oh, nothing. I had a pain across the head—neuralgia. We must be going soon, I think. How beautiful it is now!" Oh, he had been worse than a fool to probe into these things. Of course there *were* two Marcelles: Marcelle the nymph—she was the only one he would have to do with henceforward—and Marcelle Foynet the model.

"Isn't it?" Marcelle said, getting up and standing close to him. "Wouldn't you like to paint me there on the grass in this light. Tell me, why don't you do an evening study too? Not here of course; it's too far. Oh, I don't mind posing for you: you are *très gentil*. *Tiens!* Louis, you can kiss me if you like. *Voulez-vous?*"

He put his arm round her shoulder and kissed her on the cheek. Marcelle drew herself free and stared. Then they set off on their way home.

"*Mon Dieu, mon Dieu*—I don't understand him," she cried to herself. But of course there could be but one answer to the riddle. He must have lied just now.

"Those horrid moths," Marcelle cried after dinner. "Let's put our bottle and our glasses on the parapet, will you?"

There was a curious change in her voice, a gentle, submissive

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note in the "*Vouslez-vous ?*" which Warren felt without quite noticing. But everything was so peaceful and harmonious here. Just below them, over the wall, a group of country-folk were sitting likewise to enjoy the cool stillness after their dinner. And their voices came up murmuring. "*Ah,*" said an old man ironically, "*les champignons ! Il n'y a pas mal de crevés par les champignons.*" Louis' thoughts went off to his picture. But then from his picture he came back with double admiration to his companion. "Oh, Marcelle," he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "how happy one is here."

But her moods were wayward. "Yes, one isn't badly here," she replied. "But I think I ought to go back."

"Go back ! Oh, Marcelle, you can't go back yet." His voice expressed nothing short of agony. And Marcelle easily relented.

"Would you mind very much if I did ?" she said gently.

"Mind ! It would be ruin."

"I expect André will be back to-morrow or next day. Then he is sure to come down here. He won't like my sitting to you the least in the world. He made me swear once I'd never sit only to women. But they bother you so frightfully."

"Do they ?"

"I should think they did ! Oh, and some men are difficult enough. Your friend Bourquehême, he bothers you out of your life if you move the least bit. Do I pose well ?"

"Well, I don't suppose you do," Warren laughed.

"But why don't you tell me if I am not right ? I would not mind taking trouble for you."

"Poor little Marcelle ! Oh, you pose very nicely. I don't suppose you are so strong as a great many models, you are so delicately made."

"Am I ?"

"You know you are ! Like a fairy, a Greek fairy. Not in the face though. In face you would be better for a Madonna."

"For a what ?"

"A Virgin Mary." Marcelle laughed with a touch of contempt.

"I don't say— But, I say, I want to begin very early to-morrow. You won't get up if you don't go to bed now,"

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"Are you going to bed?"

"In a minute. I shall just have one more cigarette."

"You may kiss me if you like."

"If I like! Of course I do." Warren took her in his arms this time and once more pressed his lips on her smooth cheek. She stayed quite passive. "You don't mind being here? I don't *embarrass* you?" he asked still holding her shoulders. She only shook her head and disengaged herself.

Marcelle did not stay meditating on the edge of her bed this night. The boots were unlaced and flung outside in about a minute; and after no longer interval she was in bed. "He's a fool! It's senseless!" she said with her face in the pillow. "Suppose I were to go back to-morrow! André will only make me a scene when he finds out!" And tears welled up into her poor little eyes and soaked their way into her pillow.

On looking back, Warren could hardly distinguish the events of the day which followed, the third of Marcelle's stay. He worked on with a fervour and an inspiration which lifted him quite above the common surroundings of life; he and she, so it seemed to Louis, lived in the air, not on the ground. She seemed to be nearer to him than before: she took his arm now when they strolled together into the wood, instead of running on ahead as she had done once: and in their rides she was always at his side. Perhaps this part of their intercourse he would have changed. He loved to contemplate his nymph as a whole; he adored her in different moods. This day she was rather subdued. And then—and then—there were those vulgar domestic reasons not to be thought of.

"It's getting on, your picture—are you pleased with it?" Marcelle said moving close up to him when after breakfast they were sitting near the wood.

Instinctively he drew his chair a shade back.

"What did you do that for?" she asked with a frown.

"I like to see you well— Oh, Marcelle, you are the loveliest of the lovely," he said, putting his hand across the intervening space. The girl put hers into it, but did not look round. "I shall get on—I've never done anything half so good before.

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But then, of course, I've never had anybody to compare with you as a model. By God! Don't turn your head: your profile against that bit of sky is something splendid——"

He spoke from his full heart. The effect was the more beautiful that the eyebrows were a little drawn together. It gave a spiritual touch to the girl's face. Her lips relaxed, not displeased at the admiration: but yet the thoughtful, almost severe, look did not pass away.

Suddenly her strange eyes were turned full on her companion. "I shall go back to-morrow," she said.

"Oh, Marcelle; what nonsense! You can't."

"I shall."

"You can't," he cried in terror. "You don't mean it."

"I do; I am determined."

"No no, Marcelle, you're joking——" She shook her head. "Oh," he cried with an accent of despair, "you don't mean it! You couldn't, you couldn't be so cruel." She remained obstinately silent. "I thought we had become such friends. What have I done, that you want to go back again? What do you wish me to do? I'd do anything for you that I could possibly in the world. Are you uncomfortable here? I don't make you pose too long; you can't say I do."

Marcelle shook her head.

"Oh, I thought you liked being here. I was so happy. And I adore you, Marcelle." She shook her head again. "It's true, it's true. What shall I do when you are gone? There'll be nothing else," he went on with a little laugh and a great sigh, "but to throw myself into the Loire."

"Anything else?"

He took her in his arms and kissed her. "You're only joking? You're not serious?" Yet still Marcelle shook her head and said nothing.

Warren, however, made up his mind that she had only spoken in jest; though many times during the rest of the day, when she was not observing him, he scanned her face anxiously. He redoubled if possible the little attentions which he had loved to shower on her from the first. He thought she rather avoided his eyes. On the other hand, once or twice he surprised hers

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fixed upon him keenly, scrutinisingly, sadly: and he did not dare to ask what was in her thoughts.

So the day wore on. It was only at the end of it that Warren once more tried to get a definite promise from the girl. "Oh, dear, dear Marcelle," he said as he took her in his arms to say good night. "You were only joking—say you were only joking about going away."

She threw her arms round his neck and put her lips up to his. "Kiss me, then," she said, and for the first time their lips met. Whereupon Marcelle whispered something and ended it with her old submissive question, but changed a little, "*Veux-tu ?*"

Warren started. During two days his ideas had revolved wholly: all the sweet friendship with Marcelle seemed to be on condition that sensuality was left out of it—his love for the nymph was only possible because he forgot the model, old Gaillard's Marcelle, André Cottin's Marcelle. And to change his thought of her would be ruin to his work—he knew, he felt this with a force and certainty that he could never have expressed in words. In Marcelle's very kiss, though it was sweet, there was withal something displeasing. This matchless flower which had (when all was said) grown up in the gutters of Paris—how was it possible to enjoy it without any afterthought?

And as these conflicting feelings chased each other through Louis' mind, for a brief half-minute he hesitated—nay, perhaps he even drew back.

It was but a moment's recoil; but it was enough for Marcelle. In a thought she had pushed him violently aside, and the next minute she was in her room.

In there, she stumbled; the walls swung round her, and she found herself, she could not have told why, kneeling before her bed. In truth she had, though as yet she hardly knew it, received a mighty blow, and full in the heart. It was the first of such a kind in all her innocent-blameful little life.

He had been lying all the time, then, that Englishman? Only to keep her posing there! That Englishman, who looked so frank, so simple. Whom could one trust? O God, whom could one trust, if, under all his pretence of tenderness, this man

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hated her, would scarcely touch her if he could help it ? And why ? Why ? O my God, why ? why ? When everybody else contended for her smiles. And yet every one else—somehow he had smirched them all, all the others by contrast with himself. They appeared no better now, because he was worse. The one man—the discovery came upon her this moment all of a sudden—the one man she had ever desired, he had turned from her, he alone. For that, too, there was no mistaking, that sudden recoil. What did they mean, all those blind, groping, growing possibilities she felt within her ? “Desired” was the word she had used. But there was something more—

She remembered how in a talk among André and his friends, the verdict had been passed on the English that they were all liars, all hypocrites ; she revolting a little inwardly at such a sweeping judgment on a race which certainly owned some handsome, pleasant-looking men. Now she saw how true it was !

The worst part was that she did not go back with a rebound to her own countrymen—to André, for example. Ah, no, that was the worst. It was not Englishmen only, but all mankind that had been degraded by that act of treachery. And of womankind, what did she know ? Marcelle’s mother had been a model before her ; and accepted the theory of her class, that after sixteen a beautiful girl must look to herself. Who then so lonely in the world as she ? To think that ten minutes ago this blow had not been struck, that this horrible pain was not there—had never yet existed in all her little life. And now—utterly alone, with no one to help ! It seemed incredible. Her eyes were dry and hot : as yet Marcelle had not shed a tear. She who had been wont hitherto to send off a lover if he bored her the least, she to be hated, recoiled from ! My God ! my God ! Why ? She put her hand to her ears and shut tight her eyes. But his tones would come back—the little tender attentions, so different from André’s and the others’ ! *Mon Dieu ! mon Dieu !* It would be madness to think of that ! Ah me ! Ah me ! If she were to pray at his door—if she could bring herself so low as that—he would keep it shut against her. And now the flood-gates of her tears were unbarred.

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Her window was open, and a bright planet looked down on her dimmed eyes. She heard the murmur of the woods below. The peace of Nature said not much to this little *Parisienn*e, who had never passed a day in the country alone ; yet something of it stole into her heart. She thought of that great lake beside which they had sat on the second afternoon ; and once more she shut her eyes, not to see the evening sunlight as it played in his crisped hair. If that lake had been hard by—might it not have received her kindly into its black depths ? Even the river—but that was half a kilometre away. She was so helpless, alone ! Inwardly she revolted at the thought of going back to André to-morrow. And yet there was nothing else ; no other choice for her in the wide world.

Once more with his accustomed spirit Madame Mauret's barn-door cock flung his challenge to the universe. The sparrows awoke from their roosting-places under the roof or on the boughs of fruit trees and flapped their wings heavy with dew. A thick mist swayed and spread among the trees of the forest, presage of another fine day ; and the disk of the sun changed from red to white, from coolness to heat. The swains of the village awoke ; they jumped out of bed and harnessed their horses ; for the rye-harvest had begun.

Warren started awake as his boots were dropped before his door—and awoke at once to a great depression and great anxiety. He was not thinking of his work. What had he really done ? What had Marcelle really meant the night before ? He had come over and tapped at her door, hoping that they might explain and make up. But when she had not answered he had gone away, rather relieved, and put off the decision of their fate till the morrow. It was horrible. All the sweetness of their innocent loves, all the fervour of his art had taken wings somehow. But, after all, he had gained time. Yes : after all, he would have one more beautiful morning at his study, and think of nothing else. He was strong. Marcelle, too, would awake fresh and happy. And he tapped at her wall : for it was time both of them were up. Then, when he was dressed he tapped at her door ; then he opened it. She was gone !

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Gone ! Gone ! Gone ! With an awful tightening of the heart he saw that the place was bare. Gone back to André Cottin—gone back to be only Marcelle the model. And Marcelle the nymph, where was she ?

Then scales fell from his eyes, and he saw the horrible commonplaces of life. What would it mean if he should try to make it up with her ; if she left André Cottin for him ? For one thing, it might mean starvation for both of them : but Louis Warren, to his credit, gave scarce a moment's thought to that. He only felt and knew, through a thousand nerves, that domestic life with Marcelle—the child of the slums of Paris—was not possible for him.

But to have come to this in three short days—that was the misery, that was the degradation. And now, once more, he was in fancy in the wood on that first morning at Ouzouer, when all Nature was alive under the trembling heat, the air was beating with expectancy, and everything spoke of love and cried aloud the same chorus, “ In two hours she will be here.”

And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea :
What are all these kissings worth
If thou kiss not me ?

Le Réduit

By Sir Frank Swettenham

HAVE you ever seen an inland peninsula? It is unlikely, unless you have visited Mauritius and know the one I am looking at. Let me try to describe it. Eight hundred feet above the sea, two very deep ravines gradually converge, and the spectator, who has wandered along the inner edge of either, suddenly finds himself in the air. That, at any rate, is the impression given to me when, after a long walk beside the ravine on my left, I find I am on a very narrow neck of land, with a similar ravine on my right. Passing through an avenue of rustling bamboos, with great fat green and yellow stems, further progress is impossible. On every side, except the one by which I have come, the ground falls sheer down, down, down, and I am left on what is called *Le bout du monde*, to gaze in delight on a scene of singular beauty, and the difficulty is to know where to begin in order to convey to the reader any just conception of the pictures to right and left, in front, below.

It is a glorious morning; the air is full of sunshine after heavy rain; a delicious breeze is blowing through the bamboos; the temperature is that of a perfect day on the Riviera. I stand at the point where the two ravines meet, and the two streams, which wind along their rocky beds in the cleft of either ravine, unite and pursue their course through a gorge to the sea, distant, as the crow flies, about seven or eight miles. The stream on my right is *Rivière profonde*, that on my left *Rivière cascade*, by reason of a fall of one hundred and twenty feet, higher up and out of sight. Well within view are two much smaller but considerable cascades, and the noise of the falling water fills the air with soothing and slumberous murmur. The combined streams, from their confluence to the sea, are called Grande Rivière.

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From "the end of the world," that point whence further progress is barred—except for those with wings—to the surface of the stream is about four hundred feet, and, as I have said, the ground falls sheer to the water. These ravines form a very remarkable feature in this island. In a more or less level upland, covered with fertile soil and tropical foliage, one comes suddenly upon these clefts, from two hundred to a thousand feet deep. The rocky sides are so steep that if they were not almost hidden by small trees growing on such soil as they can find, and by a thick tangle of undergrowth, it would be impossible to climb down or up them. The Réduit ravines are not parallel, they wind towards each other and, from my point of view—where two merge into one—that deep gorge zigzagging, in alternate buttresses of light and shadow, to a cobalt sea, is the most striking feature in the picture.

From edge to edge the gorge is about six hundred yards across, the steep sides are covered with foliage, and where they meet in an acute angle the Grande Rivière dashes through them in a series of rapids. In that green space between the walls of the gorge, some pure white sea-birds are circling, and when in their flight they leave the shadows of the eastern slopes the sunlight turns their feathers to silver. The gorge does not wind in gentle curves like the ravines, but zigzags in straight reaches with sharp angles, now to left and now to right, giving that suggestion of vast green buttresses, but always leaving a narrow vista of low country, of distant shore, of the "measureless expanse" of blue ocean.

But the sky is blue also, and seen through the bamboo fronds I would swear that it is matchless, and the white clouds, moving slowly across the great spaces, only intensify the colour of their background.

A slight turn of the head to the right and the eye, passing over a narrow stretch of fields of sugar-cane, rests on a range of rocky mountains, curving northward. A more picturesque outline than is formed by these sharp peaks it would be difficult to find. Most, if not all, look quite inaccessible; a few trees and shrubs cling in places to those inhospitable rocks, but the whole mass of jagged points and precipices bears testimony to a

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time of bitter throes and suggests the recurrence of upheaval and appalling catastrophe.

Beyond this curving stretch of fantastic peaks, but more to the east and much farther distant, is another isolated mass of rock. Distance softens the sense of almost cruel sterility, but the outline is even more picturesque, for the four points which spring from the mass and stand against the sky are much higher, and the last is the famous Pieter Both, a cone of rock narrowing to a neck supporting the semblance of a head wearing a crown.

To the left, across other fields of cane, at a greater distance but on much the same level as the eastern range of hills, there stands a mass of rock in some respects even more remarkable. It is quite isolated, of vast proportions, and I cannot get away from the impression that it resembles a gigantic Sphinx, something which might easily have suggested—to one who had seen it—that other Sphinx watching in the desert, open-eyed but unseeing, because it looks into the past.

The head of this Sphinx is set towards the east, and the curious thing about it is that the features (if one may use the word) and head-covering are Egyptian.

This mass of rock is called *Le corps de garde*, because on the western slope there appears to rest the recumbent figure of a man, with arms crossed, body stretched and rigid, and toes turned straight up; just what may be seen on an ancient tombstone. The figure is singularly perfect in this resemblance; it lies in such a position that the whole profile, from head to feet, has the sky as background, and, after dark, the soldier sleeps facing the evening star. The proportions are gigantic, but even so, on the mass of the mountain which represents in its entirety the couchant Sphinx, this figure is a comparatively insignificant detail. Along the top of the hill, which must be 2500 feet in height, there is, in places, a little grass; then there are straight precipices of bare rock reaching half-way down the height, while the lower half falls in steep slopes from the base of the rock to the cane-fields. The space of canes is wide but, seen across the ravine, they make a narrow line of palest green broken by fronds of the bamboos which line the farther edge. Just below the bamboos one sees the rich soil; it is exactly the colour of chocolate, and the

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illusion is so complete that it looks as though one might, with a very long arm, reach across the intervening space to take a handful of the stuff and eat it.

From "The End of the World" to the waterfall is about a mile; a mile of paths and grass rides through woods and by the edge of the ravine. The paths wind about in what is called the French garden; a place of flowering trees and many palms clothing the sides of a little valley through which wanders a stream, held up in places to form pools of water which are broken by islands of gigantic lilies; while clumps of poinsettia, with the largest and most brilliant crimson bracts, overhang and are mirrored in the quiet pools. It is all enchanting, for there is only enough of art to enable one to see nature easily.

Between the two ravines there is a domain of about three hundred acres and about a quarter of a mile back from *Le bout du monde* stands the house, *Le Réduit*, of which I have tried to describe the surroundings. It is an excellent example of what a house in a tropical climate should be. The plan is exceedingly simple; one very long sitting-room, with many windows on both sides and a wide verandah along the whole length. At one end of this room, and at right angles to it, is a large dining-room and at the other a morning-room and a study. There are a number of bedrooms in an upper story. The house is built of stone and the roof is made of red shingles. There are gardens and lawns all round the house, and a great stretch of green sward from the wide front verandah down towards the gorge. Standing in front of the house and facing the sea the hills of Moka are on the right and the Sphinx on the left; but the ravines, which also lie to right and left and enclose the domain, are quite invisible. They are really very near, they border the garden on either side, but there is nothing to indicate their existence. The hills are wonderful, strange and even awesome, but the ravines startle by their unexpectedness almost as much as they impress by their beauty. The real wonder of the place is only fully realised when one looks across a ravine to the lovely but sombre hills beyond.

Le Réduit was built in 1749 by Monsieur Barthélemy David, then Governor of the island. The origin of the place is interest-

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ing, and the following is a translation of the account of it. ‘M. David, according to the gossips, professed a boundless admiration for the fair sex ; it was his only fault, if it is a fault. It is recorded that, bewitched by the beauty of a lovely lady of the neighbourhood, he discovered on the borders of Moka and Plaine Wilhelms, at the junction of three streams, a charming and retired spot, where he dreamed that he could hide his love-affairs and to which he gave the significant name *Bout du Monde*. There he built Le Réduit ; being a discreet lover, careful of appearances, he caused it to be noised abroad that ladies would find there safe asylum if the colony were ever surprised by the English. To this end—unless, indeed, it were to relieve himself from the attentions of the inquisitive—he gave to his new residence the appearance of a stronghold, with moat and drawbridge, battlements and barbican. It would have taken a clever enemy to get inside,” says the historian, “and the jealous husband would have been nonplussed in the face of twelve or fifteen feet of water.”

In 1776 M. le Chevalier Antoine de Guiran La Brillane was Governor, and there is an anecdote of his residence at Le Réduit, which may be described as spicy in more senses than one. One evening he was entertaining a large party at dinner, and on his left was sitting a beautiful lady of ample proportions, *décolletée*—in the words of the chronicle—*outrageusement*.

It was then the custom of the host to help the soup ; the lady in question was served first, but the soup was so highly seasoned that she was at once seized with such a violent fit of coughing that she coughed part of herself out of her corsage. The Governor, *ne perdant pas la tête*—again the words of the chronicle—and rising to the emergency, by a deft use of the ladle, readjusted the lady and then, *avec un flegme imperturbable*—still the chronicle—continued the service of soup to the other guests. The narrator of this incident, with a nice appreciation of cause and effect, styles this soup *potage révolutionnaire*, and when it appears on the *menu*, it may be well for ladies to remember that the soup-ladle has been banished to the sideboard.

Moat and drawbridge have gone, and there is nothing remarkable about the house of to-day beyond the fact that it fits the

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place ; but in the dining-room hang some portraits of distinguished past Governors of the island, both French and English. There is an Englishman who is supposed to have been poisoned, and there seems to be an attractive mystery there ; but one is on firmer ground with the portrait of the Comte de Malartic, a soldier who had fought with much distinction in Canada, and who came to be Governor of the island in 1792. Those were stirring times, and though Malartic was over sixty years of age when he arrived in this far distant capital of French power in the East, he was not allowed to hold his position in peace and ease, but was called upon to decide issues which have made his name as much an object of reverence and admiration as that of La Bourdonnais. The probability is that Malartic lived generally in another house, in the centre of that crater of an extinct volcano which forms the chief town of the island, but I like to think that it may have been in these woods and gardens of Le Réduit that he entertained a foreign guest under circumstances that could hardly arise in these prosaic days. Some time during the last years of the eighteenth century an English fleet was blockading the ports of Ile de France when it became known to the Comte de Malartic that, on board one of the blockading frigates, there was a young English lady who, after a long and trying sea voyage, had lately become a mother, and was now exposed to all the dangers of war. This lady was the wife of the commander of the frigate, and it is recorded that Malartic, knowing how impossible it was to obtain, upon a vessel of war, such simple necessities as fruit, milk, and vegetables, took measures to supply them. He wrote, at the same time, expressing his concern and sympathy, and offered to the lady the hospitality of his own house and all the attention that a residence there would secure for her. This chivalrous offer was gratefully accepted ; the lady went ashore in a boat sent by the Comte, and she remained his honoured guest until her strength was restored, when she returned to the frigate. The visit was repeated more than once, and the lady appeared at the theatre in the box of the Governor-General, to the surprise and displeasure of some who could not understand such courtesies to the wife of an enemy. It is not clear, from such chronicles as exist, how

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long it was after these events that the island lost its guiding spirit, but, on the morning of July 23, 1800, Malartic, preparing to attend an early Mass, was seized by a fit of apoplexy and died. His body was embalmed and clothed in General's uniform, and when the last honours were rendered to the dead, in the presence of a great company comprising people of every degree, the British warships lying off the shore rendered their tribute of respect for the departed soldier and statesman by flying their flags at half-mast, crossing their yards, and firing minute guns as the funeral *cortège* passed from the chapel in which the body had lain to the place of burial, in the centre of the Champ de Mars.

Hippolite Maurès, Comte de Malartic, General in the Army of France and Governor-General of the French possessions east of the Cape of Good Hope, was buried in a vault in the stretch of land which lies close under the semicircle of hills behind the town of Port Louis, and the monument erected over him bears a long and formal inscription instead of the few simple words originally intended to be placed upon it.

Malartic was a great man and greatly beloved, but neither the people of his time, for whom he had done so much, nor his countrymen in after years, had sufficient regard for his memory to complete the monument over his grave. That work remained unfinished until nearly fifty years later, when it was at last accomplished, mainly with funds raised by the exertions of an English lady, who in this way did what was possible to repay the debt of all her countrywomen to a gallant French gentleman.

Miss Cal

By Elizabeth Robins

THEY were talking one evening at a London dinner-party about a girl who was coming, later in the evening, to sing. People were mildly curious about the nameless one—"Oh, quite unknown," said the hostess; "a young American."

But London knew what to expect at Lady St. Edmond's. "A little music after dinner" was the way the invitations ran when Paderewski was to play. To-night it was to be Kreisler and Tetrizzini and the Unknown.

"Where did you hear her?" somebody asked.

The lady in the smoke-coloured gauze, and the wonderful emeralds, smiled as she confessed: "Like you I shall hear her to-night for the first time."

"Aren't you rather nervous?—considering who's here," demanded her brother-in-law.

All the eyes at our end of the table followed the direction of Lord Seale's. With one accord they fastened on the man who sat between the hostess and myself.

Foreigner though I was, I had not lived in London all these years without knowing something of the meaning of that instinctive appeal. Eighteen years ago my first glimpse of Noel Berwick had revealed merely a tall, extravagantly slim man of thirty-one or two, with delicate, indeterminate features, and charming, if slightly supercilious manners. To-day, I knew that not his inherited place in the English hierarchy, any more than the despotic power he had come to exercise in politics, not even the personal charm that his bitterest opponent could not deny—none of these causes had focussed the attention of a gathering like this upon the man sitting between the hostess and myself. His power of imposing a fastidious, intensely circumscribed taste

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in art and letters had ruled this little Great World for twenty years. People dreaded the faint irony of his reflective smile more than another man's loud denunciation. A shrug of the stooped shoulders was committal to outer darkness. No need for him to cry: "So much for Buckingham!"—the head of the unfortunate was already weltering in the basket.

Before dinner, Lady St. Edmond had whispered in my ear: "Olive Hertford will be furious because she isn't put next him. But she's too *exigeante*. He's tired. Harassed. That horrible all-night sitting! Mind, *no politics!*" she said, shaking her pretty head till the long emerald and diamond ear-rings flew out and scattered splinters of light. "He must be gently diverted."

I was not over-pleased with my task. If, in common with all the world, I felt Noel Berwick's charm, I resented his easy despotism. But now, seated at the table, with all these eyes following Lord Seale's to my neighbour, I came under the spell of the common wonder as to how even Lady St. Edmond had dared ask an untried stranger to sing before this man.

"I am not in the least nervous," she answered, "because Miss—a—the young lady was recommended by Mr. Berwick."

I was intensely conscious that he would rather she had left that unsaid.

Interest in the Unknown had enormously quickened. A fire of questions from the other side of the table elicited from the great man the languid information that he had heard the girl sing only once.

"I spent some weeks in America last year," he said, as though the two hemispheres had not chronicled the fact.

"During a little walking tour, we lost our way one day. We had to put up at a mountain hotel of a highly primitive nature. There were two other people to share our belated meal. An oldish woman, severely New England, and a girl. When we went out on the pee-yazzah (they call it pee-yazzah) to smoke, the two women went into the sitting-room. To our consternation one of them began to play." He lifted his fine long hands half-way to his ears, and then dropped them. Our nerves twanged sharp in sympathy for his martyrdom.

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"Fortunately the younger woman called out to her to stop. But she succeeded in silencing her only by saying: 'I'll sing for you without an accompaniment.'"

He paused and seemed to be examining the perversities in colour, and in shape, of the orchids that hung over the slim Venetian glass in front of him.

"Well—she sang," he ended.

"Oh, oh, now play fair," laughed the hostess. "This is how he told me: 'There was a little silence and then—a voice. An enchantment.'"

The man's eyes left the mauve and orange flecks on the unearthly flowers, and he glanced a little reproachfully at Betty St. Edmond. She had convicted him of enthusiasm.

"The voice was very true. And of a purity—" he paused, and then: "When we came down next morning, she—the girl—was singing again."

"And you lost the coach," said Lady St. Edmond.

"What I chiefly remember," he returned airily, "is that we liked the way she took our pleasure in her performance—when she opened the shutter and found us listening. She grew scarlet. And when one of us complimented her, she leaned out of the window to say: 'You are English, aren't you? Do you think I could sing in London some day?'"

"And now she's here. Very pretty. Ready to astonish the natives!"

Mr. Berwick turned to me with:

"We talked to her for several minutes, I remember. She told us she had been studying very hard in New York."

"How old was she?"

"I should have said about sixteen. But she said she was twenty. And quite sure she was born lucky. Yes, we agreed—'with a voice like that.' No, it wasn't so much her voice. It was her friends. No girl alone in the world (she was an orphan, she said), no girl ever had such friends. And she celebrated them. Standing there at the window, looking—well, you'll see her. Wonderful, wonderful friends.

"The wonderful friends, were of her father's making. One in particular. A very prince Out of devotion for her father,

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his friends had paid for her education—for everything, she said. She stood there with her head up—how they carry themselves, those raw American girls! Well, she poured out her innocent pæan to those wonderful friends of her father's. She had just had a letter from one of them to say, if she wanted to study abroad, she might. That, as I say, was last summer. Three weeks ago, during the Whitsuntide recess, she sent me a note—recalling herself."

"Ah! the wonderful friend was as good as his word!"

"How do you mean?"

"He was sending her to London—to find more wonderful friends."

"She had been in London eight months. Studying. She had made strides. And she had been very happy, she said. She was happy because she was justifying the hopes of those 'kind, kind men' who, for her father's sake, had done so much for her. They will soon be relieved of the burden of Miss—a—of her support."

"Going to be married?"

"She has been singing," Lady St. Edmond threw in, "for—what did she say was the name of the impresario?—and he's engaged her."

"Another 'wonderful friend'!"

They laughed.

"He pays her a retaining fee, I believe," said Mr. Berwick.

"Don't forget the condition," added the hostess.

"The condition," the lady went on, "is that she is not to let her voice be heard even at a private gathering before she makes her *début* in Grand Opera."

"Then you've got us here under false pretences!"

"Wait till you hear!"—the long emerald ear-rings swung toward Noel Berwick. "Do tell them. It's rather pretty of her. She must sing just once, she said to the impresario—*just once*—for some one who had encouraged her."

The great man lifted one shoulder and smiled deprecatingly. "I did not remember—but it seems I encouraged her. She is going to-morrow to Leipzig for her final training. To-night she is to sing for"—he inclined his head—"for Lady St. Edmond."

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"But she *must* change her ridiculous name," said our hostess with decision.

"Oh, of course," agreed Mr. Berwick hurriedly. During the stir made by the women's leaving the dining-room, I asked the name of the American songstress?

Lady St. Edmond's face took on a look of malice as she said under her breath: "Promise not to tell?"

"Bury it," I vowed.

Her eyes danced. "Miss Cal Hizer Tripp," she pronounced with relish. I stared. She motioned that I blocked the way. I turned. The long shining table, the rows of men standing while the procession of women filed out—it all grew dim. But with a dimness that instead of obscuring, strangely enhanced some of the implications in the familiar picture. Never had the unemphatic, delicate luxury of such a scene come more insistent to my senses. Never had women seemed so ethereal.

Cal Hizer Tripp!

Never a man so unreal as Noel Berwick—never flesh and blood so much a fetich as this totem pole of a tall thin aristocrat talking now to the Lord Chief Justice—about the Imperial Idea and the People. What did he know of the People? He feared them. He despised them. So did these human orchids trailing their delicate petals past—ivory, mauve, and jewel-strewn black. The low laughter and the soft voices, the shimmer and the rustle went through the hall and up the great staircase.

Cal Hizer Tripp!

I followed . . . but for me the shining procession had vanished. I was north of sixty-two, walking in another company on the shore of the Bering Sea.

Cal Hizer Tripp!

The absurd name reeked of Nome.

It seemed to hold in its uncouth concatenation of vocables all the rawness, all the lawlessness, the courage and the cowardice, the inexplicable allurements and the fierce repulsion, the enlightenments, strange, precious—all that memory linked with the great Arctic Gold Camp.

Cal Hizer Tripp.

At utterance of that incantation the calendar was set back

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ten years. Nome was raging through its first summer after the news went broadcast that gold had been discovered in the sea sands, and in the little river that wandered through the tundra behind Anvil Rock.

Nome, the gathering-place of the nations, Mecca of the derelict, the dump-heap of the world. A strip of storm-swept coast, where 40,000 desperate beings had flung themselves, to fight like wild beasts, at first for gold, by-and-by for life. Where thousands, rich and poor alike, slept shelterless on the shingle amongst a tangle of useless machinery, of goods and gear and dead Siwash dogs—many a man, and woman too, ready enough never to rise again. Nobody much disturbed by the knowledge that small-pox and typhoid were settling down on the demented camp. A more important matter that a man after washing out a fortune, lying in his tent with a pistol on either side of him, might waken any night to find holes cut in his canvas, eyes looking through, a gun pointed, and a voice: "Move a hair and I'll shoot."

Cal Hizer Tripp!

Three murders and five suicides that week when I helped to bury her father.

* * * * *

Upstairs we stood about the beautiful rooms and talked about the Anglo-Japanese Exhibition and the health of the Queen of Spain.

When the men came up, I moved towards Mr. Berwick.

"I've discovered that I know something about your young American," I said.

"Ah . . ."

It struck me that he welcomed the idea of somebody's helping him to bear the responsibility of "knowing about" Miss Cal. And he took it so calmly, my knowing!

"She is quite right," I said, "to speak well of her father's friends."

"Ah, you know the friends, too," he said. The tone of languid relief stirred an old feeling in me. A feeling that seizes many an American and, perhaps, almost all travellers from time to time. A sense of impatience with the contented ignorance of

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men who bide at home and presume to gauge the infinitely remote.

"Yes," I said, "I had some acquaintance, years ago, with her father's—and her 'particular friend.' Bill Dexter was his name."

"Indeed."

"He was a saloon-keeper."

"A *what*?"

"Bill Dexter was proprietor of the Golden Sands Gambling Hell at Nome, the year of the Great Boom."

He stared an instant.

"Apart from her voice," he said in his aloof way, "my memory of the young woman is, I confess, a little vague. But certainly I got no impression of her being that sort."

"What sort?"

"Perhaps you are mistaken."

"You think life so rich as to squander on the world two American girls, each with a voice, and each called Hizer Tripp?"

The long hands made a motion of humorous agnosticism. "The name, I admit, is without parallel—in Europe. But she clings to it with a pertinacity which is not only comic, it argues a pride in such association as it undoubtedly has for her." The thought reassured him. "She absolutely refuses to give it up!" he said.

"Does she tell you she has been asked to?"

"No, oh no. Our hostess tells me. Betty wrote to her to suggest that a singer might adopt something more—more convenient for . . . well, for professional purposes. Her reply was, I understand, that the only thing she felt it possible to alter was 'Cal.' If that was held to be too palpably a nickname she was ready to let her first name appear in full."

"Caroline?" I suggested.

"Guess again."

I remembered a lady called Tennessee. Cal might be California. No? Calphurnia, then?

Again he shook his head. "Unless Lady St. Edmond made it up, the name is Calvina. Yes. After her father. He was called Calvin in addition to—a—those other things, Hizer and Tripp."

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But Miss Calvina"—he returned to the problem—"what makes one (forgive my frankness) doubt your information is that she has an exalted reverence for the memory of her father. She is proud"—Mr. Berwick smiled the smile that made women adore him—"proud, poor child, to be the daughter of Calvin Hizer Tripp."

"Yes," said I, "he had the gift of getting hold of people—had Mr. Hizer Tripp. He got hold of me."

"Not at . . . the place with the absurd name."

"Nome? Yes, Nome."

"But Nome is somewhere in the Arctic regions, isn't it? Mr. Berwick asked, bewildered. "Yes, I've heard, we've all been *told* that you have been out there."

His vague gesture had assigned no limit to my eccentricity.

"But I," he looked at me through his eyeglass, "I thought it improbable you had gone so far."

"Oh, I went much farther than you think."

"You didn't go as far as Nome?"

"Yes—the Hizer Tripps and I were there together."

"Is it possible?"

"And Hizer Tripp is there still."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I helped to bury him."

"*You!*"

"I shouldn't say helped. It was Bill Dexter who did the helping. I only assisted—in the French sense. But for Bill Dexter, Miss Cal's father would have lacked more important things than burial. But for Bill Dexter Miss Cal wouldn't be singing to-night in the most exclusive house in London."

The reminder seemed unpalatable. He glanced at Betty St. Edmond, and then he said suddenly: "I am keeping you standing. They can't begin the music till Tetrizzini comes on after the Opera. Let us go in there." On the way he turned and said quite kindly, confidentially even: "You don't seriously mean to tell me you knew *personally* the—a—the man who kept the—that place you spoke of?"

"I knew the man. And I knew the place."

The face at my side conveyed not mere polite incredulity.

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It said plainly: "Of course I don't believe you." But he dropped his eyeglass, and slowly we made our way through the back drawing-room, past the open piano and the music-stands, past the regiment of gilt chairs set in rows, to a small white room hung with water-colours—all French except for a few of Sargent's.

"She has done this very well," he murmured, looking round. "It used to be rather trying. The Dowager Lady St. Edmond had it upholstered in magenta brocade." He smiled as he sat down. "She used, in her old-fashioned way, to call it the Red Saloon."

"Did she?" I reflected. "There was more than one red saloon in Nome. But Miss Cal's friend had the biggest and most popular."

"Miss Cal's friend——" he repeated in an odd voice.

"Yes. Three-fourths of the business of the camp was transacted at the Golden Sands. The crowd round it was often so dense you simply *couldn't* hurry by."

"You had to pass it," he asked upon a note of delicate sympathy.

"Every day. From the level of the wooden sidewalks, I could see the long narrow hall, I could see the sides of the end near the street, lined with shelves and a counter. Between the shelves and the counter were always men in shirt-sleeves, mixing drinks. Other men by the gold-scales weighing out dust. In the open space men in brown drill and high laced boots standing about smoking, talking about the strike up at Casadepaga, or the latest shooting over a jumped claim at Anvil Creek. The men weren't the jolly adventurers of romance, either. They were men who walked heavily and wore strained "Nome" faces. And on either side were haggard, painted women trying to be jolly at the bar."

"Ah!" The great man crossed his legs. But he kept looking at me.

"If an aisle opened in the crowd you'd see that a little way farther down, where the card-tables began, were the wheel of fortune and other devices for gambling. And where they stopped was a piano. Sometimes a space would be cleared for

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dancing. Sometimes the whole lower half of the hall was dizzy with couples spinning, each in their own restricted space, like tops. And they danced without joy. As if it were part of the whole grim business that had to be seen through. Sometimes you'd see a short-skirted girl dancing alone."

"No! You never saw—the girl that's coming here to-night?"

"Oh, I am speaking of ten years ago. Miss Cal was a child. But I saw, one day, a woman of thirty in a bright pink skirt dancing on the cards in the middle of a faro table. The men lounging at the doors said she'd just lost \$468. It seemed to put them in spirits to see a woman taking it like that. They applauded her. She got her money back too, and a hundred to boot. I say 'to boot' advisedly. That's just how she did it. By kicking the court cards one by one into the face of a man who bet her \$50 a time she couldn't hit him."

"You saw that?"

I laughed. "Oh, that was nothing. They said Miss Sametta did some 'high-rolling' when Bill Dexter was out on the creek looking after his lay. But Bill's place wasn't like the others. Bill's joint was respectable."

"His . . . joint?"

I nodded and left it at that. "Miss Cal's friend was well spoken of at Nome. I mustn't let you undervalue Miss Cal's friend. He was the famous Bill Dexter, of Dexter Brothers, you know. The Dexters were well known down Arizona way. They were the men who got the best of Wells Fargo. Perhaps you don't know Wells Fargo? They're a San Francisco Express and Banking Co., the great bullion-carriers of the Pacific. The Dexters used to pick off the guards as neatly as . . . as . . . Lady St. Edmond would gather a rose."

"Pick them off. You don't mean——"

"Yes I do. And they'd get away—those Dexters would—with every dollar the coach carried. After two or three robberies on a big scale and an inconvenient amount of bloodshed, the Wells Fargo people found it hard to get men to undertake the risk of seeing the coach through. So they did a thing that would perhaps occur only to an American. They engaged

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Billy Dexter at the salary of a Cabinet Minister to go out as guard to the gold he'd been making so free with."

"How did it work?"

"Nobody ever molested anything Dexter was looking after. He ought to have been governor of a province."

The maker of Viceroys smiled.

"He had the art of compelling people to accept his ruling." We were silent a minute while I cast about in my memory. "Perhaps you don't know," I went on, quite gravely, "about the great Sharkey-Fitzsimmons fight?"

No, he was sorry he didn't.

"Well, it would have helped you to understand the stuff Miss Cal's friend was made of. They used to talk about that fight at Nome. The Pavilion in Frisco was packed, they say, to see those two champions stand up to each other. The stakes were heavy. Fitzsimmons made a magnificent showing. No man on earth but Bill Dexter would have dared go against the sentiment of that crowd. I don't know if it's true—but I am not trying to whitewash Bill Dexter—they *say* he'd been 'fixed' to the tune of \$10,000. When he stood up to umpire you could have heard a pin drop. And he had the nerve to throw the fight to Sharkey on a foul! The crowd would have torn any other man to pieces. Dexter faced down the growling with those steel eyes of his. Nobody imagined it would be good for his health to make a protest. That's Bill Dexter at a prize fight, or holding up a Wells Fargo coach.

"But lounging in and out of the Golden Sands Saloon he was a mild-looking person of thirty-seven or eight, with a drooping corn-coloured moustache and slow movements. His admirers say he's killed fourteen men. His whole art, they tell you, lies in the way he gets out his pistol. Draws it like a flash of lightning, before the other fellow has time to remember there are such things as shooting-irons on the earth. But he never provokes a quarrel. And he won't allow 'gun practice' round the Golden Sands bar."

"Why," came in the mellow accents of the great man, "why was a person of such accomplishments reduced to keeping a saloon?"

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"Ah, you don't understand American conditions. Most of the business of the West and a good deal even in the East is done in saloons. The proprietor is often an immensely influential person. Bill Dexter was."

"What I am wondering is, how you happened to stumble across such a man."

"I didn't stumble. I went straight. Since I was there, I wanted to know the people; not just look at them. Dexter was one of the best-worth-knowing people in Nome. He gave the key-note. A sort of"—I looked at the man before me and I didn't quite dare to say—"a sort of Arctic Circle Berwick." But I had a feeling the great man got my meaning. "If you could interest Dexter in a scheme it was sure to be put through. Shrewd, critical—but his hand always in his pocket. Take Miss Cal's father. When Hizer Tripp got to Nome, as Dexter said, all he had in the world was a small daughter, a wire-haired terrier and one lung. He'd been sleeping on the beach ever since he landed, coughing his life out. One day he came up to Bill's to get a drink. He didn't want the drink but he wanted human society. He wanted news. Incidentally he wanted the free luncheon that went with the whisky. When he finished he said he'd like some crackers to take back to his kid, and he put down another quarter. Plain to see he was dying. Always thinking about his kid. Dexter said 'it got other people kind of into the same habit.' I asked why he'd brought the child to such a place, if he cared for her. 'The same reason he brought the dawg,' Bill said. 'Nobody else wanted 'em.'"

"When a box of oranges or sweet crackers would be opened, Dexter used to look round for Hizer Tripp. 'Here's your chance,' he'd say.

"By-and-by he got so weak he couldn't walk back and forth. 'Better go to bed for a day or two,' Dexter said. Beds in Nome were worth \$10 a night. Hizer Tripp shook his head. Dexter was selling floor-space in an outhouse for \$2 per man. 'There's a little room, upstairs,' he said. 'You and the kid can have it till I get a good let.' He sent some of his pals down to bring up Hizer Tripp's valise. Yes, he had a valise, as well as the three other things. Well, he made that last journey leaning

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now and then on the child's shoulder—a little thing with long tow-plaits and a quiet face. I used to see her at the window of that upper room sewing; sometimes singing when the piano and the brass-throated women were still. The men used to listen. One day one of them called up: 'What you makin', kiddie?' 'A crazy quilt,' says she—'all the ladies give me ribbons and pieces of silk.' '*A crazy quilt!*' They roared with laughter. 'Do for your father!' one man shouted—more than half seas over. But the child said: 'Of course it's for father'—as innocent as milk. So she sat there, and sewed and sang till the hour when all the cover her father needed was a foot of earth. Dexter said Hizer Tripp should have a decent burying. On account of the child, Mr. Berwick."

"Did they ask you to read the service?" he said.

"You think there weren't any parsons in Nome? Thick as blackberries. But Bill Dexter went and asked the services of a mere boy, who wasn't a parson at all. But he had opened a hospital and got a licence from some church to preach and bury, and a licence from his Maker to get very close to his fellows. He was the busiest man in Nome. But he said he'd do the business for Hizer Tripp. I had been hearing about all this from my miner friends, but I had my own problems to consider about that time.

"The hordes had kept on pouring in all the summer. Disorder and violence had increased so that the Commander of the United States Post declared Martial Law. Life was a nightmare. The hospital was filling up and a pest quarter established. We were expecting that those of us who didn't die would shortly be quarantined till the last boat had gone. It would mean being shut up in that place for nine months. We had a week of stormy weather. There was already a feeling of winter in the air that made one horribly anxious, restless.

"The day of Hizer Tripp's funeral was one of a succession of grey mornings. But this one brought a wind that came howling over the Bering Sea, piling up the water and sending it to overwhelm the beach shacks, and wash tents and gold extractors, and thousands of feet of lumber, far above the ordinary tide-line. There they lay in windrows on the tundra. Of the men who had

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brought those things so far, to leave them at the mercy of wind and tide and thieves—some were lying here already on the little point of land north of Nome City. I remember thinking as I stood there : this is as grim a place as you'll find on earth. Not a bush nor a blade of grass. Just sand and loose scorix and unhewn pieces of volcanic rock laid on the shallow graves. Two men with gold picks and shovels were digging.

Digging, did I say ? A few inches under the surface the ground was locked in the ice of ages. They picked out a little trench for Hizer Tripp. The sea was booming and threatening, and now and then it sent up a huge white-crested breaker just to peer, and find out what those silly cheechalkos were at. I couldn't bear it. I turned my back on the water and thought about the strange life I had come to know, and about the meaning behind it all. I stood there under the lead-coloured sky, with my scarf whipping my face. It stung me. Other things too. I wondered how many more of the people still on the beach and at the creeks and in the saloons—how many more were to end the story here.

“Hizer Tripp was far from my mind when I heard the shouting and the cursing. I turned round and saw a little steam-launch trying in vain to land in that boiling surf. I saw who was on board—half a dozen men and a child and a dog. The launch was towing a dory. In the dory was a long box. What I was mainly conscious of was the captain's awful language. He was cursing at the top of his powerful lungs all the time they were landing—all the time they were getting the ghastly cargo up on the Point. I was glad the little girl had hidden her face. Some one carried her through the surf and the dog swam after. The Boy Preacher opened his book and led the way. The procession—I thought of it as we came upstairs to-night—it came across the Point to the newly hacked-out trench. The men stumbled and floundered among the stones with the unpainted deal box on their shoulders. The little girl followed with Bill Dexter and the dog. The child's hair had come unbraided, and it whipped about in the wind. Her petticoats blew about too, and showed her thin legs in old rusty shoes. I went and stood near her. So it happened that the sulphurous captain and I brought up the rear. I didn't

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notice he had stopped cursing, till I noticed that he had taken his hat off. And then I saw he was crying. Not the dribbled crying of most grown-up people. But great round tears like children's tears. And little Cal took Bill Dexter's hand and we all sang 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.'

"That was how we buried Hizer Tripp."

"And the child?" said Berwick, when I had been silent a moment.

"I wanted her to come with me. She clung to Bill Dexter. He lifted her up on his shoulder and took her away before they put the heavy pieces of rock on the new grave. Well, the same day happened to bring a crisis in another matter, and I had my hands full for the next twenty-four hours. The first I knew of the lifting of the threat of quarantine was when I overcame my reluctance to enter the Golden Sands Saloon two days after the funeral. Bill Dexter was playing poker with some pals. He put down his cards and came towards me, his big diamond horse-shoe flashing. He took off his hat and bowed. The sort of bow that is called 'old school.' Not badly done. I think he knew I had been told about the men he'd murdered, for he wore an air of modest pride. I said I had come to ask after Hizer Tripp's little girl.

"'She's all right,' Dexter said.

"I had been covertly glancing down the saloon, afraid I should catch sight of her. The tobacco smoke was so thick that even the men congregated at the bar and standing about in groups near the door looked vague and dream-like. The whipper-in was going up and down, elbowing his way and calling out: 'Come and have game o' roodge ee nore. Craps, then, or Black Jack. Yes, this way the little hosses.'—He had got to the door now and he called to the men hanging about outside: 'Come and try your luck, gentlemen. Come in just a minute anyhow—and have a look at Miss Sametta's noo dance.' I caught a glimpse of her down at the end of the hall, and I felt pretty low in my mind. 'I am glad the child is all right,' I said. 'I thought perhaps she'd like to come and have supper with me.' 'No,' Dexter said slowly. 'Guess she can't do that.' 'Why not?' 'She ain't here,' he said. When I asked where she was, 'Guess she's all

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right,' he drawled. 'We shipped her off on the *North Star* a couple of hours ago.'

"My first thought was: 'Then the boats are running again!—thank God!'

"So Hizer Tripp's little girl's gone home!'

"She ain't got any home,' he said. 'She's gone to school.'

"Oh, then, Hizer Tripp left something?'

"Bills. But he'd set his heart on the kid goin' to school. So we took up a subscription and she's gone.'

"I stared. 'What school?'

"A school that Cherokee Bob found this mornin'. Here.' He picked up a tattered old San Francisco *Examiner* off the bar. I looked and saw: *The Santa Clara Seminary for Young Ladies*. Dexter watched me narrowly. 'Reads all right,' he suggested. 'Yes,' I said, 'just the thing.' 'She didn't want to go, though,' he said. 'But we'd promised her father.'

"Some one had started the pianola on a rag-time waltz. Miss Sametta and two other women came up the length of the bar room asking the men to dance. Soon there was a whirling at the end of the bar, and a stamping of feet under the tables and back against the wall. A fine light dust was rising out of the boards and mixing with the tobacco smoke.

"I asked Dexter if he knew Hizer Tripp before he came here. The question seemed to surprise him. 'No,' he said, 'but I kind o' took to the cuss. He was so damned unreasonable.'

"Dexter with his best air was conducting me to the door. Miss Sametta's partner had brought her up to the bar and ordered drinks. Miss Sametta was one of the youngest women in Nome. She had come up in my boat, not six weeks ago. Already she looked ten years older, her mouth hard, her manner devil-may-care. In avoiding her eyes mine went to the wall over her head. 'What's that?' I asked Dexter; and he stopped. 'That? Why that's the crazy quilt,' he said. 'Miss Sametta here started givin' her ribbons and bits of things, and the kid made a crazy quilt.' 'And she gave it to you?' I said. 'I'm glad you give it a place of honour.'

"It's put there so's folks can see it's a bang-up quilt. We're goin' to raffle it.'

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"I told him I hoped he'd get a good price for it, and indemnify himself for some of his loss—on the room and the rest. He stared at me a moment with an expression I didn't like. It was too like contempt.

" 'We're rafflin' it for the kid,' he said. And all I could say was 'Oh!——'

"When we got to the door and the loafers made an aisle to let me out, I stopped and held out my hand. Dexter looked a little confused as he shook it."

"So this is where you are!"

I looked up to see Lord Seale hurrying in. "You're a nice sort of patron! Here's the *prima donna* with a music roll and a duenna, all complete, looking over Betty's head and asking: 'Isn't Mr. Berwick coming?'"

We went back to the drawing-room. I caught fragments on the way. "Rather schoolgirly." "Too delicate—that sort of good looks—to show up. I shouldn't wonder if she was quite insignificant on the stage."

Craning my head I got my first glimpse of her. A tall girl in a high-necked frock of thin muslin. A face nearly as white as the frock. Her eyes were light too, and the only definite colour about her was in her lips and her golden eyebrows. Her fine straight hair was that sort of white gold seldom seen out of Scandinavia. The instant she saw Berwick she smiled and colour came into her cheeks. She was beautiful then. But when she had said: "How do you do, Mr. Berwick?" she stood quite silent, looking like a contented child. He made one or two remarks, but it was "yes" or "no" with her.

"She doesn't *need* to be clever," was the comment of a man behind me, "with a face like that." I came forward to speak to her, but Mr. Berwick drew out his watch, and said in an odd, rather fussy way: "Time the Tetrzzini was here." And then we heard she was on the stair. So Mr. Berwick led Miss Cal to the reserved seats in the front row. I had the queerest feeling that he was somehow protecting Miss Cal from *me*.

The Tetrzzini sang with her usual effect, and they came for

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Miss Cal. "Where is Mrs. Reader?" she said, standing up and looking round.

When the Tetrizzini group moved away, there was Mrs. Reader on the piano-stool, straightening out the music a grenadier of a woman. The girl took up her position by the accompanist and began a German ballad about Klärchen. I didn't try to listen to it. I was thinking about the last time I'd seen the singer. I kept seeing the deal coffin in the dory buffeted about by the surf, kept seeing the child in the ugly little dress she had outgrown, and the rusty boots—following after the men as they staggered over the volcanic rocks. I remembered the sting in the wind, the desolation of the place and hour. And quite suddenly it all faded. I had the most vivid sensation of standing in summer rain. It was tinkling all about me in a wood I could smell the fresh scents come up out of the earth and the grasses. The air was full of birds—flying low and calling. They shook the rain-drops off the flowering branches. The shower fell to music. Then the sun came out of the cloud, and the wood was glorified.

I felt a sense of jar at a sudden discordant noise—and I looked round and saw that everybody but me was applauding Miss Cal.

She sang again. I heard some one say: "It's the kind of voice that comes into the world once in a generation or two. A voice that gives you back your youth."

Mr. Berwick had gone and thanked her in a gentle quiet way that I could see pleased her more than the extravagances she had to listen to. But when I tried to get near enough to be introduced, he refused to catch my eye.

Something made me press forward and hold out my hand.

"It is a long time since we met," I said.

She took my hand and looked at me out of those light blue eyes of hers. "I'm afraid I don't remember——"

"Of course you don't. It is ten years ago."

"Ten years? But ten years ago . . ." she thought an instant. "I was at Nome ten years ago."

"So was I."

"You were? Oh!" She seized my hand again, and again

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that transfiguring colour swept across the whiteness of her face. "Did you know us? My father and me?"

"No, I only saw you," I said.

"Oh, *do* let us go somewhere"—she looked about breathlessly—"and talk about it. I never meet anybody who knows about Nome."

Mr. Berwick's cool voice broke in on her enthusiasm, saying, "We must listen to Kreisler." Miss Cal looked reprovèd. She bit her lip. Then Mrs. Reader marched up, and said it was late and Miss Cal must go home. There was the long journey before her to-morrow. So we went out and stood in the hall, Mr. Berwick and Miss Cal and I, while Mrs. Reader went and got the cloaks.

"Oh, do let us talk about Nome just for a minute," Miss Cal whispered. "Did you know——"

"That is the same lady, isn't it," said Mr. Berwick, "who was with you last summer?"

"Yes, she's been with me ever since I left school. She is *very* nice and immensely accomplished. But I don't really need her. It's only to please my friends—— They are a little old-fashioned, I guess. Specially Mr. Dexter. He always seems to want Mrs. Reader to come along everywhere I go." She turned to me. "Do tell me if you knew Mr. Dexter? *Really!* Oh, it's so exciting to think you know my friends. Did you meet Mr. Smith, too. Yes? He had a red beard. And Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Schindler——"

"Do you see much of them nowadays?" I asked.

"No. That's the only thing that isn't heavenly kind about them. They've never been to see me."

"But you get letters," Mr. Berwick suggested.

"Oh yes, every month." Or at least," she said, speaking by the card, "I have a cheque every month." Then she told me how those gentlemen—all "*great* friends" of her father's—how they had given her her education. "They are very busy people—I think they have banks and railroads to see after. I can't expect them to use up their time writing to a girl."

"Do they take turns!"

"Turns?"

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"In writing—or in sending—a——"

"No. It's always Mr. Dexter who does the writing. But when I ask about the others he sends me back messages from them all—Mr. Smith and Mr. O'Brien and Mr.——"

"I used to think Mr. Dexter the most interesting," I said. "Does he write interesting letters?"

"I love them. But they are always very short little letters," she said wistfully. "Even when I send my photograph (I've always done that every birthday) he has never said I'd grown or anything."

Mrs. Reader was stalking along under a burden of wraps. We disembarassed her and helped Miss Cal to find her sleeves. She smiled at me over her shoulder: "It's been *such* a pleasure to me to talk to some one about the old times."

"It has all grown extremely vague to you, I should think."

"Oh, not at all. I remember everything—oh, but distinctly."

"You were very young," I said.

She seemed not to like my tone.

"I haven't forgotten a *thing*! she protested—"except your face. There were so *many* nice ladies at Nome, weren't there?"

I admitted that our niceness and our numbers excused her failure to particularise.

"Oh, it was a wonderful experience. The journey up—and the fun we had camping on the beach. Only poor father didn't enjoy that part very much." She shook her pale gold head. "No, I like best to think of him in that dear little room at Mr. Dexter's. I used to sit at the window," she explained to Berwick as we moved towards the stairs, "and sew bits of silk the ladies gave me. I used to watch the people going by the window, and listen to the pianola in the big room below. Mr. Dexter had heaps of friends. Everybody used to come to Mr. Dexter's. He used to tell father and me about them. Ever so many of those people had lost everything in the world. But, gracious!—they were plucky. They'd try to keep up their spirits with singing and playing games. Quite childish games. One I remember was called the 'Wheel of Fortune.' And the one called 'Little Horses' I longed to play myself. Only I never could leave my

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father ! I used to be so sorry for that. Rather naughty about it, I remember. But I'm glad now that I never left poor father."

"Yes," said Mr. Berwick, "I think you may be glad."

The April brightness was shining again in her face as she turned to me to shake hands: "Thank you so much for remembering father and me. It has made it beautiful seeing somebody who knew us at Nome. *If only*— Oh, wouldn't it have been wonderful if Mr. Dexter had been here to-night, too !"

I agreed that it would indeed have been "wonderful."

"Good-bye," she said to Mr. Berwick, "thank you a thousand times for being so kind to me, I . . ." she hesitated, standing there all white and golden in the light at the top of the stair. And then you saw in her face that she had found Noel Berwick's reward.

"I shall write Mr. Dexter all about you," said Miss Cal.

Uplands of Sorrento

By Norman Douglas

WITH the exception of Capri, which is the only spot within a hundred miles of Naples where a foreigner is reasonably well treated, no accommodation in the septentrional sense of the word can be found hereabouts save at Sorrento and Sant' Agata, the idea being that "foreigners must first come" before anything can be done to welcome the few that flee into those solitudes from the din and confusion of that fair land whose frontier-station bears the ominous name of Chiasso (noise). Massa is rich and populous, but contains not a single hotel or even restaurant; it is a community of peasant-proprietors who live, some of them, in fine country-houses built in pre-Bourbon days by Spanish and Neapolitan grandees—indeed, it is one of the surprising things in this district to see mouldering structures with ample courtyards, arched galleries and noble escutcheons over their gates, now inhabited by mean-looking folk whose manners, at least, are still in harmony with their dwellings. Massa is full of them, but even the humblest village can boast of one or two. The terrors of a century of Bourbonism reduced this country to direst distress. Capri, after the discovery of the Blue Grotto, began to thrive in spite of its sovereigns, but the mainland portions are only just now recovering from the blight. Neapolitans have grown rich again, and seek the fine air of the hills as of yore, while the inhabitants themselves bring much money from New York; and from Argentina, where a good half of them are periodically employed in selling potatoes to the Spaniards, who apparently eat nothing else. "Good people" they call them, because they are easily gulled in the matter of weights and measures.

One consequence of this revival is that the price of land is

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rising once more, and new houses are being built. This would be satisfactory were it not that the style of architecture has changed for the worse. That harmonious medley of small vaulted chambers with their vine-shaded loggia in front, so becoming to this climate and charming to look upon, has been displaced by hideous *palazzi* constructed with iron beams, asphalt and roofing tiles—things formerly unheard of. No person with a sense of the fitness of things will ever fall in love with these new dwellings, although they are built, as the architects will tell you, according to the latest *regola d'arte*. When a Southerner discourses upon *regola d'arte* he is generally up to some mischief.

Even the colossal hand-made house-keys of the olden days, now replaced by weedy cast-iron abominations, were not without a certain austere beauty: there was a smack of Saint Peter about them. And they had their uses, too. Three years ago a wealthy landowner, returning home at night, was attacked by two ruffians with knives. Having no ordinary weapon of defence, not even a walking-stick, he began to wield his house-key, and with such dexterity, that one of his assailants was brained on the spot, while the other crawled into the fields where he was found dead next morning—at least, he ought to have been.

The ridge or backbone which divides the gulfs of Salerno and Naples is called "Le Tore"—an obscure and venerable word which is common all over this region, and takes us back to Mount Taurus in Cilicia, and to the Saxon and Sinaitic Tor. Perhaps the poet Statius was referring to these Tore when he speaks of the "green Taurubulæ" of Sorrento or Capri, but, unfortunately, nobody can tell us exactly what he meant, as in the whole of ancient literature the word occurs only in this one passage. A modern scholar derives the "Tore" from the Greek *Ta ὄρη*, the mountains, which, if not correct, is at least simple. There is a village called Torco on the southern slope of the ridge just below Sant' Agata, whose name has been drawn by some from the Latin *torqueo*, because the road "turns" there, and by others from the Greek *theorica* because, they say, a religious procession of youths and maidens used to wend thither in olden days. Though the church of Torco is one of the oldest in the district,

UPLANDS OF SORRENTO

there are no classic remains whatever in the neighbourhood, and I rather disbelieve this tempting theoric-derivation, although it is adopted in his *Magic and Astrology* by Maury, who copied it, I suspect, from the old Sorrentine writer Onofrio Gargiulli. It seems more natural to connect the word Torco with this backbone or Tor.

It is not a crest, but a rounded plateau, and as the divide approaches far nearer to the southern shore, the rocks on this incline needs must rush precipitously into the sea, with perilous paths into grottos, and thrifty olives on the middle heights grasping the limestone ledges or climbing warily down the gullies; the northern slope, on which Massa and Sorrento lie, is a gentle declivity planted with vines and oranges and walnuts, and refreshed by streams that run through the heat of the dog-days. The Tore reach their highest elevation immediately behind Sorrento. Here, in the early morning, when sea-mists on either side shroud the two gulfs from view, the wanderer has all the illusion of being on some lonely Alpine meadow—not a sign of human habitation or handiwork; a chill nip in the air; browsing cattle with deep-toned bells round their necks, and real, close-cropped turf under foot. This, I imagine, is the track which the wolves follow when they leave their fastnesses on the Sant' Angelo in winter to scour the richer country.

A path, the *Via delle Tore*, runs along the whole summit, passing through Sant' Agata and ending at Termini, which is the last village on the peninsula. An ideal summer walk, for those who do not feel a little dry heat. But if you sit down, it is well to seek out the shadow of some wall or an umbrageous carob, for the reverberation of the light may induce a sunstroke.

The olives make no shade; they are too ferociously pruned hereabouts. The whole of the southern incline is planted with them wherever a little soil can be scraped together, and their oil is excellent—better, says Pliny, than that of Venafrum—probably because the inhabitants know the secret of preparing it. As soon as it is plucked the fruit must be pressed in those picturesque rustic mills where, by the dim light of a lantern—the work is nearly always done at night—half-naked Praxitelean shapes of men and boys may be discerned turning the heavy stone

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wheel which crushes the berry to a clammy pulp. Alas, these trees are now remorselessly uprooted wherever the soil will feed the more profitable grape; Capri has lost half its olives, Ischia all: a consummation to be deplored, since the vine, however gladsome in its summer greenery, is bare for six months in the year when its straggling limbs have a peculiarly unkempt and disreputable appearance. Were the landscape alone to be considered, I could wish that some new scourge like phylloxera might be introduced, for there is enough wine in the country already. At this moment it is being sold for three francs a barrel (44 litres) on Ischia, whereas the oil-crop has failed altogether; there has been no rain, the grub has invaded the fruit, and the preceding winter was too mild (the olive likes a good shiver once a year). These trees are small in size, mere pigmies beside the writhing monsters of Spain and Greece and Apulia; their upper limbs are stretched in a nervous tension which is the despair of artists, but in those tumid roots there sits—to all appearances—a deep repose. Yet who can tell what passionate alchemy is astir in that subterranean laboratory, sustaining life and fashioning fruit through those scorching summer months, among stones that are often too hot to handle?

At this season the olive's complexion wanes to a yellowish green; with the autumn rains it becomes blue-grey; the plant also varies in tint according to locality. This may help to explain the contradictory colour-epithets which the ancients bestowed upon it. Even now it is still revered as the emblem of peace and plenty, a sprig of olive being attached to boats and houses after the Easter blessing. There is this peculiarity in its leaves, that they can make no fluttering movements like those of most plants; they are affixed to the stem like metal plates, and if the wind blows, it is the whole limb of the tree which sways. And so a pretty effect may often be seen upon these olive-covered slopes: the branches bending with one accord to the breeze expose the white under-surface of all the leaves, and the hill-side is clothed in silver.

Here, on these remote uplands, I prefer to turn my back on the green undulations of Massa and Sorrento, on Vesuvius and Naples, Ischia and the Phlegræan Fields; all these regions are

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trite and familiar. I prefer to gaze towards the mysterious South, the mountains of Basilicata and the fabled headland Licosa, where Leucosia, sister-Siren of Parthenope, lies buried. At this height the sea's horizon soars into the firmament smooth as a sheet of sapphire, and the eye never wearies of watching those pearly lines and spirals that crawl upon its surface, the paths of silver-footed Thetis—a restful prospect, with dim suggestions of love and affinity for this encircling element that reach back, for aught we know, to primeval days of Ascidian-life. There is a note of impotence in the sea's wintry storms, for it can but rage against its prison bars or drown a few sailormen, an ignoble business ; true grandeur is only in its luminous calm.

Licosa is the farthest point visible, but on rare occasions other lands, with peaks and promontories unknown, loom upon the sky-line, and sometimes, by the same atmospheric witchcraft, the volcanic cone of Stromboli is projected out of the waves. Early mornings in spring and autumn are most propitious for these delicate trickeries. So Hehn saw the island of Ischia from Monte Cavo near Albano, though it must have been well below the horizon. Dream-pageants, swift-fading . . .

This is essentially a land of line, of irreproachable contours, and your painter had best begin by throwing away his palette and striving to see it aright ; a land of classical parsimony, limestone and blue sea, whose chastened beauty none save a really great craftsman, with disciplined hand and heart attuned to eternal melodies, can hope to disentangle from among the prejudices and traditions of his own mind. What caricatures are the works of even world-famous artists who have painted on these shores ; what faulty draughtsmanship, meretricious effects, and lack of decent restraint ! How they fail to see the simplicity underlying those complex natural formations ! For the loveliness of this landscape is not that of Phryne, and the painter errs who thinks that his inmost thoughts are met half-way by a smile of encouragement. The smile is there, but not for him. It is for the constraining mortal who disregards it ; who stands to his work in the relation of God to man.

A gradual change is taking place in the orographical modelling of the Bay of Naples. Capri and the other limestone portions

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must formerly have presented a smoother aspect to the eye, as they were covered with trees and soil which gave them a rounded look. The trees being felled, the earth slipped down, exposing the jagged asperities of the rock. With the volcanic districts it is generally the reverse, for these craters are of soft material, and the longer they are exposed the smoother they become. The lower eminences of Baiæ and Ischia are now merely a jumble of curving lines, and a small crater near Fuorigrotta is in the last stage of liquescence; soon the rain and the plough will have merged it into the earth whence it arose—the limestone tracts, meanwhile, grow more peaked every day.

Capri is a microcosm whose perfection of *decor* and hieratic lineaments can only have been the inspiration of some divinely frenzied Prometheus. But its beauty, though vital and palpitating, is now cramped and impaired by the encroachments of humanity. Rocks are blasted away for driving roads; shrubs are cut down; high walls and houses everywhere invade its primitive comeliness. The place is too small to endure these affronts without prejudice. It must have been different in the days when the Sirens were its only inhabitants; if, indeed, it really was their island. For I cannot help thinking that commentators of the Homeric cosmography take the "islands" too seriously, and thereby involve themselves in needless trouble. Ancient navigators were inordinately fond of islands, and slow sailing without a compass may well turn an indented coastline or promontory into a group of them. This is plain from *Sindbad the Sailor*, and from Hanno's *Periplus*. People living on continents are more likely to locate marvels in islands—India and America were also "islands"; so was Paradise, according to Lambertus Floridus; to say nothing of Atlantis—and the ingenious Pelliccia has written a book to prove that the whole Sorrentine peninsula was likewise an island in olden days. He argues thus: The Sirens dwelt at Capri; Circe, the enchantress, lived on another island near at hand; Sorrento is near at hand; therefore, Sorrento must have been the island of Circe—falsifying geography and geology in order to vindicate a prehistoric sailor's yarn. What strange creatures we are, placing more faith in deductions than in facts—why? God created the facts and they may take care

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of themselves, but the deductions are our own, to be clung to with parental attachment. Even so, Vargas, that monster of misapplied erudition, insists that the Siren Parthenope was not worshipped at Naples, because—well, it would injure his pet theory about the Semitic races.

A wonderful discovery was made on Capri three years ago: the bones of mammoth, hippopotami and other improbable beasts embedded together with human weapons of the earliest palæolithic ages. Inasmuch as a pair of mammoths would soon nibble away the last leaf on a rock of this size, we must presume it to have been joined to the mainland in those days. These relics were found below the ashes of the terrific Phlegræan convulsions which may have done the work of detachment later on.

But Capri is curious also for its Tyrrhenian fauna and flora; it is part of the wreck of that submerged continent whose ruins still lift their heads above the water here and there and whose configuration is being patiently mapped out by the labours of men like Suess, Blanchard, Parato, and Forsyth Major. The remains of the fallow-deer, a Tyrrhenian creature, have been unearthed here; certain snails and various Tyrrhenian plants still occur on the island, such as the *convolvulus cneorum* with its creamy blossoms, and the wild palm which used to hang, in exquisite clusters, untouched from time immemorial, on the rocky ledges, but is now ruthlessly torn down to decorate gardens, in which 90 per cent. of them perish.

How much of this drowned world still saw the light of sun and stars what time the Sirens sang, I, for one, would be glad to know. For it can hardly have vanished with a *Hey, presto!* like Graham's Island; doubtless it sank slowly; Odysseus may yet have drawn up his ship on beaches that are now, for aught we can tell, slumbering beneath the waves. We have all heard that story of Plato's and how the priest of Sais told Solon of the mighty island of Atlantis which lay beyond the Pillars of Hercules and was engulfed by the sea. An old Orphic tradition runs to the same effect. Of the former existence of this true Atlantic continent there are abundant grave indications—may not this legend have become amalgamated in the course of ages with

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that of the Tyrrhenian catastrophe? Humboldt seems to have thought so.

It is easy to see, from the summit of the Tore, that Capri is merely a prolongation, a dependency, of the mainland. And in point of shape, too, it is almost a repetition—on an enlarged scale, of course—of the mountain of San Costanzo which terminates the peninsula and is itself something of an island. That the chief beauty of Capri, its insular position and the noble line of cliffs fronting the town on the West, should be due to what they call a “fault,” proves that scientific nomenclature is not always appropriate for ordinary purposes.

In earlier ages, when men really believed the unbelievable, they built sanctuaries upon hill-tops—proximity to Heaven being esteemed favourable for the exaudition of prayers; nowa-days, mankind refusing to climb, the churches have descended into the valleys to suit the convenience of a lukewarm generation. An attractive site like San Costanzo hill must have been occupied from earliest times; Christianity in Siren-land under Marcus Aurelius is no impossibility, if we are to trust Tertullian and Origen. Yet the arch-pagan Symmachus praises for its (heathen) religious zeal the town of Naples, where they used to say “it was easier to meet with a god than with a man.” Hill-worship in the provinces gradually declined; the saint-bishop Antoninus of Sorrento was charged before the Pope, in the ninth century, with “celebrating Mass on mountain-summits against Christian usage, and thus propagating a new and most pernicious heresy.” Why *new*—why this exacerbation? There is more than meets the eye in this indictment. The good man’s heresy would be no heresy in these days when every Catholic bishop, according to a convenient fiction, is accompanied by a “portable altar” wherever he goes.

And the crucifix on the sister-summit also goes back, I suspect, to the days of Constantine the Great, being a repetition of one of those legendary crosses on which the Archangel Michael, the Apollo and Lucifer of Christianity, who then winged his way westwards and settled upon cloudy peaks all over Europe, was wont to alight; the material emblem surviving while the Oriental tradition faded away before the western one of Calvary. Yet

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not all the crosses hereabouts can claim this venerable origin. That on the rock Vervece was erected only a few years ago in commemoration of some sailors who were shipwrecked there; two others, which do not improve the landscape, were placed on peaks behind Sorrento in order that storm-tossed mariners "might have something to look at" by certain mighty landlords to whom such may be forgiven, for they have planted much.

There runs a legend at Termini to the effect that the chapel on San Costanzo hill was built by the saint himself, under protest. The elders of the village having determined to construct his shrine lower down, the saint sent several messages to say that he preferred the hill-top; but all in vain. The site of the new church, they told him, was already mapped out, and the sooner he acquiesced, the better.

"You won't?" he said. "Well then, I must just build it myself."

So saying, he collected stones and mortar, and in a night the whole edifice was completed. That settled it. This, of course, took place a hundred years ago, or even more; but what he did to the men of Nerano who refused to send their *figlie di Maria* to his feast at Termini even under promises of payment, is a matter of yesterday. He simply "shook his chains"—is this a reminiscence of some Typhoeus-legend?—and an avalanche of rocks poured down upon their village from the heights overhead. Since that time, the *figlie di Maria* of Nerano are the first to put in an appearance on the festive 14th day of May, and the last to depart homewards—and gratis.

Sometimes, too, he fashions a boat out of a walnut with a tiny sail to it, and steps on board. In this cockle-shell he paddles out from among the rocks with the merest phantom of an oar; but the barque swells to a goodly size as he recedes from land, and lucky fishermen have sometimes met the saint cruising about in broad daylight. He likes to take his pleasure on the water, like any other *Cristiano*.

In those troubled days, San Costanzo was useful at Capri for scaring away the Saracens with his torch, and this is the attitude in which he is conventionally depicted. Now, inasmuch as it

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stands to reason that an ordinary torch would have been ineffectual for this purpose, we must assume that he was granted the power to brandish some more conspicuously effulgent meteor, probably a *fax ardens*; or perhaps a *capra saltans*, a *lancea*, a *trabs verticalis*, a *draco volans*, a *clypeus*, *stipula*, *pyramis*, *jaculum*, or some other of those fiery coruscations which Cardan—or is it Paracelsus?—conjectures to be the excrements of the stellar firmament.

Yes, I can well believe that THE INFINITE was the one original product of mediæval cogitations and their chief intellectual legacy to posterity: that word epitomises the intellectual inertia and moral dyspepsia of those times. . . .

And everywhere the unharvested sea. The sea, with its intense restfulness, is the dominant note of Siren-land. There is no escaping from it. Incessant gleams of light flash from that mirror-like expanse; even when unperceived by the senses, among squalid tenements or leafy uplands, they will find you out and follow, like some all-pervading, inevitable melody. How the Odyssey throbs with those luminous vibrations! Forest voices are the music of Bach; we seem to wander in cool wooded glades with sunlight pouring through leaves overhead, to breathe the fragrance of dew-spangled moss and fern, to hear the caress of light winds playing among the crowns and the rustling of branches and streamlets and all those elfish woodland notes which the master himself, in his solitary wanderings, had heard and thenceforth imprisoned everlastingly—coaxing their echoes into those numbers whose enchantment none but chosen spirits, little less than angels, can unseal. Some are of multiple voice like that god-gifted Tschaikovsky, whose melancholy is flecked by exotic passions such as Mozart or Beethoven never sang—for how shall that come out of a man, which was never in him?—lilting, supersensuous measures from old Samarkand where they loved with the love of demons; muffled pulsations, oft-repeated, doom-enforcing; or an ominous metallic quaver—the wail of the myriad Tartars who fell by the blood-stained waters of Tengis or, it may be, some premonitory cry of his own tormented soul that fled from earth, all too soon.

Others may reflect the camp or court. But Homer voices

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the sea. In those parables of his, which are pictures within a picture, he has filched the very technique of the waves. When he fashions his simile with careless ease ; the main thing is well said, but he elaborates it this way and that, adding another touch that goes for grace alone, and another, and yet another ; it is a Promethean art, an art which builds for love ; the *thing compared* must come, and still he lingers regretfully and holds us in a distracted muse like some merchant dallying with wares of gold or shining stones till we all but forget what erst we needed : is it not the manner of a wave that rolls grandly upon the shore, followed by a little one running in its wake, and another, and yet another ; all add to its seemliness and none to its import ; presently they languish away and expire in a glad calm, and while our ears are lulled by mellifluous crunchings and withdrawals of pebbles in the depths, lo ! *that next one*, its complement, is suddenly at hand ?

I often gaze down upon Siren-land from those inspiring heights of Faito on Sant' Angelo which afford, from splendour and associations, one of the finest prospects in the world. It is cool up here among the mountain pastures, and there are still ancient beech-trees and firs that look strangely out of place—relics of the autochthonous woodlands that have now been stripped of their timber like that once famous Sila forest, which is being eradicated so conscientiously that its chief town already lies in a desert of glaring rocks and to gather a handful of fire-wood there entails a scramble of half a day. Conceive what this means in a winter of northern severity, how it makes for misery and depopulation, and how easily it could have been avoided !

It is a relief to think that the wooded tracts above Siren-land have fallen into the hands of a man like their present owner. For they are an historical monument worth preserving ; they display the flora of the Italian continent as it was in the days when the pious Æneas sailed hitherwards. We are apt to forget that the whole appearance of Italian scenery has been changed owing to imported plants—the very cypress, the orange and maize and a hundred others great and small, which we regard as

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so characteristic, are aliens to the soil.* And the idea of preserving such tracts, absurd as it may seem to modern Italians, is really not inherently preposterous: certain civilised nations, such as the French, Americans, and English, have already by private gift or public subscription enclosed delectable woodlands to be an eternal delight and precept to their children; and only the other day the Emperor of Germany rescued, in the very heart of Italy, the hoary oaks of Olevano from their impending fate. These, unless I am much mistaken, will be monuments more acceptable and more intelligible to posterity than the forests now growing up in Italy: forests of trowsered political nonentities in bronze and marble, whose doctrines, often enough, became a derision before their protagonists were yet fairly in their graves.

The stealthy teachings of the sea, the Sirens' abode, still lie open to all, but those of earth-nature have been sadly misread of late and thwarted; and although we have heard much concerning the hygienic and economic advantages of properly controlled woodlands, there is room for another benefactor to mankind—for him, namely, who would proclaim their ethical significance, their influence as a refining and civilising agency in the education of the human race. Who will deny that forests, once they have abandoned their hostile attitude to man's progress upon earth, exercise a benignant power, subtle and profound, upon the mind of a people; that music, architecture, and other generous arts have in forests sought, and found, high inspiration; that some of the sublimest efforts of literary genius could not have been conceived in regions as denuded of timber as Italy, Greece, and Spain now are? Rentzsch ascribes the political decadence of Spain almost wholly to the destruction of forest. Even if this is going too far, I cannot but think that in sweeping away woodlands many deeply rooted humane aspirations, interwoven in their leafy solitudes, are likewise swept away, and a legion of

* So, for instance, the spiky agave which they call *mal' occhio* because its point is a defence against the evil eye; the mesembryanthemum, known as *ungbia di iannara* (witches' claws) from the shape of its leaves; or the grotesque Indian fig—one of God's earliest attempts at tree-making—which Preller, by mistake, depicted in his *Homeric Landscapes*. The *kaktos* of the Greeks seems to have been a kind of artichoke.

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gracious phantoms who wandered freely among those solemn aisles ready to converse with all, banished for evermore. Shakespeare's England can still be found by those who look for it, but they who would discover the Italy of her poets must go far afield. Communion with Nature, which exalts and purifies the mind, has ceased, and in its place has arisen that pest of the South: futile inquisitiveness concerning man in his meanest manifestations.

It was not without an intuition of this truth that the ancients contrived their exquisite fable of Eresichthon, and whoever yet remembers the elves and fairies of his childhood may be envied of a talisman indeed. It will hardly profit us, I think, to withhold from our children the contemplation of woodland marvels, with their tender symbolism of leaf and flower, birth and decay; the wonder-period of our remote ancestors, through which we must all pass in youth, that fleeting hour of Nature-worship and *phylotrie*, may well be abbreviated, but cannot wholly be cut out of the programme of our moral growth without detriment to the race.

The elimination of mystery: what has it not done for modern Italy? Whether the disfigurement of the landscape has not reflected itself upon the race? Whether the listlessness of so many Italian townspeople, and the evil precocity of their children, be not the nymphs' revenge for Eresichthon's crime? The old Greeks felt differently and so do their modern descendants; their humblest mechanic loves the country, and has therefore preserved a far nobler curiosity upon the things of life, The boy of the streets, who sees nothing of the protean witchery of flowers and living waters, is not a veritable boy at any time, since his youth is ended ere it began. We are not yet ripe for growing up in the streets; they stimulate the social instincts of the adult, but stunt the adolescent who craves for solitude and surroundings habitual to earlier periods of human history. We know what is said of the second generation of city-dwellers, even of high social standing; and has any good ever come out of that foul-clustering town-proletariat, beloved of humanitarians? Nothing—never; they are only waiting for a leader, some “inspired idiot,” to rend to pieces our poor civilisation. Whereas

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out of the very dregs of the country-folk has often arisen, by the operation of that dark law which regulates the meteoric appearance of "sports," a Lincoln, a Winckelmann, to guide men's footsteps in the path.

On those Siren heights—*Montes Sireniaci* they use to be called—the human element is lacking ; there is no sound save the chirping of the cicadas among the olive-branches ; an azure calm, a calm of life, streams down from on high, permeating every sense with tremulous scintillations of vitality. It is always difficult to analyse sensations—imponderable moods ; and in such moments of breathless summer radiance every one will have feelings commensurate to the bent of his mind and habitual associations. Here, in spite of the solitude, it seems to me that no genii of earth or heaven are waiting to hold communion with mankind. I have felt the awe-inspiring midday hush in many wilds and wolds, and often enough the mind, surrounded by the unfamiliar, is prone to conjure up phantoms from inanimate Nature ; here it is merely aglow with life ; self-centred in the circumambient calm and stimulated to attention by the sun's rays, it is yet at rest. The landscape therefore, and not only the hour and the man, plays a part when gods are to be created. Perhaps this helps us to understand the enigma of universal Pan. From being an Arcadian forest-god he became, as culture advanced, diffused and impalpable. The forest lost its noonday mystery and its embodiment was no longer seen of men ; he was merged into the brooding meridian stillness of all earth which no clearings, no cornfields, no sparkling cities could impair ; his weaker comrades, the fauns and dryads, unable to endure this searching light, took refuge in yet shadier groves or pined away.

Nor do immortal gods look down from cloudy pavilions, for the sky here is a vast dome and not a plane. Wherever thunder-clouds touch mountain-summits this quaint belief will arise, and Zeus, whatever his origin, found a congenial home in Greece where the exhalations, formerly more abundant, even now repose upon the hill-tops. In Siren-land they do not ; they sail overhead in summer-time, a painted argosy that seldom anchors to spill its dewy freight against the mountain-sides, though the

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Cloud-gatherer—when the south wind blows—is busy as at Ægina, collecting out of a sunny sea invisible wreaths of vapour which he spins into a crown about the grey head of Capri. The community of this two-story-world idea in Scandinavia and Greece is hardly a proof of the boreal descent of some Hellenic gods (we might as well trace it to old Australia where a Walhalla was fabled among the interlacing boughs of lofty eucalypti); nor yet their violence and unruliness, for in early stages divinity naturally reflects the turbulence of human environment. Wotan, had he survived to this day, would doubtless have become an orderly fellow, even as Zeus did. Altogether, some little nonsense has been written concerning the anthropomorphism of the gods of Greece. As if any deity could afford to dispense with these traits! The Jahveh of the Jews was sufficiently human in his vindictiveness and jealousy; later on, when he became etherealised, the humanity of his son refreshed our interest in him. And what lends the Devil his charm? His quasi-human attributes; his bargainings, his ill-treatment at the hands of heaven. Beings wholly divine are inevitably endowed with qualities of good and evil identical with our own; they are mere caricatures of good or bad men. The profoundly divine therefore is, and ever has been, profoundly uninteresting. These Greek gods are extra-human rather than super-human; they are interpenetrations of human motives with new and unaccountable elements. Much might also be said in favour of the view that their absurdities and excesses were deliberately contrived as a foil to the moderation-ideal of the Greeks themselves. Yet, polish away all excrescences and subtilise them to the vanishing point of purity, their pedigrees cannot be wholly expunged; some Lucian will always be there to rake up old scandals; to remind Jupiter Optimus Maximus of certain Cretan meadows and Venus, the *alma mater*, of that affair of the net.

Here, on these odorous Siren heights, far removed from duty's sacred call—for duty has become the Moloch of modern life—it may not be amiss to build a summer hut wherein to undergo a brief period of *katharsis*, of purgation and readjustment. For we do get sadly out of perspective with our environment in the fevered North, out of touch with elemental and

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permanent things ; we are for ever looking up stream. It is well, now and then, to glance backwards adown that flowing river and to note, before they fade from sight, the strange, half-forgotten landscapes one has traversed. Is it I, one wonders, who thought and felt thus ? How one changes ! And one's friends—how they change ! And even public opinion, that exemplary biped which stands, nose in air and uttering incomprehensible grunts, with one leg in the illusions of the past and the other in those of the future—how it changes !

An old Hebrew, who taught the pleasures of a virtuous life after exhausting those of a voluptuous one, said : Go to the ant ; he forgot to remember that the ant sleeps for half the year. Man alone is a perennial drudge. Yet many of us would do well to *Mediterraneanise* ourselves for a season, to quicken those ethnic roots from which has sprung so much of what is best in our natures. To dream in Siren-land, pursuing the moods and memories as they shift in labyrinthine mazes, like shadows on a woodland path in June ; to stroll among the hills and fill the mind with new images upon which to browse at leisure, casting off outworn weeds of thought with the painless ease of a serpent, and unperplexing, incidentally, some of those “ questions of the day ” of which the daily papers nevertheless know nothing—this is an antidote for many ills. There is repose in Siren-land ; there is none of that delirious massing together in which certain mortals, unable to stand alone, can lean up against one another and so gain, for a moment, a precarious condition of equipoise.

To dream—yes ; but, as De Quincey observed, *he whose talk is of oxen, will dream of oxen*, and I am not attempting to prescribe for the uncivilised, particularly as they are in loving hands just now : is not the whole trend of our legislation a sustained effort to pamper the unfit at the expense of the fit, to foster the moral delusions of the crowd—of those whose spiritual activities are in abeyance ? May they prosper ! There will ever remain one badge of distinction to mark them from those of another fibre—their imperviousness to the meaning of certain old Siren voices :

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O stay, O pride of Greece ! Ulysses stay !
O cease thy course, and listen to our lay !
Blest is the man our song ordain'd to hear,
The song instructs the soul, and charms the ear
Approach ! Thy soul shall into rapture rise !
Approach ! And learn new wisdom from the wise !
We know whate'er the kings of mighty name
Achieved at Ilium in the field of fame ;
Whate'er beneath the sun's bright journey lies.
O stay and learn new wisdom from the wise. . . .

for I perceive in this lay no promise of any of those things which they covet, of gold and diamonds and fair women and long life and earthly honours and the joys of heaven ; but only of enlightenment.

And whoso hears these voices, says Homer, never more returns to his home and family, which may be taken to mean that certain persons have rated wisdom higher than domestic bliss ; doubtless a poetic exaggeration.

Under Western Eyes

By Joseph Conrad

PART FIRST

To begin with I wish to disclaim the possession of those high gifts of imagination and expression which would have enabled my pen to create for the reader the personality of the man who called himself, after the Russian custom, Cyril son of Isidor—Kirylo Sidorovitch—Razumov.

If I have ever had these gifts in any sort of living form they have been smothered out of existence a long time ago under a wilderness of words. Words, as is well known, are the great foes of reality. I have been for many years a teacher of languages. It is an occupation which at length becomes fatal to whatever share of imagination, observation, and insight an ordinary person may be heir to. To a teacher of languages there comes a time when the world is but a place of many words and man appears a mere talking animal not much more wonderful than a parrot.

This being so, I could not have observed Mr. Razumov or guessed at his reality by the force of insight, much less have imagined him as he was. Even to invent the mere bald facts of his life would have been utterly beyond my powers. But I think that without this declaration the readers of these pages will be able to detect in the story the marks of documentary evidence. And that is perfectly correct. It is based on a document; all I have brought to it is my knowledge of the Russian language, which is sufficient for what is attempted here. The document, of course, is something in the nature of a journal, a diary, yet not exactly that in its actual form. For instance, most of it was not written up from day to day, though all the entries are dated. Some of these entries cover months of time and extend over dozens of pages. All the earlier part is a retrospect, in a narrative form, relating to an event which took place about a year before.

I must mention that I have lived for many years in Geneva.

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A whole quarter of that town, on account of many Russians residing there, is called La Petite Russie—Little Russia. I had a rather extensive connection in Little Russia at that time. Yet I confess that I have no comprehension of the Russian character. The illogicality of their attitude, the arbitrariness of their conclusions, the frequency of the exceptional, should present no difficulty to a student of many grammars, but there must be something else in the way, some special human trait—one of those subtle differences that are beyond the ken of mere professors. What must remain striking to a teacher of languages is the Russians' extraordinary love of words. They gather them up; they cherish them, but they don't hoard them in their breasts; on the contrary, they are always ready to pour them out by the hour or by the night with an enthusiasm, a sweeping abundance, with such an aptness of application sometimes that, as in the case of very accomplished parrots, one can't defend oneself from the suspicion that they really understand what they say. There is a generosity in their ardour of speech which removes it as far as possible from common loquacity; and it is ever too disconnected to be classed as eloquence. . . . But I must apologise for this digression.

It would be idle to inquire why Mr. Razumov has left this record behind him. It is inconceivable that he should have wished any human eye to see it. A mysterious impulse of human nature comes into play here. Putting aside Samuel Pepys, who has forced in that way the door of immortality, innumerable people, criminals, saints, philosophers, young girls, statesmen, and simple imbeciles, have kept self-revealing records from vanity no doubt, but also from other more inscrutable motives. There must be a wonderful soothing power in mere words since so many men have used them for self-communion. Being myself a quiet individual I take it that what all men are really after is some form or perhaps only some formula of peace. Certainly they are crying loud enough for it at the present day. What sort of peace Kirylo Sidorovitch Razumov expected to find in the writing up of his record it passeth my understanding to guess.

The fact remains that he has written it.

Mr. Razumov was a tall, well-proportioned young man, quite unusually dark for a Russian from the Central Provinces. His good looks would have been unquestionable if it had not been for a peculiar lack of fineness in the features. It was as if a face modelled vigorously in wax (with some approach even to a classical correctness of type) had been held close to a fire till all sharpness of line had been lost in the softening of the material. But even

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thus he was sufficiently good-looking. His manner, too, was good. In discussion he was easily swayed by argument and authority. With his younger compatriots he took the attitude of an inscrutable listener, a listener of the kind that hears you out intelligently and then—just changes the subject.

This sort of trick, which may arise either from intellectual insufficiency or from an imperfect trust in one's own convictions, procured for Mr. Razumov a reputation of profundity. Amongst a lot of exuberant talkers, in the habit of exhausting themselves daily by ardent discussion, a comparatively taciturn personality is naturally credited with reserve power. By his comrades at the St. Petersburg University, Kirylo Sidorovitch Razumov, third year's student of philosophy, was looked upon as a strong nature—an altogether trustworthy man. This, in a country where an opinion may be a legal crime visited by death or sometimes by a fate worse than mere death, meant that he was worthy of being trusted with forbidden opinions. He was liked also for his amiability and for his quiet readiness to oblige his comrades even at the cost of personal inconvenience.

Mr. Razumov was supposed to be the son of an Archpriest and to be protected by a distinguished nobleman—perhaps of his own distant province. But his outward appearance accorded badly with such humble origin. Such a descent was not credible. It was, indeed, suggested that Mr. Razumov was the son of an Archpriest's pretty daughter—which, of course, would put a different complexion on the matter. This theory also rendered intelligible the protection of the distinguished nobleman. All this, however, has never been investigated maliciously or otherwise. No one knew or cared who the nobleman in question was. Razumov received a modest but very sufficient allowance from the hands of an obscure attorney, who seemed to act as his guardian in some measure. Now and then he appeared at some professor's informal reception. Apart from that Razumov was not known to have any social relations in the town. He attended the obligatory lectures regularly and was considered by the authorities as a very promising student. He worked at home in the manner of a man who means to get on, but did not shut himself up severely for that purpose. He was always accessible, and there was nothing secret or reserved in his life.

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I

The origin of Mr. Razumov's record is connected with an event characteristic of modern Russia in the actual fact: the assassination of a prominent statesman—and still more characteristic of the moral corruption of an oppressed society where the noblest aspirations of humanity, the desire of freedom, an ardent patriotism, the love of justice, the sense of pity, and even the fidelity of simple minds are prostituted to the lusts of hate and fear, the inseparable companions of an uneasy despotism.

The fact alluded to above is the successful attempt on the life of Mr. de P——, the President of the notorious Repressive Commission of some years ago, the Minister of State invested with extraordinary powers. The newspapers made noise enough about that fanatical, narrow-chested figure in gold-laced uniform, with a face of crumpled parchment, insipid, bespectacled eyes, and the cross of the Order of St. Procopius hung under the skinny throat. For a time, it may be remembered, not a month passed without his portrait appearing in some one of the illustrated papers of Europe. He served the monarchy by imprisoning, exiling, or sending to the gallows men and women, young and old, with an equable, unwearied industry. In his mystic acceptance of the principle of autocracy he was bent on extirpating from the land every vestige of anything that resembled freedom in public institutions; and in his ruthless persecution of the rising generation he seemed to aim at the destruction of the very hope of liberty itself.

It is said that this execrated personality had not enough imagination to be aware of the hate he inspired. It is hardly credible; but it is a fact that he took very few precautions for his safety. In the preamble of a certain famous State paper he had declared once that "the thought of liberty has never existed in the Act of the Creator. From the multitude of men's counsel nothing could come but revolt and disorder; and revolt and disorder in a world created for obedience and stability is sin. It was not Reason but Authority which expressed the Divine Intention. God was the Autocrat of the Universe. . . ." It may be that the man who made this declaration believed that heaven itself was bound to protect him in his remorseless defence of Autocracy on this earth.

No doubt the vigilance of the police saved him many times; but, as a matter of fact, when his appointed fate overtook him,

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the competent authorities could not have given him any warning. They had no knowledge of any conspiracy against the Minister's life, had no hint of any plot through their usual channels of information, had seen no signs, were aware of no suspicious movements or dangerous persons.

Mr. de P—— was being driven towards the railway station in a two-horse uncovered sleigh with footman and coachman on the box. Snow had been falling all night, making the roadway, uncleared as yet at this early hour, very heavy for the horses. It was still falling thickly. But the sleigh must have been observed and marked down. As it drew over to the left before taking a turn, the footman noticed a peasant walking slowly on the edge of the pavement with his hands in the pockets of his sheepskin coat and his shoulders hunched up to his ears under the falling snow. On being overtaken this peasant suddenly faced about and swung his arm. In an instant there was a terrible shock, a detonation muffled in the multitude of snow-flakes; both horses lay dead and mangled on the ground and the coachman, with a shrill cry, had fallen off the box mortally wounded. The footman (who survived) had no time to see the face of the man in the sheepskin coat. After throwing the bomb this last got away, but it is supposed that, seeing a lot of people surging up on all sides of him in the falling snow, and all running towards the scene of the explosion, he thought it safer to turn back with them.

In an incredibly short time an excited crowd assembled round the sledge. The Minister-President, getting out unhurt into the deep snow, stood near the groaning coachman and addressed the people repeatedly in his weak, colourless voice: "I beg of you to keep off. For the love of God, I beg of you good people to keep off."

It was then that a tall young man who had remained standing perfectly still within a carriage gateway, two houses lower down, stepped out into the street and walking up rapidly flung another bomb over the heads of the crowd. It actually struck the Minister-President on the shoulder as he stooped over his dying servant, then falling between his feet exploded with a terrific concentrated violence, striking him dead to the ground, finishing the wounded man and practically annihilating the empty sledge in the twinkling of an eye. With a yell of horror the crowd broke up and fled in all directions, except for those who fell dead or dying where they stood nearest to the Minister-President, and one or two others who did not fall till they had run on a little way.

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The first explosion had brought together a crowd as if by enchantment, the second made as swiftly a solitude in the street for hundreds of yards in each direction. Through the falling snow people looked from afar at the small heap of dead bodies lying upon each other near the carcasses of the two horses. Nobody dared to approach till some Cossacks of a street-patrol galloped up and dismounting began to turn over the dead. Amongst the innocent victims of the second explosion laid out on the pavement there was a body dressed in a peasant's sheepskin coat; but the face was unrecognisable, there was absolutely nothing found in the pockets of its poor clothing, and it was the only one whose identity was never established.

That day Mr. Razumov got up at his usual hour and spent the morning within the University buildings listening to the lectures and working for some time in the library. He heard the first vague rumour of something in the way of bomb-throwing at the table of the students' ordinary, where he was accustomed to eat his two o'clock dinner. But this rumour was made up of mere whispers, and this was Russia, where it is not always safe, for a student especially, to appear too much interested in certain kinds of whispers. Razumov was one of those men who, living in a period of mental and political unrest, keep an instinctive hold on normal, practical, everyday life. He was aware of the emotional tension of his time; he even responded to it in an indefinite way. But his main concern was with his work, his studies, and with his own future.

Officially and in fact without a family (for the daughter of the Archpriest had long been dead) no home influences had shaped his opinions or his feelings. He was as lonely in the world as a man swimming in the deep sea. The word Razumov was the mere label of a solitary individuality. There were no Razumovs belonging to him anywhere. His closest parentage was defined in the statement that he was a Russian. Whatever good he expected from life would be given to or withheld from his hopes by that connection alone. This immense parentage suffered from the throes of internal dissensions, and he shrank mentally from the fray as a good-natured man may shrink from taking definite sides in a violent family quarrel.

Razumov, going home, reflected that having prepared all the matters of the forthcoming examination, he could now devote his time to the subject of the prize essay. He hankered after the silver medal. The prize was offered by the Ministry of Education: the names of the competitors would be submitted to the Minister himself. The mere fact of trying would be

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considered meritorious in the higher quarters ; and the possessor of the prize would have a claim to an administrative appointment of the better sort after he had taken his degree. The student Razumov in an access of elation forgot the dangers menacing the stability of the institutions that give rewards and appointments. But remembering the medallist of the year before, Razumov, the young man of no parentage, was sobered. He and some others happened to be assembled in their comrade's rooms at the very time when that last received the official advice of his success. He was a quiet, unassuming young man : " Forgive me," he had said with a faint apologetic smile and taking up his cap, " I am going out to order up some wine. But I must first send a telegram to my folk at home. I say ! Won't the old people make it a festive time for the neighbours for twenty miles around our place."

Razumov thought there was nothing of that sort for him in the world. His success would matter to no one. But he felt no bitterness against the nobleman his protector, who was not a provincial magnate as was generally supposed. He was in fact nobody less than Prince K——, once a great and splendid figure in the world and now, his day being over, a Senator and a gouty subject, living in a still splendid but more domestic manner. He had some young children and a wife, as aristocratic and proud as himself.

In all his life Razumov was allowed only once to come into personal contact with the Prince.

It had the air of a chance meeting in the little attorney's office. One day Razumov, coming in by appointment, found a stranger standing there—a tall, aristocratic-looking personage with silky, grey side-whiskers. The bald-headed, sly little lawyer-fellow called out : " Come in—come in, Mr. Razumov," with a sort of ironic heartiness. Then turning deferentially to the stranger with the grand air : " A ward of mine, your Excellency. One of the most promising students of his faculty in the St. Petersburg University."

To his intense surprise Razumov saw a white shapely hand extended to him. He took it in great confusion (it was soft and passive) and heard at the same time a condescending murmur in which he caught only the words : " Satisfactory " and " Persevere." But the most amazing thing of all was to feel suddenly a distinct pressure of the white shapely hand just before it was withdrawn : a light pressure like a secret sign. The emotion of it was terrible. Razumov's heart seemed to leap into his throat. When he raised his eyes the aristocratic personage,

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motioning the little lawyer aside, had opened the door and was going out.

The attorney rummaged amongst the papers on his desk for a time. "Do you know who that was?" he asked suddenly.

Razumov, whose heart was thumping hard yet, shook his head in silence.

"That was Prince K——. You wonder what he could be doing in the hole of a poor legal rat like myself—eh? These awfully great people have their sentimental curiosities like common sinners. But if I were you, Kirylo Sidorovitch," he continued, leering and laying a peculiar emphasis on the patronymic, "I wouldn't boast at large of the introduction. It would not be prudent, Kirylo Sidorovitch. Oh dear no! It would be in fact dangerous for your future."

The young man's ears burned like fire; his sight was dim. "That man!" Razumov was saying to himself. "He!"

Henceforth it was by this monosyllable that Mr. Razumov got into the habit of referring mentally to the stranger with grey silky side-whiskers. From that time too, when walking in the more fashionable quarters, he noted with interest the magnificent horses and carriages with Prince K——'s liveries on the box. Once he saw the Princess get out—she was shopping—followed by two girls, of which one was nearly a head taller than the other. Their fair hair hung loose down their backs in the English style; they had merry eyes, their coats, muffs, and little fur caps were exactly alike, and their cheeks and noses were tinged a cheerful pink by the frost. They crossed the pavement in front of him, and Razumov went on his way smiling shyly to himself. "His" daughters. They resembled "Him." The young man felt a glow of warm friendliness towards these girls who would never know of his existence. Presently they would marry Generals or Kammerherrns and have girls and boys of their own, who perhaps would be aware of him as a celebrated old professor, decorated, possibly a Privy Councillor, one of the glories of Russia—nothing more!

But a celebrated professor was a somebody. Distinction would convert the label Razumov into an honoured name. There was nothing strange in the student Razumov's wish for distinction. A man's real life is that accorded to him in the thoughts of other men by reason of respect or natural love. Returning home on the day of the attempt on Mr. de P——'s life Razumov resolved to have a good try for the Silver Medal.

Climbing slowly the four flights of the dark, dirty staircase in the house where he had his lodgings, he felt confident of

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success. The winner's name would be published in the papers on New Year's Day. And at the thought that "He" would most probably read it there, Razumov stopped short on the stairs for an instant, then went on smiling faintly at his own emotion. "This is but a shadow," he said to himself, "but the medal is a solid beginning."

With those ideas of industry in his head the warmth of his room was agreeable and encouraging. "I shall put in four hours of good work," he thought. But no sooner had he closed the door than he was horribly startled. All black against the usual tall stove of white tiles gleaming in the dusk, stood a strange figure, wearing a skirted, close-fitting, brown cloth coat strapped round the waist, in long boots, and with a little Astrakhan cap on its head. It loomed lithe and martial. Razumov was utterly confounded. It was only when the figure advancing two paces asked in an untroubled, grave voice if the outer door was closed that he regained his power of speech.

"Haldin! . . . Victor Victorovitch! . . . Is that you? . . . Yes. The outer door is shut all right. But this is indeed unexpected."

Victor Haldin, a student older than most of his contemporaries at the University, was not one of the industrious set. He was hardly ever seen at lectures; the authorities had marked him as "restless" and "unsound"—very bad notes. But he had a great personal prestige with his comrades and influenced their thoughts. Razumov had never been intimate with him. They had met from time to time at gatherings in other students' houses. They had even had a discussion together—one of those discussions on first principles dear to the sanguine minds of youth.

Razumov wished the man had chosen some other time to come for a chat. He felt in good trim to tackle the prize essay. But as Haldin could not be slightly dismissed Razumov adopted the tone of hospitality, asking him to sit down and smoke.

"Kiryl Sidorovitch," said the other, "we are not perhaps in exactly the same camp. Your judgment is more philosophical. You are a man of few words, but I haven't met anybody who dared to doubt the generosity of your sentiments. There is a solidity about your character which cannot exist without courage."

Razumov felt flattered and began to mutter shyly something about being very glad of his good opinion, when Haldin raised his hand.

"This is what I was saying to myself," he continued, "as I dodged in the woodyard down by the river-side. 'He has a strong

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character this young man,' I said to myself. 'He does not throw his soul to the winds.' Your reserve has always fascinated me, Kirylo Sidorovitch. So I tried to remember your address. But look here—it was a piece of luck. Your dvornik was away from the gate talking to a sleigh-driver on the other side of the street. I met no one on the stairs, not a soul. As I came up to your floor I caught sight of your landlady coming out of your rooms. But she did not see me. She crossed the landing to her own side, and then I slipped in. I have been here two hours expecting you to come in every moment."

Razumov had listened in astonishment; but before he could open his mouth Haldin added, speaking deliberately: "It was I who removed De P—— this morning."

Razumov kept down a cry of dismay. The sentiment of his life being utterly ruined by this contact with such a crime expressed itself quaintly by a sort of half-derisive mental exclamation: "There goes my Silver Medal!"

Haldin continued after waiting a while:

"You say nothing, Kirylo Sidorovitch! I understand your silence. To be sure, I cannot expect you with your frigid English manner to embrace me. But never mind your manners. You have enough heart to have heard the sound of weeping and gnashing of teeth this man raised in the land. That would be enough to get over any philosophical hopes. He was uprooting the tender plant. He had to be stopped. He was a dangerous man—a convinced man. Three more years of his work would have put us back fifty years into bondage—and look at all the lives wasted, at all the souls lost in that time."

His curt, self-confident voice suddenly lost its ring and it was in a dull tone that he added, "Yes, brother, I have killed him. It's weary work."

Razumov had sunk into a chair. Every moment he expected a crowd of policemen to rush in. There must have been thousands of them out looking for that man walking up and down in his room. Haldin was talking again in a restrained, steady voice. Now and then he flourished an arm, slowly, without excitement.

He told Razumov how he had brooded for a year; how he had not slept properly for weeks. He and "Another" had a warning of the Minister's movements from "a certain person" late the evening before. He and that "Another" prepared their "engines" and resolved to have no sleep till "the deed" was done. They walked the streets under the falling snow with the "engines" on them, exchanging not a word the livelong

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night. When they happened to meet a police patrol they took each other by the arm and pretended to be a couple of peasants on the spree. They reeled and talked in drunken, hoarse voices. Except for these strange outbreaks they kept silence, moving on ceaselessly. Their plans had been previously arranged. At daybreak they made their way to the spot which they knew the sledge must pass. When it appeared in sight they exchanged a muttered good-bye and separated. The "other" remained at the corner, Haldin took up a position a little farther up the street. . . .

After throwing his "engine" he ran off and in a moment was overtaken by the panic-struck people flying away from the spot after the second explosion. They were wild with terror. He was jostled once or twice. He slowed down for the rush to pass him and then turned to the left into a narrow street. There he was alone.

He marvelled at this immediate escape. The work was done. He could hardly believe it. He fought with an almost irresistible longing to lie down on the pavement and sleep. But this sort of faintness—a drowsy faintness—passed off quickly. He walked faster, making his way to one of the poorer parts of the town in order to look up Ziemianitch.

This Ziemianitch, Razumov understood, was a sort of town-peasant who had got on; owner of a small number of sledges and horses for hire. Haldin paused in his narrative to exclaim:

"A bright spirit! A hardy soul! The best driver in St. Petersburg. He has a team of three horses there. . . . Ah! He's a fellow!"

This man had declared himself willing to take out safely, at any time, one or two persons to the second or third railway station on one of the southern lines. But there had been no time to warn him the night before. His usual haunt seemed to be a low-class eating-house on the outskirts of the town. When Haldin got there the man was not to be found. He was not expected to turn up again till the evening. Haldin wandered away restlessly.

He saw the gate of a woodyard open and went in to get out of the wind which swept the bleak broad thoroughfare. The great rectangular piles of cut wood loaded with snow resembled the huts of a village. At first the watchman who discovered him crouching amongst them talked in a friendly manner. He was a dried-up old man wearing two ragged army coats one over the other; his wizened little face, tied up under the jaw and over the ears in a dirty red handkerchief, looked comical.

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Presently he grew sulky and then all at once without rhyme or reason began to shout furiously.

"Aren't you ever going to clear out of this, you loafer? We know all about factory hands of your sort. A big, strong, young chap! You aren't even drunk. What do you want here? You don't frighten us. Take yourself and your ugly eyes away."

Haldin stopped before the sitting Razumov. His supple figure, with the white forehead above which the fair hair stood straight up, had an aspect of lofty daring.

"He did not like my eyes," he said. "And so . . . here I am."

Razumov made an effort to speak calmly.

"But pardon me, Victor Victorovitch. We know each other so little. . . . I don't see why you . . ."

"Confidence," said Haldin.

This word sealed Razumov's lips as if a hand had been clapped on his mouth. His brain seethed with arguments.

"And so—here you are," he muttered through his teeth.

The other did not detect the tone of anger. Never suspected it.

"Yes. And nobody knows I am here. You are the last person that could be suspected—should I get caught. That's an advantage, you see. And then—speaking to a superior mind like yours I can well say all the truth. It occurred to me that you—you have no one belonging to you—no ties, no one to suffer for it if this came out by some means. There have been enough ruined Russian homes as it is. But I don't see how my passage through your rooms can be ever known. If I should be got hold of, I'll know how to keep silent—no matter what they may be pleased to do to me," he added grimly.

He began to walk again while Razumov sat still appalled.

"You thought that——" he faltered out almost sick with indignation.

"Yes, Razumov. Yes, brother. Some day you shall help to build. You suppose that I am a terrorist, now—a destructor of what is. But consider that the true destroyers are they who destroy the spirit of progress and truth, not the avengers who merely kill the bodies of persecutors of human dignity. Men like me are necessary to make room for self-contained, thinking men like you. Well, we have made the sacrifice of our lives, but all the same I want to escape if it can be done. It is not my life I want to save, but my power to do. I won't live idle. Oh no! Don't make any mistake, Razumov. Men like me are rare. And, besides, an example like this is more awful to

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oppressors when the perpetrator vanishes without a trace. They sit in their offices and palaces and quake. All I want you to do is to help me to vanish. No great matter that. Only to go by-and-by and see Ziemianitch for me at that place where I went this morning. Just tell him 'He whom you know wants a well-horsed sledge to pull up half an hour after midnight, at the seventh lamp-post on the left counting from the upper end of Karabelnaya. If nobody gets in, the sledge is to run round a block or two, so as to come back past the same spot in ten minutes' time.'"

Razumov wondered why he had not cut short that talk and told this man to go away long before. Was it weakness or what?

He concluded that it was a sound instinct. Haldin must have been seen. It was impossible that some people should not have noticed the face and appearance of the man who threw the bomb. Haldin was a noticeable person. The police in their thousands must have had his description within the hour. With every moment the danger grew. Sent out to wander in the streets he could not escape being caught in the end.

The police would very soon find out all about him. They would set about discovering a conspiracy. Everybody Haldin had ever known would be in the greatest danger. Unguarded expressions, little facts in themselves innocent would be counted for crimes. Razumov remembered certain words he said, the speeches he had listened to, the harmless gatherings he had attended—it was almost impossible for a student to keep out of that sort of thing, without becoming suspect to his comrades.

Razumov saw himself shut up in a fortress, worried, badgered, perhaps ill-used. He saw himself deported by an administrative order, his life broken, ruined, and robbed of all hope. He saw himself—at best—leading a miserable existence under police supervision, in some small, far-away provincial town, without friends to assist his necessities or even take any steps to alleviate his lot—as others had. Others had fathers, mothers, brothers, relations, connections, friends to move heaven and earth on their behalf—he had no one. The very officials that sentenced him some morning would forget his existence before sunset.

He saw his youth pass away from him in misery and half starvation—his strength give way, his mind become an abject thing. He saw himself creeping, broken down and shabby, about the streets—dying unattended in some filthy hole of a room, or on the sordid bed of a Government hospital.

He shuddered. Then a sort of bitter calmness came over him. It was best to keep this man out of the streets till he could be got rid of with some chance of escaping. That was the best

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that could be done. Razumov, of course, felt the safety of his lonely existence to be permanently endangered. This evening's doings could turn up against him at any time as long as this man lived and the present institutions endured. They appeared to him rational and indestructible at that moment. They had a force of harmony—in contrast with the horrible discord of this man's presence. He hated the man. He said quietly:

"Yes, of course, I will go. You must give me precise directions, and for the rest—depend on me."

"Ah! You are a fellow! Collected—cool as a cucumber. A regular Englishman. Where did you get your soul from? There aren't many like you. Look here, brother! Men like me leave no posterity, but their souls are not lost. No man's soul is ever lost. It works for itself—or else where would be the sense of self-sacrifice, of martyrdom, of conviction, of faith—the labours of the soul. What will become of my soul when I die in the way I must die—soon—very soon perhaps? It shall not perish. Don't make a mistake, Razumov. This is not murder—it is war, war. My spirit shall go on warring in some Russian body till all falsehood is swept out of the world. The modern civilisation is false but a new revelation shall come out of Russia. Ha! you say nothing. You are a sceptic. I respect your philosophical scepticism, Razumov, but don't touch the soul. The Russian soul that lives in all of us. It has a future. It has a mission, I tell you, or else why should I have been moved to do this—reckless—like a butcher—in the middle of all these innocent people—scattering death—I! I! . . . I wouldn't hurt a fly!"

"Not so loud," warned Razumov harshly.

Haldin sat down abruptly and leaning his head on his folded arms burst into tears. He wept for a long time. The dusk had deepened in the room. Razumov, motionless in sombre wonder, listened to the sobs.

The other raised his head, got up and with an effort mastered his voice.

"Yes. Men like me leave no posterity," he repeated in a subdued tone. "I have a sister though. She's with my old mother—I persuaded them to go abroad this year—thank God. Not a bad little girl—my sister. She has the most trustful eyes of any human being that ever walked this earth. She will marry well I hope. She may have children—sons perhaps. Look at me. My father was a Government official in the provinces. He had a little land too. A simple servant of God—a true Russian in his way. His was the soul of obedience. But I am not like

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him. They say I resemble my mother's eldest brother, an officer. They shot him in '28. Under Nicholas, you know. Haven't I told you that this is war, war. . . . But God of Justice! This is weary work."

Razumov, in his chair, leaning his head on his hand, spoke as if from the bottom of an abyss.

"You believe in God, Haldin?"

"There you go catching at words that are wrung from one. What does it matter? What was it the Englishman said: 'There is a divine soul in things . . .' Devil take him—I don't remember now. But he spoke the truth. When the day of you thinkers comes don't you forget what's divine in the Russian soul—and that's resignation. Respect that in your intellectual restlessness and don't let your arrogant wisdom spoil its message to the world. I am speaking to you now like a man with a rope round his neck. What do you imagine I am? A being in revolt? No. It's you thinkers who are in everlasting revolt. I am one of the resigned. When the necessity of this heavy work came to me and I understood that it had to be done—what did I do? Did I exult? Did I take pride in my purpose? Did I try to weigh its worth and consequences? No! I was resigned. I thought 'God's will be done.'"

He threw himself full length on Razumov's bed and putting the backs of his hands over his eyes remained perfectly motionless and silent. Not even the sound of his breathing could be heard. The dead stillness of the room remained undisturbed till in the darkness Razumov said in a gloomy murmur:

"Haldin."

"Yes," answered the other readily, quite invisible now on the bed and without the slightest stir.

"Isn't it time for me to start?"

"Yes, brother." The other was heard, lying still in the darkness as though he were talking in his sleep. "The time has come to put fate to the test."

He paused, then gave a few lucid directions in the quiet impersonal voice of a man in a trance. Razumov made ready without a word of answer. As he was leaving the room the voice on the bed said after him:

"Go with God, thou silent soul."

On the landing, moving softly, Razumov locked the door and put the key in his pocket.

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II

The words and events of that evening must have been graven as if with a steel tool on Mr. Razumov's brain since he was able to write his relation with such fullness and precision a good many months afterwards.

The record of the thoughts which assailed him in the street is even more minute and abundant. They seem to have rushed upon him with the greater freedom because his thinking powers were no longer crushed by Haldin's presence—the appalling presence of a great crime and the stunning force of a great fanaticism. On looking through the pages of Mr. Razumov's diary I own that a "rush of thoughts" is not an adequate image.

The more adequate description would be a tumult of thoughts—the faithful reflection of the state of his feelings. The thoughts in themselves were not numerous—they were like the thoughts of most human beings, few and simple—but they cannot be reproduced here in all their exclamatory repetitions which went on in a long and weary turmoil—for the walk was long.

If to the Western reader they appear shocking, inappropriate, or even improper, it must be remembered that as to the first this may be the effect of my crude statement. For the rest I will only remark here that this is not a story of the West of Europe.

Nations it may be have fashioned their Governments, but the Governments have paid them back in the same coin. It is unthinkable that any young Englishman should find himself in Razumov's situation. This being so it would be a vain enterprise to imagine what he would think. The only safe surmise to make is that he would not think as Mr. Razumov thought at this crisis of his fate. He would not have an hereditary and personal knowledge of the means by which an historical autocracy represses ideas, guards its power, and defends its existence. By an act of mental extravagance he might imagine himself arbitrarily thrown into prison, but it would never occur to him unless he were delirious (and perhaps not even then) that he could be beaten with whips as a practical measure either of investigation or of punishment.

This is but a crude and obvious example of the different conditions of Western thought. I don't know that this danger occurred, specially to Mr. Razumov. No doubt it entered unconsciously into the general dread and the general appallingness of this crisis. Razumov as has been seen was aware of more subtle ways in which an individual may be undone by the pro-

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ceedings of a despotic Government. A simple expulsion from the University (the very least that could happen to him), with an impossibility to continue his studies anywhere, was enough to ruin utterly a young man depending entirely upon the development of his natural abilities for his place in the world. He was a Russian: and for him to be implicated meant simply sinking into the lowest social depths amongst the hopeless and the destitute—the night birds of the city.

The peculiar circumstances of Razumov's parentage, or rather of his lack of parentage, should be taken into the account of his thoughts. And he remembered them too. He had been lately reminded of them in a peculiarly atrocious way by this fatal Haldin. "Because I haven't that, must everything else be taken away from me," he thought.

He nerved himself for another effort to go on. Along the roadway sledges glided phantom-like and jingling through a fluttering whiteness on the black face of the night. "For it is a crime," he was saying to himself. "A murder is a murder. Though, of course, some sort of liberal institutions . . ."

A feeling of horrible sickness came over him. "I must be courageous," he exhorted himself mentally. All his strength was suddenly gone as if taken out by a hand. Then by a mighty effort of will it came back because he was afraid of fainting in the street and being picked up by the police with the key of his lodgings in his pocket. They would find Haldin there, and then, indeed, he would be undone.

Strangely enough it was this fear which seems to have kept him up to the end. The passers-by were rare. They came upon him suddenly looming up black in the snowflakes close by, then, vanishing all at once—without footfalls.

It was the quarter of the very poor. Razumov noticed an elderly woman tied up in ragged shawls. Under the street lamp she seemed a beggar off duty. She walked leisurely in the blizzard as though she had no home to hurry to, she hugged under one arm a round loaf of black bread with an air of guarding a priceless booty: and Razumov averting his glance envied her the peace of her mind and the serenity of her fate.

To one reading Mr. Razumov's narrative it is really a wonder how he managed to keep going as he did along one interminable street after another on pavements that were gradually becoming blocked with snow. It was the thought of Haldin locked up in his rooms and the desperate desire to get rid of his presence which drove him forward. No rational determination had any part in his exertions. Thus, when on arriving at the low eating-house

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he heard that the man of horses, Ziemianitch, was not there, he could only stare stupidly.

The waiter, a wild-haired youth in tarred boots and a pink shirt, exclaimed, uncovering his pale gums in a silly grin, that Ziemianitch had got his skinful early in the afternoon and had gone away with a bottle under each arm to keep it up amongst the horses—he supposed.

The owner of the vile den, a bony short man in a dirty cloth caftan coming down to his heels, stood by, his hands tucked into his belt, and nodded confirmation.

The reek of spirits, the greasy rancid steam of food got Razumov by the throat. He struck a table with his clenched hands and shouted violently:

“You lie.”

Bleary unwashed faces were turned in his direction. A mild-eyed ragged tramp drinking tea at the next table moved farther away. A murmur of wonder arose with an undertone of uneasiness. A laugh was heard too, and an exclamation, “There! There!” jeeringly soothing. The waiter looked all round and announced to the room:

“The gentleman won’t believe that Ziemianitch is drunk.”

From a distant corner a hoarse voice belonging to a horrible nondescript shaggy being with a black face like the muzzle of a bear grunted angrily:

“The cursed driver of thieves. What do we want with his gentlemen here. We are all honest folk in this place.”

Razumov biting his lip till blood came to keep himself from bursting into imprecations followed the owner of the den, who, whispering “Come along, little father,” led him into a tiny hole of a place behind the wooden counter, whence proceeded a sound of splashing. A wet and bedraggled creature, a sort of sexless and shivering scarecrow, washed glasses in there, bending over a wooden tub by the light of a tallow dip.

“Yes, little father,” the man in the long caftan said plainly. He had a brown, cunning little face, a thin greyish beard. Trying to light a tin lantern he hugged it to his breast and talked garrulously the while.

He would show Ziemianitch to the gentleman to prove there were no lies told. And he would show him drunk. His woman, it seems, ran away from him last night. “Such a hag she was! Thin! Tfui!” He spat. They were always running away from that driver of the devil—and he sixty years old too; could never get used to it. But each heart knows sorrow after its own kind and Ziemianitch was a born fool all his days. And then he

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would fly to the bottle. "‘Who could bear life in our land without the bottle,’ he says. A proper Russian man—the little pig. . . . Be pleased to follow me.”

Razumov crossed a quadrangle of deep snow enclosed between high walls with innumerable windows. Here and there a dim yellow light hung within the four-square mass of darkness. The house was an enormous slum, a hive of human vermin, a monumental abode of misery towering on the verge of starvation and despair.

In a corner the ground sloped sharply down and Razumov followed the light of the lantern through a small doorway into a long cavernous place like a neglected subterranean byre. Deep within, three shaggy little horses tied up to rings hung their heads together, motionless and shadowy in the dim light of the lantern. It must have been the famous team of Haldin’s escape. Razumov peered fearfully into the gloom. His guide pawed in the straw with his foot.

“Here he is. Ah! the little pigeon. A true Russian man. ‘No heavy hearts for me,’ he says. ‘Bring out the bottle and take your ugly mug out of my sight.’ Ha! ha! ha! That’s the fellow he is.”

He held the lantern over a prone form of a man, apparently fully dressed for outdoors. His head was lost in a pointed cloth hood. On the other side of a heap of straw protruded a pair of feet in monstrous thick boots.

“Always ready to drive,” commented the keeper of the eating-house. “A proper Russian driver that. Saint or devil, night or day is all one to Ziemianitch when his heart is free from sorrow ‘I don’t ask who you are, but where you want to go,’ he says. He would drive Satan himself to his own abode and come back whistling to his horses. Many a one he has driven who is clanking his chains in the Nertchinsk mines by this time.”

Razumov shuddered.

“Call out, wake him up,” he faltered out.

The other set down his light, stepped back and launched a kick at the prostrate sleeper. The man shook at the impact but did not move. At the third kick he grunted but remained inert as before.

The eating-house keeper desisted and fetched a deep sigh.

“You see for yourself how it is. We have done what we can for you.”

He picked up the lantern. The intense black spokes of shadow swung about in the circle of light. A terrible fury—the blind rage of self-preservation—possessed Razumov.

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"Ah! The vile beast," he bellowed out in an unearthly tone which made the lantern jump and tremble! "I shall wake you! Give me . . . Give me . . ."

He looked round wildly, seized the handle of a broken stable-fork and rushing forward struck at the prostrate body with inarticulate cries. After a time his cries ceased, and the rain of blows fell in the stillness and shadows of the cellar-like stable. Razumov belaboured Ziemianitch with an insatiable fury, in great volleys of sounding thwacks. Except for the violent movements of Razumov nothing stirred, neither the beaten man nor the spoke-like shadows on the walls. And only the sound of blows was heard. It was a strange scene.

Suddenly there was a sharp crack. The stick broke and half of it flew far away into the gloom beyond the light. At the same time Ziemianitch sat up. At this Razumov became as motionless as the man with the lantern—only his breast heaved for air as if ready to burst.

Some dull sensation of pain must have penetrated at last the consoling night of drunkenness enwrapping the "bright Russian soul" of Haldin's enthusiastic praise. But Ziemianitch evidently saw nothing. His eyeballs blinked all white in the light once, twice—then the gleam went out. For a moment he sat in the straw with closed eyes with a strange air of weary meditation, then fell over slowly on his side without making the slightest sound. Only the straw rustled a little. Razumov stared wildly, fighting for his breath. After a second or two he heard a light snore.

He flung from him the piece of stick remaining in his grasp, and went off with great hasty strides without looking back once.

After going heedlessly for some fifty yards along the street he walked into a snowdrift and was up to his knees before he stopped.

This recalled him to himself; and glancing about he discovered he had been going in the wrong direction. He retraced his steps, but now at a more moderate pace. When passing before the house he had just left he flourished his fist at the sombre refuge of misery and crime rearing its sinister bulk on the white ground. It had an air of brooding. He let his arm fall by his side—discouraged.

Ziemianitch's passionate surrender to sorrow and consolation had baffled him. That was the people. A true Russian man! Razumov was glad he had beaten that brute—the "bright soul" of the other. Here they were: the people and the enthusiast.

Between the two he was done for. Between the drunkenness

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of the peasant incapable of action and the dream intoxication of the idealist incapable of perceiving the reason of things, and the true character of men. It was a sort of terrible childishness. But children had their masters. "Ah! the stick, the stick, the stern hand," thought Razumov, longing for power to hurt and destroy.

He was glad he had thrashed that brute. The physical exertion had left his body in a comfortable glow. His mental agitation too was clarified as if all the feverishness had gone out of him in a fit of outward violence. Together with the persisting sense of terrible danger he was conscious now of a tranquil unquenchable hate.

He walked slower and slower. And indeed, considering the guest he had in his rooms, it was no wonder he lingered on the way. It was like harbouring a pestilential disease that would not perhaps take your life, but would take from you all that made life worth living—a subtle pest that would convert earth into a hell.

What was he doing now? Lying on the bed as if dead, with the back of his hands over his eyes? Razumov had a morbidly vivid vision of Haldin on his bed—the white pillow hollowed by the head, the legs in long boots, the upturned feet. And in his abhorrence he said to himself: "I'll kill him when I get home." But he knew very well that that was of no use. The corpse hanging round his neck would be nearly as fatal as the living man. Nothing short of complete annihilation would do. And that was impossible. What then? Must one kill oneself to escape this visitation?

Razumov's despair was too profoundly tinged with hate to accept that issue.

And yet it was despair—nothing less—at the thought of having to live with Haldin for an indefinite number of days in mortal alarm at every sound. But perhaps when he heard that this "bright soul" of Ziemianitch suffered from a drunken eclipse the fellow would take his infernal resignation somewhere else. And that was not likely on the face of it.

Razumov thought: "I am being crushed—and I can't even run away." Other men had somewhere a corner of the earth—some little house in the provinces where they had a right to take their troubles. A material refuge. He had nothing. He had not even a moral refuge—the refuge of confidence. To whom could he go to with this tale—in all this great, great land?

Razumov stamped his foot—and under the soft carpet of snow felt the hard ground of Russia, inanimate, cold, inert, like a

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sullen and tragic mother hiding her face under a winding-sheet—his native soil!—his very own—without a fireside, without a heart!

He cast his eyes upwards and stood amazed. The snow had ceased to fall, and now as if by a miracle, he saw above his head the clear black sky of the northern winter, decorated with the sumptuous fires of the stars. It was a canopy fit for the resplendent purity of the snows.

Razumov received an almost physical impression of endless space and of countless millions.

He responded to it with the readiness of a Russian who is born to an inheritance of space and numbers. Under the sumptuous immensity of the sky, the snow covered the endless forests, the frozen rivers, the plains of an immense country, obliterating the landmarks, the accidents of the ground, levelling everything under its uniform whiteness, like a monstrous blank page awaiting the record of an inconceivable history. It covered the passive land with its lives of countless people like Ziemianitch and its handful of agitators like this Haldin—murdering foolishly.

It was a sort of sacred inertia. Razumov felt a respect for it. A voice seemed to cry within him: "Don't touch it." It was a guarantee of duration, of safety, while the travail of maturing destiny went on—a work not of revolutions with their passionate levity of action and their shifting impulses—but of peace. What it needed was not the conflicting aspirations of a people, but a will strong and one: it wanted not the babble of many voices, but a man—strong and one!

Razumov stood on the point of conversion. He was fascinated by its approach, by its overpowering logic. For a train of thought is never false. The falsehood lies deep in the necessities of existence, in secret fears and half-formed ambitions, in the secret confidence combined with a secret mistrust of ourselves, in the love of hope and the dread of uncertain days.

In Russia, the land of spectral ideas and disembodied aspirations, many brave minds have turned away at last from the vain and endless conflict to the one great historical fact of the land. They turned to autocracy for the peace of their patriotic conscience as a weary unbeliever, touched by grace, turns to the faith of his fathers for the blessing of spiritual rest. Like other Russians before him, Razumov, in conflict with himself felt the touch of grace upon his forehead.

"Haldin means disruption," he thought to himself, beginning to walk again. "What is he with his indignation, with his talk of bondage—with his talk of God's justice. All that means

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disruption. Better that thousands should suffer than that a people should become a disintegrated mass, helpless like dust in the wind. Obscurantism is better than the light of incendiary torches. The seed germinates in the night. Out of the dark soil springs the perfect plant. But a volcanic eruption is sterile, the ruin of the fertile ground. And am I, who love my country—who have nothing but that to love and put my faith in—am I to have my future, perhaps my usefulness, ruined by this sanguinary fanatic ? ”

The Grace entered into Razumov. He believed now in the man who would come at the appointed time.

What is a throne ? A few pieces of wood upholstered in velvet. But a throne is a seat of power too. The form of government is the shape of a tool—an instrument. But twenty thousand bladders inflated by the noblest sentiments and jostling against each other in the air are a miserable incumbrance of space, holding no power, possessing no will, having nothing to give.

He went on thus, heedless of the way, holding a discourse with himself with extraordinary abundance and facility. Generally his phrases came to him slowly, after a conscious and painstaking wooing. Some superior power had inspired him with a flow of masterly argument as certain converted sinners become overwhelmingly loquacious.

He felt an austere exultation.

“What are the luridly smoky lucubrations of that fellow to the clear grasp of my intellect,” he thought. “Is not this my country ? Have I not got forty million brothers ? ” he asked himself, unanswerably victorious in the silence of his breast. And the fearful thrashing he had given the inanimate Ziemianitch seemed to him like a sign of intimate union, a pathetically severe necessity of brotherly love. “No ! If I must suffer let me at least suffer for my convictions, not for a crime my reason—my cool superior reason—rejects.”

He ceased to think for a moment. The silence in his breast was complete. But he felt a suspicious uneasiness, such as we may experience when we enter an unlighted strange place—the irritational feeling that something may jump upon us in the dark—the absurd dread of the unseen.

Of course he was far from being a moss-grown reactionary. Everything was not for the best. Despotic bureaucracy . . . abuses . . . corruption . . . and so on. Capable men were wanted. Enlightened intelligences. Devoted hearts. But absolute power should be preserved—the tool ready for the man—for the great autocrat of the future. Razumov believed in him.

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The logic of history made him unavoidable. The state of the people demanded him. "What else?" he asked himself ardently, "could move all that mass in one direction? Nothing could. Nothing but a single will."

He was persuaded that he was sacrificing his personal longings of liberalism—rejecting the attractive error for the stern Russian truth. "That's patriotism," he observed mentally, and added, "There's no stopping midway on that road," and then remarked to himself, "I am not a coward."

And again there was a dead silence in Razumov's breast. He walked with lowered head, making room for no one. He walked slowly and his thoughts returning spoke within him with solemn slowness.

"What is this Haldin? And what am I? Only two grains of sand. But a great mountain is made up of just such insignificant grains. And the death of a man or of many men is an insignificant thing. Yet we combat a contagious pestilence. Do I want his death? No! I would save him if I could—but no one can do that—he is the withered member that must be cut off. If I must perish through him, let me at least not perish with him, and, associated against my will with his sombre folly that understands nothing either of men or things. Why should I leave a false memory?"

It passed through his mind that there was no one in the world who cared what sort of memory he left behind him. He exclaimed to himself instantly: "Perish vainly for a falsehood! . . . What a miserable fate!"

He was now in a more animated part of the town. He did not remark the crash of two colliding sledges close to the curb. The driver of one bellowed tearfully at his fellow.

"Oh! Thou vile wretch!"

This coarse yell, let out nearly in his ear, disturbed Razumov. He shook his head impatiently and went on looking straight before him. Suddenly on the snow, stretched on his back right across his path, he saw Haldin, solid, distinct, real, with his inverted hands over his eyes, clad in a brown close-fitting coat and long boots. He was lying out of the way a little, as though he had selected that place on purpose. The snow round him was untrodden.

This hallucination had such a solidity of aspect that the first movement of Razumov was to reach for his pocket to assure himself that the key of his rooms was there. But he checked the impulse with a disdainful curve of his lips. He understood. His thought, concentrated intensely on the figure left lying on his

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bed, had culminated in this extraordinary illusion of the sight. Razumov tackled the phenomenon calmly. With a stern face, without a check and gazing far beyond the vision, he walked on, experiencing nothing but a slight tightening of the chest. After passing he turned his head for a glance and saw only the unbroken track of his footsteps over the place where the breast of the phantom had been lying.

Razumov walked on and after a little time whispered his wonder to himself.

"Exactly as if alive! Seemed to breathe! And right in my way too! I have had an extraordinary experience."

He made a few steps and muttered through his set teeth:

"I shall give him up."

Then for some twenty yards or more all was blank. He wrapped his cloak closer round him. He pulled his cap well forward over his eyes.

"Betray. A great word. What is betrayal? They talk of a man betraying his country, his friends, his sweetheart. There must be a moral bond first. All a man can betray is his conscience. And how is my conscience engaged here; by what bond of common faith, of common conviction, am I obliged to let that fanatical idiot drag me down with him? On the contrary—every obligation of true courage is the other way."

Razumov looked round from under his cap.

"What can the prejudice of the world reproach me with? Have I provoked his confidence? No! Have I by a single word, look, or gesture given him reason to suppose that I accepted his trust in me? No! It is true that I consented to go and see his Ziemianitch. Well, I have been to see him. And I broke a stick on his back too—the brute."

Something seemed to turn over in his head bringing uppermost a singularly hard clear facet of his brain.

"It would be better, however," he said to himself with a quite different mental accent, "to keep that circumstance altogether to myself."

He had passed beyond the turn leading to his lodgings, and had reached a wide and fashionable street. Some shops were still open, and all the restaurants. Lights fell on the pavement where men in expensive fur coats, with here and there the elegant figure of a woman, walked with an air of leisure. Razumov looked at them with the contempt of an austere believer for the frivolous crowd. It was the world—those officers, dignitaries, men of fashion, officials, members of the Yacht Club. The event of the

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morning affected them all. What would they say if they knew what this student in a cloak was going to do ?

"Not one of them is capable of feeling and thinking as deeply as I can. How many of them could accomplish an act of conscience ?"

Razumov lingered in the well-lighted street. He was firmly decided. Indeed, it could hardly be called a decision. He had simply discovered what he had meant to do all along. And yet he felt the need of some other mind's sanction.

With something resembling anguish he said to himself:

"I want to be understood." The universal aspiration with all its profound and melancholy meaning assailed heavily Razumov, who, amongst eighty millions of his kith and kin had no heart to which he could open himself.

The attorney was not to be thought of. He despised the little agent of chicane too much. One could not go and lay one's conscience before the policeman at the corner. Neither was Razumov anxious to go to the chief of his district's police—a common-looking person whom he used to see sometimes in the street in a shabby uniform and with a smouldering cigarette stuck to his lower lip. "He would begin by locking me up most probably. At any rate, he is certain to get excited and create an awful commotion," thought Razumov practically.

An act of conscience must be done with outward dignity.

Razumov longed desperately for a word of advice, for moral support. Who knows what true loneliness is—not the conventional word, but the naked terror ? To the lonely themselves it wears a mask. The most miserable outcast hugs some memory or some illusion. Now and then a fatal conjunction of events may lift the veil for an instant. For an instant only. No human being could bear a steady view of moral solitude without going mad.

Razumov had reached that point of vision. To escape from it he embraced for a whole minute the delirious purpose of rushing to his lodgings and flinging himself on his knees by the side on the bed with the dark figure stretched on it ; to pour out a full confession in passionate words that would stir the whole being of that man to its innermost depths ; that would end in embraces and tears ; in an incredible fellowship of souls—such as the world had never seen. It was sublime !

Inwardly he wept and trembled already. But to the casual eyes that were cast upon him he was aware that he appeared as a tranquil student in a cloak, out for a leisurely stroll. He noted, too, the sidelong, brilliant glance of a pretty woman—with a delicate head, and covered in the hairy skins of wild beasts down

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to her feet, like a frail and beautiful savage—which rested for a moment with a sort of mocking tenderness on the deep abstraction of that good-looking young man.

Suddenly Razumov stood still. The glimpse of a passing grey whisker, caught and lost in the same instant, had evoked the complete image of Prince K——, the man who once had pressed his hand as no other man had pressed it—a faint but lingering pressure like a secret sign, like a half-unwilling caress.

And Razumov marvelled at himself. Why did he not think of him before!

“A senator, a dignitary, a great personage, the very man—He!”

A strange softening emotion came over Razumov—made his knees shake a little. He repressed it with a new-born austerity. All that sentiment was pernicious nonsense. He couldn’t be quick enough; and when he got into a sledge he shouted to the driver:

“To the K—— Palace. Get on—you! Fly!”

The startled moujik, bearded up to the very whites of his eyes, answered obsequiously:

“I hear, your high Nobility.”

It was lucky for Razumov that Prince K—— was not a man of timid character. On the day of Mr. de P——’s murder an extreme alarm and despondency prevailed in the high official spheres.

Prince K——, sitting sadly, alone in his study, was told by his alarmed servants that a mysterious young man had forced his way into the hall, refused to tell his name and the nature of his business, and would not move from there till he had seen his Excellency in private. Instead of locking himself up and telephoning for the police, as nine out of ten high personages would have done that evening, the Prince gave way to curiosity and came quietly to the door of his study.

In the hall, the front door standing wide open, he recognised at once Razumov, pale as death, his eyes blazing, and surrounded by perplexed lackeys.

The Prince was vexed beyond measure, and even indignant. But his humane instincts and a subtle sense of self-respect could not allow him to let this young man be thrown out into the street by base menials. He retreated unseen into his room, and after a little rang his bell. Razumov heard in the hall an ominously raised harsh voice saying somewhere far away:

“Show the gentleman in here.”

Razumov walked in without a tremor. He felt himself

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invulnerable—raised far above the shallowness of common judgment. Though he saw the Prince looking at him with black displeasure the lucidity of his mind of which he was very conscious gave him an extraordinary assurance. He was not asked to sit down.

Half an hour later they appeared in the hall together. The lackeys stood up, and the Prince, moving with difficulty on his gouty feet, was helped into his furs. The carriage had been ordered before. When the great double door was flung open with a crash, Razumov, who had been standing silent with a lost gaze but with every faculty intensely on the alert, heard the Prince's voice:

"Your arm, young man."

The mobile, superficial mind of the ex-guard's officer, man of showy missions, experienced in nothing but the arts of gallant intrigue and worldly success, had been equally impressed by the more obvious difficulties of such a situation and by Razumov's quiet dignity in stating them.

He had said "No. Upon the whole I can't condemn the step you ventured to take by coming to me with your story. It is not an affair for police understrappers. The greatest importance is attached to . . . Set your mind at rest. I shall see you through this most extraordinary and difficult situation."

Then the Prince rose to ring the bell and Razumov making a short bow said with deference:

"I have trusted my instinct. A young man having no claim upon anybody in the world has in an hour of trial involving his deepest political convictions turned to an illustrious Russian—that's all."

The Prince had exclaimed hastily:

"You have done well."

In the carriage—it was a small brougham on sleigh runners—Razumov broke the silence in a voice that trembled slightly.

"My gratitude surpasses the greatness of my presumption."

He gasped, feeling unexpectedly in the dark a momentary pressure on his arm.

"You have done well," repeated the Prince.

When the carriage stopped the Prince murmured to Razumov, who had never ventured a single question:

"The house of General T——."

In the middle of the snow-covered roadway blazed a great bonfire. Some Cossacks, the bridles of their horses over the arm, were warming themselves around. Two sentries stood at

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the door, several gendarmes lounged under the great carriage gateway and on the first floor landing two orderlies rose and stood at attention. Razumov walked at the Prince's elbow.

A surprising quantity of hot-house plants in pots cumbered the floor of the ante-room. Servants came forward. A young man in civilian clothes arrived hurriedly, was whispered to, bowed low and exclaiming zealously: "Certainly—this minute," fled within somewhere. The Prince signed to Razumov.

They passed through a suite of reception-rooms all barely lit and one of them prepared for dancing. The wife of the General had put off her party. An atmosphere of consternation pervaded the place. But the General's own room, with heavy sombre hangings, two massive desks, and deep arm-chairs, had all the lights turned on. The footman shut the door behind them and they waited.

There was a coal fire in an English grate; Razumov had never before seen such a fire; and the silence of the room was like the silence of the grave; perfect, measureless, for even the clock on the mantelpiece made no sound. Filling a corner, on a black pedestal, stood a quarter-life-size smooth-limbed bronze of an adolescent figure, running. The Prince observed in an undertone:

"Spontini's 'Flight of Youth.' Exquisite."

"Admirable," assented Razumov, faintly.

They said nothing more after this, the Prince silent with his grand air, Razumov staring at the bronze. He was worried by sensation resembling the gnawing of hunger.

He did not turn when he heard an inner door fly open, and a quick footstep, muffled on the carpet.

The Prince's voice immediately exclaimed, thick with excitement:

"We have got him—*ce misérable*. A worthy young man came to me—No! It's incredible. . . ."

Razumov held his breath before the bronze as if expecting a crash. Behind his back a voice he had never heard before insisted politely:

"*Mais asseyez-vous donc.*"

The Prince almost shrieked: "*Mais, comprenez-vous, mon cher! L'assassin!* the murderer—we have got him. . . ."

Razumov spun round. The General's smooth big cheeks rested on the stiff collar of his uniform. He must have been already looking at Razumov, because that last saw the pale blue eyes fastened on him coldly.

The Prince from a chair waved an impressive hand.

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"This is the most honourable young man whom Providence itself . . . Mr. Razumov."

The General acknowledged the introduction by frowning at Razumov, who did not make the slightest movement.

Sitting down before his desk the General listened with compressed lips. It was impossible to detect any sign of emotion on his face.

Razumov watched the immobility of the fleshy profile. But it lasted only a moment, till the Prince had finished; and when the General turned to the providential young man, his florid complexion, the blue, unbelieving eyes and the bright white flash of an automatic smile had an air of jovial, careless cruelty. He expressed no wonder at the extraordinary story—no pleasure or excitement—no incredulity either. He betrayed no sentiment whatever. Only with a politeness almost deferential suggested that "the bird might have flown while Mr.—Mr. Razumov was running about the streets."

Razumov advanced to the middle of the room and said: "The door is locked and I have the key in my pocket."

His loathing for the man was intense. It had come upon him so unawares that he felt he had not kept it out of his voice. The General looked up at him thoughtfully, and Razumov grinned.

All this went over the head of Prince K—— seated in a deep arm-chair, very tired and impatient.

"A student called Haldin," said the General thoughtfully.

Razumov ceased to grin.

"That is his name," he said unnecessarily loud. "Victor Victorovitch Haldin—a student."

The General shifted his position a little.

"How is he dressed? Would you have the goodness to tell me."

Razumov angrily described Haldin's clothing in a few jerky words. The General stared all the time, then addressing the Prince:

"We were not without some indications," he said in French. "A good woman who was in the street described to us somebody wearing a dress of the sort as the thrower of the second bomb. We have detained her at the Secretariat, and every one in a Tcherkess coat we could lay our hands on has been brought to her to look at. She kept on signing herself and shaking her head at them. It was exasperating. . . ."

He turned to Razumov and in Russian, with friendly reproach:

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"Take a chair, Mr. Razumov—do. Why are you standing?"

Razumov sat down carelessly and looked at the General.

"This goggle-eyed imbecile understands nothing," he thought.

The Prince began to speak loftily.

"Mr. Razumov is a young man of conspicuous abilities. I have it at heart that his future should not . . ."

"Certainly," interrupted the General, with a movement of the hand. "Has he any weapons on him, do you think, Mr. Razumov?"

The General employed a gentle musical voice. Razumov answered with suppressed irritation:

"No. But my razors are lying about—you understand."

The General lowered his head approvingly.

"Precisely."

Then to the Prince, explaining courteously:

"We want that bird alive. It will be the devil if we can't make him sing a little before we are done with him."

The grave-like silence of the room with its mute clock fell upon the polite modulations of this terrible phrase. The Prince hidden in the chair made no sound.

The General unexpectedly developed a thought.

"Fidelity to menaced institutions on which depend the safety of a throne and of a people is no child's play. We know that, *mon Prince*, and—*tenez*—" he went on with a sort of flattering harshness, "Mr. Razumov here begins to understand that too."

His eyes which he turned upon Razumov seemed to be starting out of his head. This grotesqueness of aspect no longer shocked Razumov. He said with gloomy conviction:

"Haldin will never speak."

"That remains to be seen," muttered the General.

"I am certain," insisted Razumov. "A man like this never speaks. . . . Do you imagine that I am here from fear," he added violently. He felt ready to stand by his opinion of Haldin to the last extremity.

"Certainly not," protested the General, with great simplicity of tone. "And I don't mind telling you, Mr. Razumov, that if he had not come with his tale to such a staunch and loyal Russian as you, he would have disappeared like a stone in the water . . . which would have had a detestable effect," he added, with a bright, cruel smile under his stony stare. "So you see, there can be no suspicion of any fear here."

The Prince intervened, looking at Razumov round the back of the arm-chair.

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"Nobody doubts the moral soundness of your action. Be at ease in that respect, pray."

He turned to the General uneasily.

"That's why I am here. You may be surprised why I should . . ."

The General hastened to interrupt.

"Not at all. Extremely natural. You saw the importance . . ."

"Yes," broke in the Prince. "And I venture to ask insistently that mine and Mr. Razumov's intervention should not become public. He is a young man of promise—of remarkable aptitudes."

"I haven't a doubt of it," murmured the General. "He inspires confidence."

"All sorts of pernicious views are so widespread nowadays—they taint such unexpected quarters—that, monstrous as it seems, he might suffer. . . . His studies. . . . His . . ."

The General with his elbows on the desk took his head between his hands.

"Yes. Yes. I am thinking it out. . . . How long is it since you left him at your rooms, Mr. Razumov?"

Razumov mentioned the hour which nearly corresponded with the time of his distracted flight from the big slum house. He had made up his mind to keep Ziemianitch out of the affair completely. To mention him at all would mean imprisonment for the "bright soul," perhaps cruel floggings, and in the end a journey into Siberia in chains. Razumov, who had beaten Ziemianitch, felt for him now a vague, remorseful tenderness.

The General giving way for the first time to his secret sentiments, exclaimed contemptuously:

"And you say he came in to make you this confidence like this—for nothing—*à propos des bottes*."

Razumov felt danger in the air. The merciless suspicion of despotism had spoken openly at last. Sudden fear sealed Razumov's lips. The silence of the room resembled now the silence of a deep dungeon, where time does not count, and a suspect person is sometimes forgotten for ever. But the Prince came to the rescue.

"Providence itself has led the wretch in a moment of mental aberration to seek Mr. Razumov on the strength of some old, utterly misinterpreted exchange of ideas—some sort of idle speculative conversation—months ago—I am told—and completely forgotten till now by Mr. Razumov."

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"Mr. Razumov," queried the General meditatively, after a short silence, "do you often indulge in speculative conversation?"

"No, Excellency," answered Razumov, coolly, in a sudden access of self-confidence. "I am a man of deep convictions. Crude opinions are in the air. They are not always worth combating. But even the silent contempt of a serious mind may be misinterpreted by headlong utopists."

The General stared from between his hands. Prince K—— murmured:

"A serious young man. *Un esprit supérieur.*"

"I see that, *mon cher Prince*," said the General. "Mr. Razumov is quite safe with me. I am interested in him. He has, it seems, the great and useful quality of inspiring confidence. What I was wondering at is why the other should mention anything at all—I mean even the bare fact alone—if his object was only to obtain temporary shelter for a few hours. For, after all, nothing was easier than to say nothing about it unless, indeed, he were trying, under a crazy misapprehension of your true sentiments, to enlist your assistance—eh, Mr. Razumov?"

It seemed to Razumov that the floor was moving slightly. This grotesque man in a tight uniform was terrible. It was right that he should be terrible.

"I can see what your Excellency has in your mind. But I can only answer that I don't know why."

"I have nothing in my mind," murmured the General, with gentle surprise.

"I am his prey—his helpless prey," thought Razumov. The fatigues and the disgusts of that afternoon, the need to forget, the fear which he could not keep off, reawakened his hate for Haldin.

"Then I can't help your Excellency. I don't know what he meant. I only know there was a moment when I wished to kill him. There was also a moment when I wished myself dead. I said nothing. I was overcome. I provoked no confidence—I asked for no explanations——"

Razumov seemed beside himself; but his mind was lucid. It was really a calculated outburst.

"It is rather a pity," the General said, "that you did not. Don't you know at all what he means to do?"

Razumov calmed down and saw an opening there.

"He told me he was in hopes that a sledge would meet him about half an hour after midnight at the seventh lamp-post on the left from the upper end of Karabelnaya. At any rate, he

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meant to be there at that time. He did not even ask me for a change of clothes."

"*Ab voilà !*" said the General, turning to Prince K— with an air of satisfaction. "There is a way to keep your *protégé*, Mr. Razumov, quite clear of any connection with the actual arrest. We shall be ready for that gentleman in Karabelnaya."

The Prince expressed his gratitude. There was real emotion in his voice. Razumov, motionless, silent, sat staring at the carpet. The General turned to him.

"Half an hour after midnight. Till then we have to depend on you, Mr. Razumov. You don't think he is likely to change his purpose ?"

"How can I tell," said Razumov. "Those men are not of the sort that ever changes its purpose."

"What men do you mean ?"

"Fanatical lovers of liberty in general. Liberty with a capital L, Excellency. Liberty that means nothing precise. Liberty in whose name crimes are committed."

The General murmured :

"I detest rebels of every kind. I can't help it. It's my nature !"

He clenched a fist and shook it, drawing back his arm. "They shall be destroyed, then."

"They have made a sacrifice of their lives beforehand," said Razumov with malicious pleasure and looking the General straight in the face. "If Haldin does change his purpose to-night, you may depend on it that it will not be to save his life by flight in some other way. He would have thought then of something else to attempt. But that is not likely."

The General repeated as if to himself: "They shall be destroyed."

Razumov assumed an impenetrable expression. The Prince exclaimed :

"What a terrible necessity !" The General's arm was lowered slowly.

"One comfort there is. That brood leaves no posterity. I've always said it ; one effort, pitiless, persistent, steady—and we are done with them for ever."

Razumov thought to himself that this man entrusted with so much arbitrary power must have believed what he said or else he could not have gone on bearing the responsibility.

The General repeated again with extreme animosity :

"I detest rebels. These subversive minds ! These intellectual *debauchés* ! My existence has been built on fidelity.

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It's a feeling. To defend it I am ready to lay down my life—and even my honour—if that were needed. But pray tell me what honour can there be as against rebels—against people that deny God Himself—perfect unbelievers. Brutes. It is horrible to think of.”

During this tirade Razumov, facing the General, had nodded slightly twice. Prince K—— standing on one side with his grand air, murmured, casting up his eyes :

“*Hélas !*”

Then lowering his glance and with great decision declared :
“This young man, General, is perfectly fit to apprehend the bearing of your memorable words.”

The General's whole expression changed from dull resentment to perfect urbanity.

“I would ask now, Mr Razumov,” he said, “to return to his home. Note that I don't ask Mr. Razumov whether he has justified his absence to his guest. No doubt he did this sufficiently. But I don't ask. Mr. Razumov inspires confidence. It is a great gift. I only suggest that a more prolonged absence might awaken the criminal's suspicions and induce him perhaps to change his plans.”

He rose and with scrupulous courtesy escorted his visitors to the ante-room encumbered with flower-pots.

Razumov parted with the Prince at the corner of a street. In the carriage he had listened to speeches where natural sentiment struggled with caution. Evidently the Prince was afraid of encouraging any hopes of future intercourse. But there was a touch of tenderness in the voice uttering in the dark the guarded general phrases of good-will. And the Prince too said :

“I have perfect confidence in you, Mr. Razumov.”

“They all, it seems, have confidence in me,” thought Razumov, dully. He had an indulgent contempt for the man sitting shoulder to shoulder with him in the confined space. Probably he was afraid of scenes with his wife. She was said to be proud and violent.

It seemed to him bizarre that secrecy should play such a large part in the comfort and safety of lives. But he wanted to put the Prince's mind at ease ; and with a proper amount of emphasis he said that, being conscious of some small abilities and confident in his power of work, he trusted his future to his own exertions. He protested his gratitude for the helping hand. Such dangerous situations did not occur twice in the course of one life—he added.

“And you have met it with a firmness of mind and correctness of feeling which give me a high idea of your worth,” the

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Prince said solemnly. "You have now only to persevere—to persevere."

On getting out on the pavement Razumov saw an ungloved hand extended to him through the lowered window of the brougham. It detained his own in its grasp for a moment, while the light of a street lamp fell upon the Prince's long face and old-fashioned grey whiskers.

"I hope you are perfectly reassured now as to the consequences . . ."

"After what your Excellency has condescended to do for me, I can only rely on my conscience."

"Adieu," said the whiskered head with feeling.

Razumov bowed. The brougham glided away with a slight swish in the snow—he was alone on the edge of the pavement.

(To be continued)

For the "People's House"

ON the whole the country has cause to be thankful that the issue is to be fought out at once, thereby giving Santa Claus a clear week's licence, with reasonable prospect that an end will be put to the long legicidal record of the Lords: who ever since their rejection of Gladstone's Home Rule Bill have usurped not only the legislative authority of the days of Walpole and Chatham but have again become a co-equal branch of the Legislature and an absolute obstruction to all Liberal and democratic reform. If their chief merit has hitherto consisted in the admission that they were *possible*, they have now shown themselves to be impossible. They have played away their own directive faculties. By arrogating to their class the predominance that existed before the Act of 1832, by returning, that is, to the Feudal class privilege of aristocratic government, they have once more forced the part that the Upper House is to play in our Parliamentary system to a fighting issue which, in itself, is a mild form of revolution.

REVOLUTION it will be. If the House of Peers ever goes, wrote the admirable Bagehot, "it will go in a storm, and the storm will not leave all else as it is." With the Peers stands and falls our curious system of the "eldest son," primogeniture, with which are involved the estates of the great families with their great aristocratic aggregations of property, the great hold on public life deriving from such estates, the great social, political, and economic power handed down through them from Feudal times. Again, let us cite Bagehot. "The danger of the House of Lords certainly is, that it may never be reformed. If it is safe against rough destruction, it is not safe against inward decay. It may lose its veto as the Crown has lost its veto. If most of its members neglect their duties, if all its members continue to be of one class,

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and that not quite the best ; if its doors are shut against genius that cannot found a family, and ability which has not five thousand a year, its power will be less year by year, and at last be gone, as so much kingly power is gone—no one knows how. Its danger is not in assassination, but atrophy ; not abolition, but decline."

Most excellent, most apposite words. The English Constitution, the entire English spirit of the Constitution, is framed upon the principle of choosing a single sovereign authority, and *making it good*. That authority is the "People's House," as the Government of this country is the unroyal form of Parliamentary Government. With the Reform Act of 1832 the function of the House of Lords was changed, when it became a revising and suspending Chamber. All authorities on constitutional law agreed so to regard it. The veto of the Upper House was accepted as a hypothetical veto, and it is the one claim of the Duke of Wellington to the name of statesman that he presided over the change, for it was only the threat of a catastrophic creation of Peers which forced the Peers to give way. Now by its very nature the House of Lords in the English Constitution cannot stop revolution. Resting, as it does, upon inveterate homage, class tradition and deference, it is the index of the nation's content ; in no sense a bulwark against imminent revolution. The House of Lords, being an hereditary Chamber, cannot be of more than common ability ; being a class assembly of landowners it must necessarily be opposed to the "modern spirit" of reform or innovation ; being, since 1832, not a co-equal in the Legislature it must invariably give way to the will of the Commons when that will is unmistakably proven to be the will of the people.

AND as England has always been most revolutionary when most Conservative, so at this juncture this is an eminently Conservative revolution. It was so in the Restoration, in 1688, when it obtained new heads and new guarantees, yet remained organically peaceful and contented, having achieved these reforms—which gave popular rights to the people, active and

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decisive participation in the country's government—not by popular insurrection, but by organised parties of legal policies, driven by circumstance and the instinctive force of Conservatism to change the existing conditions of Government. To-day, it is the Lords who have primed the charge of revolution. It is they, not the Commons, who by their wooden insensibility to reform, by their usurpation of a class privilege signed away by the Duke of Wellington, have stirred the innate Conservatism of this country—the people and the Commons—to revolt: to insist that the Upper House shall no longer be the mere formal registrar of the Conservative party vote both in and out of office. No other question is virtually before the country. Thus, the revolution that is now taking place is Conservative. It is Conservative because it is prompted by the English desire of the people for peace and order; because men realise that the reassertion of the Feudal authority of the Lords, which has relegated Parliament to the impotent position of the German Reichstag, must lead, and is leading, to shock and countershock, to conditions of one-sided political Government at once anachronistic and dangerous.

Nothing can be plainer than the intrinsic and extrinsic nature of the issue now before the country, which is this: are we to return to the political conditions that obtained before the Reform Act, when, by the will of England, the predominance of the House of Lords was eliminated from our constitutional practice? It is easy to see how the situation has arisen. Up to the year 1832, the Upper House was the co-equal of the Commons; in the main, the Houses being of like origin. By the Act of 1832 this was greatly altered. The aristocracy and the gentry lost their predominance in the Commons—which predominance passed to the middle class. The two Houses then became distinct, and, *ipso facto*, ceased to be co-equal. After 1832, up to the year 1885, the Upper House was neither strong nor respected. It was the period of the rise of plutocracy; and as the House of Commons grew more plutocratic, so proportionately the House of Lords became more contrasted, more separative, weaker. By the defeat of the Home Rule Bill, the Lords recovered the authority

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of the co-equal Chamber. And something more. They crushed the most popular statesman of his age ; they restored the *status quo* prior to 1832 ; they became again the supreme power in the country, a position they have hitherto held with increasing insistency up to the present crisis.

FROM 1885 the arrogance (politically speaking) of the Lords has only been equalled by their sequacious deference to Mr. Balfour's personality. Out of some six hundred members, not three score to-day are avowed Liberals. As the social-economic policy of democracy grew and took shape, the legicidal power of the Lords has become more presumptuous and abusive, as their general attitude towards what they call the "confiscatory" policy of democracy has grown more and more interested. Even before 1832, unlimited power of rejection without reference to the popular will was not claimed by the Lords—Rejection of the Reform Act of 1832 would have brought about a revolution—why is it so claimed to-day ? The reason is obvious enough. It is that the aristocracy, as such, has ceased to be the head of plutocracy which is stronger, younger, and more vital, and is itself the kinsman of democracy. It is that in these days of commerce and scientific progress the burgesses, the artisans, the people of the towns are the true guardians of the nation's welfare and, as such, are its lawful sovereign. It is that the old tradition of aristocratic privilege and authority is disappearing before the new age of plutocratic democracy.

ALL over Europe the signs are there—grim portents of our age. The state of unrest in the labour world is deep and general. In a sense it is the product of the cheap printing press ; of compulsory education ; of that power of the written word which is more powerful than victories. The "ignorance" of the masses is an obsolete expression—it would be truer to-day to speak of the ignorance of the classes. And the conditions of labour have changed proportionately. The apprentice system is dead. In the great industrial world the old personal relationship between

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master and men has gone absolutely, irrevocably. To-day the men are merely part of the machine. Personal supervision, contact, sympathy have given place to a hired system of control and "speeding-up"; the men are mere units, unknown even by name; they herd in dingy quarters of the city; the classes live now apart from the masses, apart from them in their games, in their whole social and economic lives. The wage-earner, faced all his life long by the evil of unemployment, is to-day more truly a slave, an entity in the industrial machine, than in the darkest days of Feudalism, and he has been given the power of the word. That is the characteristic of the modern economic world. It is the great problem of our humanity.

It is not the toll of lives men register in crowning victories that shape this world, but the ideas that inspire mankind. What to-day do the great martial deeds of Spain signify beside the book that Cervantes wrote in prison or a single canvas of Velasquez; or the achievements of the Netherlands before the glory of their painters! We have placed in the hands of the manual workers of the world the power of the word; we have taught them to read, to think, to co-operate. Every free library sends forth, in a sense, a "Dreadnought" in the battle of proletarian emancipation. The feature of the modern world is this growth of half-education. May those who use it in the coming election bear in mind its lurking dangers. Let Unionists remember that "you cannot fool the public all the time."

By no manner of construction is this a party fight; it is not subversive in the Socialist sense, it is the fight for the root and branch of our constitutional principle. It is no new thing that Liberalism demands, but the return of the Lords to the *status quo* wrung from them in 1832. It is important that this should be understood. And that it is so is evident from the attitude of the Lords themselves. Confronted with the direct issue, the hereditary pole falls with its panache to the ground. What the Lords refused Lord

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Rosebery all these years they grant with supine readiness now that the clash has come ; abandoning the hereditary principle like some old and threadbare garment that is no longer serviceable or ornamental. For years they put out their tongues at all Lord Rosebery's entreaties. For months they have ridiculed and bearded Mr. Asquith and his followers. It was their attitude of irreconciliation that rendered the Conference abortive. Led on by a kind of splenetic mania that it was better to die in harness than to be hamstrung constitutionally, they have forced their entirely obsolescent claim upon the country and then, at the eleventh hour, kneel with coronets in their hands, crying, like little Jack of the fable, " Oh, what a good boy am I ! "

VAIN contrition. They have eaten the edge of their own swords. They have no weapon to fight with ; no cause ; no man to fight it. Only the impotent screeches of party opportunism remain to them and their supporters. Like Schiller's Wallenstein before the last battle, the hereditary system has a " long sleep before it."

YET there is nothing in this real and earnest revolution particularly acerbating to the general public, partly because the opposition to the Lords is conservative, one making for the prevention of disorder rather than the making of it, and partly because the Peers, having admitted the necessity of reform, must necessarily now submit to it. But institutions die hard in England : as a people we are influenced by things palpable not impalpable ; we fear ideas as we dislike system, and the silent generating factor of change, which is the advent of a new generation, has not yet come into operation. The forces of the Lords to-day are still the forces that threw out Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, even if sundry more or less irresponsible Conservative writers to-day tentatively advocate Irish autonomy. Palpable enough is the power of the aristocracy in our public life. Palpable enough to them is the change that will come into it with any weakening of authority in the old Feudal Chamber. The impalpable is the use that democracy will make of it.

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WILD and evil things will be said. The impudence of unscrupulous impotence will be unchained; in the tumid and tumultuous fray of the election there will be much acerbity. A few weeks ago some of the most influential of Tory writers were heralding Mr. Redmond as the potential destroyer of the Liberal party, for, realising that Home Rule has become a practical issue in politics, these men proceeded to write solemnly about Federalism and Irish autonomy and the great man that Mr. Redmond was, because it was thought that Mr. Redmond and his followers would be a good asset in the struggle against Liberalism and might be hoodwinked into line. But the moment Mr. Redmond gave the lie to these party opportunists, the same men who praised as suddenly anathematised him as the "Dollar Dictator" who was coming with American gold to "tear down" the British Constitution. Sensible men will prefer the inanities of the *Dollar Princess* to this transparent fustian. As if, for one thing, the sum of £40,000 played more than a trifling part in an English General Election, fought out, as we know and deplore, by bribery, plural voting, corruption, and intimidation on a rough estimate of two million pounds of coin of the realm. Now what do £40,000 matter in a total of £2,000,000? Obviously little. The thing is ridiculous. And equally so is the unpatriotic nature of the charge.

THIS the *Daily Chronicle* has shown up by publishing a list of some of the subscribers. Instead of American gold, we find that it is largely Canadian gold, given by men of our own kith and kin, and among the names are those of Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself and many other Ministers, bankers, and public men of the colony. To talk about "traitors," and "tearing down" the Constitution is the language of folly. Men who write and talk like that are the true enemies of the people whom it is the right of democracy to denounce. Most thinking men, Liberal and Conservative, are agreed that some form of Home Rule is the only true solution to the Irish question, as that opposition to it is the unsurmountable bar to Anglo-American friendship. If we can grant liberty to the Boers, assuredly we can concede it to

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Ireland—that liberty which is the one tangible result of the war and the music-hall pyrotechnics of jingoism. And when Conservative writers shout loudest about the dangers of Home Rule they know in their hearts that it is a knavish cry—a cry they do not themselves believe in, a cry of vulgar party opportunism, a cry of pure electioneering blarney.

THE position that rational men will be called to vote upon is this: Is the revolutionary usurpation of supreme authority by the hereditary Lords to be allowed to prevail in this country of evolutionary constitutional history? The Liberals were returned in 1906 with a clear mandate from the people. Yet they could do nothing. On almost every occasion the Peers thwarted their legislation, finally rejecting the whole finance of the year. Again, returned, the Liberals found themselves in similar predicament. The Lords, being now merely an appanage of the Conservative party, it matters little to Mr. Balfour whether he has a following in Parliament or not. England is governed by Mr. Balfour's niblick. Tacitly that is now generally admitted. A Liberal Government to-day is in much the position of social-democracy in the Reichstag. They have the policy, the enthusiasm, the best men. Yet they can do nothing. The constitutional Government of this country has passed into the smile of the Tory leader.

PROGRESSIVE legislation is rendered impossible. The established idea of a second Chamber as a critical and revising faculty having vanished, Liberal Bills are not even granted that meed of fair play which is the spirit of our English life. There is no longer any representative government in the country. Political authority has passed from the Cabinet, from Parliament, from the constituencies into the power of a Chamber constituted by no right of merit or distinction, but by the fortuity of birth, united, thinking, and ruling on a purely class basis of self-interest and protection, actuated by no other decision than that of the party injunction. Even on finance the Lower House is impotent.

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The whole machinery of Liberal Government is stopped. And now the hour-glass of the hereditary system has run out. The Peers, scenting menace, vie with one another with nebulous schemes of jerry-building reform. They know that they have overstayed their time. They know that the bauble of heredity has lost both dignity and cunning.

It is the situation of France in 1789, only we need not speak, like Carlyle, of the "verge of unutterabilities." Yet what England has now to decide upon is most dear and vital to her. This is no gunpowder revolution. In the fighting sense of the word it is no revolution at all, for the Lords have no force behind them and are by law of the Constitution powerless. It is well to realise that. They exist by tolerance, by that splendid English quality of ours of fair-play and adjustment. But they have abused both fair-play and adjustment. They have set themselves beyond the pale of right, of reason, of prudence. They have become trespassers upon the people's property. They stand now without the law of the Constitution. That is the indictment. There is but one solution possible, but one remedy left, to all who prize the constitutional government of this country, and it is the remedy of the knife.

If we look at the destiny of nations, or at that of great men—whether a monarchy or a republic, an aristocratic or a democratic society—we find the same truth revealed by facts: definite success is only obtained by the same principles and in the same way. That is why the revolutionary spirit is fatal to the greatness it raises up, as to that which it casts down. The policy which preserves States is also that alone which ends and founds revolutions. Men need have no fear that the demolition of the hereditary Second Chamber will therefore create a stronger and more harmful one. In this matter the Liberal party follows but a cause, an ideal, fights but for a revolution which is to end one. Men talk with a certain timorous dislike of unicameral rule. Yet since 1885 unicameral government has been the sole govern-

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ment of this country. A more biased, interestedly partial House than that of the Peers since 1885 could not be created or imagined. There need be no disquiet on that account. The mandate that Liberalism seeks of the people is the authority to found and end a revolution; to make good the legislative right which is vested in the People's House but which the Lords have torn from them. That is the instrument of authority submitted to the nation's arbitrament: to ask for the popular redemption of those rights wrung from the Lords in 1832; for the power to make and end a revolution.

It has always been the good fortune of England that strong and close bonds of union have united the different classes of the country. Our aristocracy and democracy have lived cheek by jowl together, sustaining and checking each other. Our leaders have not been separated from the people and the people have always followed them. This was the great difference between the leaders of the French Revolution and those of Cromwellian England. Cromwell and his leaders were men instinctively of order and government, not revolutionaries, like the French, so that it is no paradox to say that the feature of the revolution which ended in 1688 and gave England liberty was its true aristocratic character. It is the same to-day. The leaders of the movement against the Lords are men of order and government: aristocrats, in that they are the best products of the people. They are fighting now for the same principle that Cromwell ultimately won in 1688—that Parliament should retain the sovereign power it had assumed. And they are the same class of men, come together by much the same reasons which are to save the government and the liberties of Englishmen. Ever since 1885 the issue has been growing sharper. It has rallied to the Liberal cause men who are opposed to many principles of Liberal policy, men who love their country yet never vote at all, men who are in other respects sound Conservatives. It is the revolution of the best men in the nation for the people's liberty. It is the revolution of order and fair government.

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LIBERAL legislation as a positive power having become nugatory owing to the predominance of the Lords, it is now for Parliament, which by our Constitution controls the Executive, to remove the authority which has usurped it. It is really singular how blind the Peers have been in this struggle, which many of their truest friends and advisers have for years predicted as inevitable, as the end, too, must be inevitable. First it is the natural instinct of Englishmen to resist authority—and now for many years the Lords have ruled England like an autocracy. Then the government of this country is self-government, which means the government of the people by the people. Parliament is supreme because it alone can remove the Executive. It rules by the deferential instinct of the people for its Constitution. All these things the Lords and their counsellors seem to have overlooked. So they have conjured up their own spirits of negation which threaten to overwhelm them.

THERE was an old political saying that “gross appearances are great realities,” and there is much truth in it. There is a real danger in the continuance of the present unnatural situation, which it has become the business of Liberalism to remove. We saw the failure of the French railway strike the other day. It failed because in France, since 1759, political conditions are a century ahead of the economic conditions prevailing; but in England it is precisely the contrary. Here we have economic conditions that are in every respect “up to date”; our trade unions are the models for the whole world; the whole economic system and machinery of this country is a century and a half in advance of our political system, which has survived as the mean between Feudalism and Democracy. But two very serious things have happened. One is the usurpation of authority by the Peers with its reinstatement of class rule and prerogative. The other is the breakdown of Trade Unionism as a political fighting force.*

THUS we have in England at this hour the antagonism of intensely progressive economic conditions and ideas and a political

* Mr. Asquith's statesmanlike policy with regard to Osborne should materially lessen the danger.

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system of control which is in character Feudal ; in composition is admitted to be obsolete and inefficient ; in power to be subject to the Executive of Parliament. As an institution it is utterly effete. It has become unpopular because, resting solely on a deferential basis, it has defied that which is supreme in England—the authority of the people. As for the Monarchy, it is entirely outside, above the struggle, for the whole power of the Monarchy in this country rests upon the principle of its independence, upon the permanence of its place. In this country where nothing is "precised" the authority of the Crown lies in the mystery which surrounds it. In the present case, the King has nothing to do with the revolution of the Lords. He stands, like the flag, above ; as a symbol rather than a personation.

THE danger is the polarity in the economic and political conditions of the country. On the one side is the democratic idea which stands for Liberalism, humanity, progress, supported not by Socialists and revolutionaries, class interest and street orators, but by the advanced thought of the nation—Liberal, Democratic, and Conservative (Lord Rosebery included)—as against an hereditary unicameral control which is unconstitutional and anomalous ; which again represents the reserve forces of the rich, the Church, the trading classes, the "Services" and capitalism generally. The crisis is a very real one. In the absence of a paper Constitution its complexity is aggravated by its indefiniteness and potentiality. Abrogation of the Lords' legislative hereditary prerogative is the one essential reform that stands out in the welter, and its form is the ultimatum of the Veto.

Forti nihil difficile. Beaconsfield's motto may well serve Mr. Asquith in the cause. That the Constitution will suffer some more or less violent shock is obvious, is necessary now that the whole course of Liberal legislation is held up by an insignificant class group of ordinary men whose sole credentials are the fortuity of birth. And, again, there is the economic side ; for the Lords now represent an organised conspiracy of capitalists bent upon Tariff Reform and taxing the food of the People, and

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against them stand the phalanx of Free Trade and the hungry stomach of England. If this is a political fight it is still more an economic one. Property, Church, Services, traders and capitalists—these are the interests that the Lords now stand to protect, with Protection which is to unite them all. The more democratic, thoughtful, and progressive the Lower House has become, the more Feudal, heedless and reactionary the Peers have grown. They acquired a mushroom popularity as the juggernaut of jingoism and Tariff Reform, but in their arrogance they have grown vain and unworthy. Slowly the force of serious opinion has risen against them. They have opened the veins of their mortality. *Sunt lacrymæ . . .*

THE idle attempt to stem the tide by febrile proposals of self-reform serve but to emphasise its needfulness. It is not for us to stand upon points. We bear the Lords no ill-will. It is not so much their fault if they have become an anachronism in a democratic age, as their misfortune; but it is a misfortune no thinking Englishman, who has ever read the history of Hampden and Cromwell, can tolerate any longer. It is the plain duty of every man who has a vote in the country to consider carefully the paramount issues at stake. If he thinks it right that the Lords should be permitted to rule England, as they ruled before the Reform Act of 1832, then on his conscience let him vote Tory. Those, however, who see the real danger ahead, who accept in the revolution the cause of the people, the true conservative instinct of the nation, the reason of destruction as the necessary and saving instrument of construction, who realise that our constitutional polity is a hundred and fifty years behind the crisis threatening the economic order of society, that the rights of the electorate and of Parliament have been usurped and trampled upon, and that England lies under the sway of an interested Feudal capitalism—those men will vote for Mr. Asquith and the Liberal policy of reform.

YEARS hence men will look back upon the election which is before us with the comfort that we now read of the revolution

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that ended in 1688. At the first tocsin of alarm, remember, Lord Lansdowne surrendered the whole armoury of the Lords' prerogative. Piously and deliberately, *hara-kiri* has been perpetrated on the hereditary principle—all that is now needed is the people's requiem. One single issue lies before the country—the legislative authority of Parliament. It is not a revolution of persons, but of principle, of order and Government, of progress and idea. It is the movement of young England, of the people and the brains of the people *versus* the reactionary tyranny of an estate. The liberty of England is at stake, the liberty of "this happy breed of men, this little world, this land dear for her reputation through the world." Failure of Liberalism at the polls would create a condition of labour and political unrest that must end in convulsion. It is to save while there is yet time to build that the country is now asked for its expression. In the old days the Peers, as individuals, were the greatest people; as a House collectively, they were the Second House. To-day, they have constituted themselves the predominant House, while, individually, losing grace. Such is the anomaly which the country is now called upon to remove. That it will respond affirmatively to the appeal may be regarded as certain—as certain as that a negative response would within an early date plunge this country into the vortex of revolution involving not only the stability of the Lords, but of the Monarchy and the whole British Constitution.

The New Impressionism

By C. Lewis Hind

I

BEFORE me as I write are three large photographs, desperate * examples of The New Movement in Art. I bought them in Paris, not without trouble. I gaze at them, and ask myself placidly what they signify to me, and why.

May I reconsider the stages of my acquaintance with the New Movement in Art, almost elderly now on the Continent, reviled by the many, revered by the few. These revolutionaries, or shall I call them these childlike and serious artists, have been labelled in this country Post-Impressionists. At first sight the majority loathe their productions. I was fortunate in approaching the Post-Impressionism movement by stages. Thus the inevitable shock to the emotions of a Van Gogh or a Gauguin, an extreme Matisse or a "cube" Picasso, was eased. I propose to set down, as lucidly as I can, the stages of my education.

For some years certain names had been dimly familiar, and certain pictures at the Salon d'Automne, and the Salon des Indépendants had—I being like the rest, conservative and prejudiced—aroused in me wonder, and sometimes protest and mirth. But they also aroused interest. One could not be indifferent to them. But I asked myself :

"Can a man who loves the work of the master of the *Life of Mary* tolerate Matisse or Othon Friesz ? Can one to whom beauty means a definite and cloistral thing, to whose life the finest work of the masters of the past has given joy and consolation, find in his heart any corner of appreciation for Van Gogh and Gauguin ? Can one who adores the frescoes of Puvis de

* I wrote "disparate." The printer changed it into "desperate." Evidently he has an opinion about Post-Impressionism.

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Chavannes countenance the decorative pictures of Maurice Denis ? Can one who loves a nude by Botticelli or a landscape by Giorgione feel anything but disgust before a nude by Friesz or a geometrical, cubical landscape by Picasso ? ”

The answer is : “ Everything is possible to one who will give.” But the point of view must be shifted. These men open new avenues, when once we have overcome our ingrained dislike for new visions. Admit that, conventionally, many Post-Impressionist works are hideous, according to our conventional ideas of beauty, but they are also vital, life-communicating. Cézanne, that austere master, is different. He is with them and yet not of them. Some of his portraits are in the tradition of Rembrandt, Hals, El Greco ; some of his landscapes and *natures-mortes* are—— It seems futile to say anything about Cézanne after M. Maurice Denis’s searching study of that master, which was translated by Mr. Roger Fry for the *Burlington Magazine*.

Really it is amusing to find how almost everybody that one likes, and whose opinion one esteems, unites in disliking the work of the Post-Impressionists. Those three photographs on the screen ! I have learnt to need their communication, but everybody who enters my room scoffs, and upbraids me for liking them. I urge that “ like ” is an elastic word, that we do not like sorrow, but that “ *rien ne nous rend si grands qu’une grande douleur.* ” They laugh : they merely dislike Cézanne’s *La Femme au Chapelet*, but they certainly loathe Matisse’s portrait of himself and also of his wife. Looking at the Matisse self-portrait, a lady said : “ That’s what I do when I try to paint.” That remark would please Matisse. A friend, after looking at one of his paintings, said :

“ Why your little boy might have done that.”

Matisse replied gravely :

“ It is my aim to see as my little boy sees.”

That is the desire of this new school—to see, to draw, to paint with unspoiled eyes ; to observe things fundamentally as they were seen by unsophisticated, primitive men ; to approach an object with the heart of a child ; to be “ sublimely elemental ” ; to express only what is salient and vital ; to discard all convention ; to use colour as a servant, not as a master ; to falsify

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drawing if necessary, so long as the dominant impression of the thing seen is achieved. Expression is their aim—an expression of life, not of art. Here I must pause. I am anticipating. I wish to note the stages of my education in Post-Impressionism briefly and, if possible, lucidly.

II

Before last spring my knowledge of the New Movement was meagre. Of course I had seen hordes of strident examples in secessionist Paris, Munich, and Berlin, and a few at the exhibitions of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers; but it was plain that the advocates of Post-Impressionism on the committee of that society are in a minority. In the Secessionists' exhibitions of Paris, Berlin, and Munich the eyes were wearied by the numerous experiments of notoriety-hungry followers. It is always the imitators who outrage and then fatigue a movement. England, of course, has been until the present exhibition at the Grafton Galleries indifferent to the Post-Impressionists. But London has embracive arms. At the private view of the last Royal Academy exhibition I observed a gentleman walking with so uncommon an air of dandy assurance that I said to my companion: "Why does X behave as if he had just filled up Form IV successfully?"

Assuming a knowing, mysterious air, my companion replied: "Hush! He has just bought a Matisse."

Now my ignorance in those dark days was such that I thought there was only one Matisse in the world: he who paints dark, oily seas, instinct with the sullen under-movement of vast waters—Auguste Matisse—whose work has for years been for me one of the attractions of the Salon. My companion saw no smile ripple upon my face. How could I smile? I was yet to learn that *the* Matisse, the *ermite terrible* of modern French art is—Henri Matisse né au Cateau (Nord).

Well, in the spring of this year I made a journey to Berlin to see the collection of American pictures exposed in Berlin and Munich. There, little expecting it, I was encompassed in the atmosphere of the New Movement. I found that *les jeunes* of France, Germany, and Russia, and indeed of most nations, are

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in the throes of the rebirth. Not, of course, the Emperor's party in Germany ; not, of course, the official representatives of art in any country ; not, of course, the People. But the movement, within its boundaries, is vociferous. I addressed questions to several important functionaries in the German art world. One said brusquely: "Art in Berlin has been spoiled by Cézanne." Another was so angry that he would hardly discuss the topic, but I gleaned from him that in his opinion Berlin art had been wrecked by Liebermann (why Liebermann ? I asked myself), Van Gogh, Matisse, Meier-Graefe, and the dealer Cassirer. I spent an hour at Cassirer's Gallery, and was disturbed. All the names—Klein, Diepold, Slevogt, Nägele—were new to me. Ah ! new is a weak word to describe their vision and their technique. But I was not bored. I did not emerge from Cassirer's depressed and indifferent as I did the other day from the gallery at Amiens, with its packed walls of mid-nineteenth-century banalities and futile illustrations in paint.

From Berlin I returned home by way of Amsterdam and Paris, and in those cities Fate directed my education in Post-Impressionism, the kicking child of the Neo-Impressionism of Seurat and Signac, the capering grandchild of the grave genius of Manet. And the ancestor of those bright intelligences was Delacroix, who, on his own confession, derived from Constable. And there is Turner, too, flashing from the dim, ancestral background. Forgive this parenthesis of patriotism.

At Amsterdam I wandered into the new building rearward of the Rijks Museum reserved for modern pictures. Anticipating the joy of enjoying the pearly, luminous, atmospheric landscapes of Jacob Maris and Weissenbruch, I entered and—found myself gasping in a room decorated with pictures by Cézanne and Van Gogh. The first impression was one of harsh and glaring ugliness, of bright and discordant colour, of a kind of solid, synthetic Impressionism. Indeed, a quotation from Cézanne himself, that I read later, precisely described some of these pictures : "What I wanted was to make of Impressionism something solid and durable, like the art of the museums."

A curious feeling was evoked by these works. Antagonistic to the accepted canons of beauty, yet they opened avenues of

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vision and emotion palpitating with vivacity even if they led only to precipices. I dallied there, held almost against my will, and made the following notes :

Van Gogh's *Portrait of Himself*.—More like the portrait of a criminal. Metallic self-analysis, well drawn, constructed, shrill—relentless revolt against so-called truths.

A Van Gogh *Still Life*—not “still,” quivering with scintillating, sunlit atmosphere. Subject? Lemons in a wicker basket on a sand-dune against the blue-green of stunted pine branches, contrasted with an intense blue sky—the blue repeated in a blue glove lying in the foreground. No lack of drawing, but only the broad truths given. A *Landscape*, stunning, a rough, crop-raising country, giving the sensation of the strength of the earth and its procreative force.

His *Cornfield on a Hillside* : only the contour of the hill, the gold of the grain, the wind racing in undulating lines, and a man reaping rhythmically.

And Cézanne? His work is massive and well balanced. He feels the empty spaces. Not so much the science of picture-making as the science of painting reality released from restraining present vision. A new discovery in the way of seeing. Instantaneous first impression of life. Cézanne's great quality is his equilibrium. He is so fine and forceful that all other sensation seems trivial when looking at his pictures. There is a solemnity even in his common white dish holding green and red apples.

So you see my education in the New Movement had really begun. Cézanne had captured me; but he really stands apart from any movement. He is by himself; he looms up, an austere figure, in his austere desert. But Matisse——

III

In Paris I was offered an opportunity of drinking the cup of Matisse to the last wry drop. The orgy was made possible by a chance—a visit to a Parisian friend who unfurled the red flag of Matisse, an onslaught, a fight, a truce, then the information that Mr. and Mrs. Michel Stein, Californians, have in the Rue Madame a collection of Matisses unequalled in range and number anywhere in Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Stein are Matisse enthusiasts.

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They do not attempt to proselytise, but they are willing to allow others to share in their great contentment with his paintings, drawings, and sculptures. In a word, they are "at home" on Saturday evenings at certain seasons. . . .

The vast studio was crowded with visitors. One heard the usual giggles and protests, the usual disdain and disgust. Here and there were some who were half convinced, and a few who were wholly convinced. My first sensation was one of dismay, almost of horror. That group of nudes in flat, house-painter's colour, one green, one pink, one pale yellow! that abortion of the female form so grotesquely naked! those vivid streaks of paint pretending to represent a figure emerging from foliage into sunlight! that head with the blatant smear of green shadow under the chin! that abominable bronze!

Thus I soliloquised. An hour passed. I did not want to leave. These wilful things, that look at first glance as if a precocious child had stolen his father's paint-box and smeared, with his chubby finger on canvas, certain aspects of life that had dazzled his young eyes, possessed a strange fascination. I realised that Matisse paints his sensations, never the mere imitation of objects; his temperament, never contemporary ideals. To state that sensation he will use drawing and colour arbitrarily, caring little for accuracy and less for realism, so long as his sensation is expressed. He does flagrantly what many academic painters long to do. I did not feel the "tranquillity" of which Mrs. Stein spoke, but I did feel a sense of excitement and stimulation. Here and there, as I waited and watched, an eccentricity seemed to start from the walls and say, "I am alive. I am movement. I am rhythm. I exist." That head of himself—bearded, brooding, tense, fiercely elemental in colour—seemed as I gazed to be not a portrait but an aspect of the man, the serious Matisse, almost a recluse, indifferent to opinion, whose aim it is to approach a fresh canvas, as if there were no past in art, as if he is the first artist who has ever painted. He never theorises before or during painting. Theorising may follow when the work is done. He will never paint if he is troubled or annoyed; it is his wish to begin every new picture virginally with an unanxious, a pure soul.

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No ! I am not a Matissite, but I am very curious and very interested. And some of his productions haunt me, will not let me go, and I would walk a mile to see a new Matisse. He troubles me, does this strange Matisse, with his ache for expression, his sympathy with primitive artists and Oriental decorators, his plastic power and abstract colours, his elongation or attenuation of the figure to suit his architectural or decorative designs.

But why attempt to explain Matisse when he has explained himself. The editor of the *Revue des Arts* invited Matisse to place himself under the microscope, and he replied with an article called "Notes of a Painter," from which I take a few passages.

"I do not repudiate one of my canvases, and there is not one which I would do differently if I had to do it again."

"That which I pursue above all is Expression. . . . Expression for me does not reside in the passion which breaks upon a face or which shows itself by a violent movement. It is in the whole disposition of my picture."

"At one time I did not leave my pictures upon my walls because they reminded me of moments of over-excitement, and I did not like to see them when I was calm. To-day I try to put calmness into them."

"Impressionism renders fugitive impressions. A rapid translation of the landscape gives only a moment of its duration. I prefer, by insisting on its character, to run the risk of losing the charm in order to obtain more stability."

"For me everything is in the conception."

"The principal aim of colour should be to serve as much as possible the expression. I place my colours without preconceived intention. . . . I try simply to place or use colours which give (or express) my sensation."

"I condense the signification of the body by looking for the essential lines."

"That of which I dream is an art of equilibrium, of purity, of tranquillity, with no subject to disquiet or preoccupy, which will be for every brain-worker—for the man of business as well as for the man of letters—a sedative, something analogous to a comfortable arm-chair which eases him of physical fatigue."

Has Matisse succeeded? With the few certainly, but

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assuredly not with the many. I find, as I have said, in him stimulation, but hardly tranquillity. And yet I do not know? That photograph of his portrait of himself, which I see whenever I raise my eyes, does, I believe, evoke a growing sense of tranquillity. A bewildering man this Matisse. I captured a distinguished British painter and conveyed him to Mrs. Stein's collection. He was speechless, but it was with anger; he left the house hurriedly and absolutely refused to discuss such puerilities. Now hear Mr. Berenson's opinion. When a contemptuous reference to Matisse's pictures appeared in the *New York Nation*, Mr. Berenson wrote a letter of indignant protest to that journal, in the course of which he said:

"I have the conviction that Henri Matisse has, after twenty years of very earnest searching, at last found the great high road travelled by all the best masters of the visual arts for the last sixty centuries at least. Indeed, he is singularly like them in every essential respect. He is a magnificent draughtsman and a great designer. Of his colour I do not venture to speak. Not that it displeases me—far from it. But I can better understand its failing to charm at first; for colour is something we Europeans are still singularly uncertain of—we are easily frightened by the slightest divergence from the habitual."

He has liberated our eye, says M. Desvallières, who introduced him to the readers of the *Revue des Arts*; he has enlarged our understanding of design.

But it is necessary to dissociate Matisse from the great past of European art, and certainly from the charming "desire-to-please" French art of the seventeenth century. You wander through the Louvre; you look with delight at Watteau's *Embarkment*, Fragonard's *La Leçon de Musique*, Lancret's *La Leçon de Musique*, Peronneau's *Portrait of Adam*, and you say: "How can I like these and Matisse?"

You can if you remember that they are different, that the world may be very young, that infinite avenues may yet spread out from the narrow boundaries of art, and that Matisse and his kin may be among the path-breaking, stumbling, perfervid pioneers.

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IV

Remembering that a high art official in Germany had told me that art in Berlin had been wrecked, among others, by Meier-Graefe, I consulted, when I returned to London, his massive and brilliant work called *Modern Art*. Alas! there is no mention of Matisse or Picasso; but chapters are devoted to Cézanne, Vincent van Gogh, and Paul Gauguin.

Cézanne was born in 1839; he died in 1906. The English reader whose art adventures are confined to a methodical visit to the Royal Academy once a year, would be amazed to read Meier-Graefe's chapters on Cézanne, Van Gogh, and Gauguin, with their fury of exegesis, their ecstasy of appreciation, and their treatment of certain phases of modern art as a living, vital, aye, and art-world-moving event. Hardly a whisper of the intellectual hubbub reached England until the exhibition of Post-Impressionists set the critics, artists, and some of the public talking, reviling, and revering. One English critic ended his article thus: "The source of infection (*i.e.*, the pictures) ought to be destroyed." What good, my dear Robert Ross, would that do? They would merely paint more.

Cézanne's art influence on the Continent is far-reaching, but during his life the man Cézanne was hardly known. He lived at Aix. "He was a very reserved person; of the younger generation none ever saw him; artists who owe him everything never exchanged a word with him." M. Maurice Denis admits that about 1890, when he made his first visit to the "little shop," he thought that Cézanne was a myth. The "little shop" was, of course, that owned by Vollard in the Rue Laffitte, a dealer of vision, a connoisseur—one of those dealers, unknown in England, who bank on work, not on names.

Cézanne's reputation was established by his friend Choquet's sale at Petit's in the summer of 1899. We read how on three hot afternoons in the dead season "purchasers fought for his best things, collected by an oddity who had been laughed at as a madman a short time before." Such episodes would not have troubled Cézanne the recluse. His friend Dr. Gachet—he with the blue eyes whom Van Gogh painted—rightly described the man Cézanne as the antithesis of the man Van Gogh.

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Van Gogh was born in 1853 at Groot Zundert, in Holland ; he died in 1890, at Anvers, of a wound self-inflicted. The intensity of his temperament, his mania for expression, outraged, outwore his body. Some of his strongest and most personal pictures were painted when he was an inmate of the Arles Asylum. A terrible story is told of his quarrel with Gauguin in an Arles tavern, when a fit of mania was already possessing him. He attacked Gauguin with a razor, was restrained, went home, and cut off his own ear at the root.

He lived the life of a hundred men in intensity. Early in his career the passion for expression found vent in religion. He preached to miners ; he preached Christ in London ; but at length the artist in him awoke, the passion for colour dominated him, and " painting and gasping " he strove to realise his sensations of form and colour, to synthetise his burning impressions, in the hot light of Southern France. Three-fifths of his pictures, numbering several hundreds, were painted at Arles between 1887 and 1889.

It depressed Van Gogh to think that " life is created with less effort than art." We are told that a letter he wrote to Aurier is " the most complete revelation of an artist's psychology ever penned, and that every picture he painted was " holy ecstasy " even when the theme was a bunch of lettuces—Vincent Van Gogh, madman and genius, pure artist and pioneer, who carried about " a sun in his head and a hurricane in his heart," and who wrote, " The more ill I am, the more of an artist do I become."

Gauguin's mother was a creole ; he was born in Paris in 1848, wandered, had wild adventures by land and water, and did not exhibit a picture until he was thirty-two. In 1887 he went to Martinique. Finally he virtually took up his abode in Tahiti—the call of the blood. He had, in Strindberg's phrase, " an immense yearning to become a savage and create a new world." His first exhibition of " savage " pictures had no success in Paris, and Strindberg, who wrote the preface to the catalogue, disliked his prepossession with form, and the uncouth, savage models that he adored. Gauguin's reply is historical : " Your civilisation is your disease ; my barbarism is my restoration to health."

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Not long ago in the dark "little shop" in Paris I saw a group of his works—strange, archaic, decorative pictures of savages, massive in form, each one an endeavour after a primitive and direct method of expression. This "great child" died in 1903 on the island of Dominica. The bulk of his work was immense. Much has been lost, "much may adorn the huts of Tahiti, where cataloguing ceases." But no one who visits the Salon d'Automne or the Salon des Indépendants, or looks at the frescoes of Mr. Augustus John—no one who has studied the swing-back in art to elementalism—can doubt the influence of the man who wrote :

"I *am* a savage. Every human work is a revelation of the individual. . . . All I have learnt from others has been an impediment to me. It is true I know little, but what I do know is my own."

V

After the Fathers—the Children.

I had been told that the Salon d'Automne of this year included two Matisse's. That, I admit, was the excitement of my visit. There are many stalwarts in the forefront of the movement, but Matisse's place is unique. Commercially he is, I believe, the most successful, and when sticks are thrown, which is often, he is the dominant Aunt Sally.

I found Matisse's two decorative panels with the greatest ease. Ascending the staircase, I paused a moment to assimilate Maillot's severe and consistent statue of "Pomone"—a fitting prelude—passed on, and there, before me, glaring over a large portion of the large wall of the first room, were Matisse's latest "sedatives," startling, disconcerting, terrifically ugly in the conventional sense—essential Matisse.

One is called *La Danse*, the other *La Musique*. Each is flat, unmodelled, and each is composed of three colours, rank red, rank green, and rank blue. All the figures are nude. In *La Danse* five—what shall I say?—cave-men, dance a "fantastic round" wildly, grotesquely, hand in hand on a hill-top, an extraordinary rhythm of movement that may be likened to the order in disorder of a Greig dance. In *La Musique* three

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aboriginals squat in a meadow listening while two of their number make primitive music, one sitting, the other standing. Elementalism indeed ! The kind of pictures a cave-man might have painted had he found a rock large and smooth enough upon which to smear his ochreous colours. I gazed, blinked, shuddered, gazed again, and said : "Abominable ; thank heaven at last I am cured of Matisse."

But I was not cured.

My eyes dropped from the Matisses to two pictures hanging lower on the wall by Othon Friesz, *Le Pêcheur* and *Indolence*. More ugliness ! That lumpy, distorted fisherman posing before his ridiculous fishing village is caricature ; that indolent, paleolithic family lolling in a forest is—well, oddly enough, it does evoke the sensation, full, ripe, of indolence ; and that fisherman does suggest the Stevensonian romance of the mariner.

I proceeded through the rooms, observed an American lady drop her lorgnette, indicate the entire Salon d'Automne with an expansive sweep of the hand, and heard her say : "Nobody would believe it, my dear, who hadn't seen it."

I encountered a French family before *Les Patineurs* by Saint-Delis, and waited patiently while they laughed. They passed on giggling. The aspect of these skaters was new and odd to them : therefore they laughed. They did not attempt to understand the artist's intention. Yet it was quite plain. He had seen skaters bending and swerving on a Swiss lake high in the mountains ; he painted his sensation of their rhythmic movement, not the co-ordination of facts garnered by the leisurely eye. To me the memory of his impression is infinitely more vivid, yes, and more realistic than if an Ingres or a Bouguereau had drawn the figures with awful accuracy.

I proceeded through the interminable rooms, observed how *les jeunes* of almost all the nations seem to be intrigued by the New Movement. Some I liked, some—well, there are boundaries even to catholicity. And all the while (even when I was looking at something quite beautiful, such as Renadout's *Femme en blue*, or something quite horrid, such as Alcide le Beau's *Le Pot de Cyclamens*) those two paleolithic panels by Matisse were drumming in my inner consciousness, sprawling in my inner vision,

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He will not be denied. I returned to them, looked, and looked, and looked. His personality overshadows the other exhibitors. There is some sort of elemental force in these panels that projects itself into the consciousness of the spectator. Admit their incongruity, their so-called ugliness, their disregard of all the canons of the best European art, yet they are insistent, unforgettable. Death, I fancy, will find me still trying to explain Matisse.

VI

I shift the responsibility. There is Matisse, for cursing or blessing, at the Grafton Galleries—merely a taste of him, but the taste is undiluted, audacious Matisse.

And there is Manet, the Father of Impressionism and the ancestor, although little he dreamed it, of Matisse. Mingled with Manet's works in the first room are some by Cézanne, the austere Father of Post-Impressionism. Elsewhere in this collection of the Unafraid are the scientific experiments in colour of Seurat and Signac, the apostles of Neo-Impressionism, their vibrations of light paling before the fierce glow of Van Gogh and the large intimacy of Gauguin.

How can I hope to illustrate the intensity of their achievement in a few pages? We who sit at home in ease constructing arm-chair theories can hardly realise their white-hot, fever-tossed, mania for expression. It is well. Goya looked into gulfs. Van Gogh strained into the furnace and was scorched and shrivelled. But the flame of their lives enables us to understand why the New Movement in Art has prospered and spread, seeing how fierce were the pioneer fires. In the background the lonely and majestic Cézanne, a kind of Moses, looking within himself for the promised land; in the foreground, in the midst of the battle, Van Gogh and Gauguin, with their elemental craving for expression, their passion for creation, for seeing, for living, and—

. . . I had ended there;
But a great wind blew all the stars to flare.

That great wind! Those stars blown to flare! Who knows what suns of the future these men with their great wind of creation and vision may not fan into being?

Protest of American Senators against Protectionist Tariff

By Sir Alfred Mond, Bart., M.P.

ONCE more the question of low *versus* high tariffs has become the dominant issue in the domestic politics of the United States. Upon it will be fought the next election for Congress, which everything tends to show will place the low tariff Democrats in a majority, and this in spite of the fact that the Republican party is itself pledged to revise the Payne-Aldrich tariff in a downward direction. Yet this tariff has been represented as a reduction of the previous one, and is still defended as such by those who helped to carry it through Congress and the Senate. The "insurgent" Republicans, headed by Senators Follette and Beveridge, who have the support of Colonel Roosevelt, are quite as vehement in their attacks upon the Payne-Aldrich tariff as any Democrat, and in doing so they are supported by the bulk of the Western Republicans. There is, however, a general feeling that the revision of the tariff has too frequently been left to the party whose traditional policy is one of high protection and whose most prominent leaders represent the Trust interests rather than the people. Indeed, some "hard-shelled" Republicans expressed to me their intention to vote for the Democrats at the next election as they consider that only the Democratic party is prepared to undertake a genuine revision of the tariff.

The revolt against the tariff in the United States is largely due to a revulsion of feeling caused by the exposure of corruption and "graft" on the part of the great corporations under the existing tariff conditions. The other great stimulant of this revolt is the excessive increase in the cost of living. I was

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astonished to find the New York papers full of letters complaining of the inability of the people to make both ends meet in spite of the apparently high wages and salaries. The American consumer has at length begun to assert himself, and vigorously, with the result that those who benefit by the tariff are bound to suffer.

Another important factor in the situation is that the more intelligent section of the manufacturers are beginning to realise that the "infant industries" have had all the protection they need or can legitimately claim, and that for many articles, such as steel and iron, a Customs duty is absurdly superfluous. They further recognise that the export trade which they wish to develop is being seriously hampered by their tariff system, which greatly increases the cost of production. Yet the advocates of Protection who exercise enormous influence and dispose of unlimited campaign funds will do their utmost to maintain the *status quo* and to repeat their former victories under the old war-cries.

It is a noteworthy fact, however, that even in the Senate, the stronghold of the Protectionists, the protest of the consumers has been emphatically echoed. While naturally the Republican majority of the Select Committee of the Senate on Wages and the Prices of Commodities discovered a variety of causes for the prevailing high prices, from which the tariff itself was carefully excluded, and trusts and combines were given quite a secondary place, three Members of the Committee of eight have issued an extremely interesting and instructive Minority Report, rebutting the Protectionist fallacies of their colleagues. The following is the conclusion arrived at by this Minority, composed of Senators James P. Clarke of Arkansas, Joseph F. Johnston of Alabama, and Ellison D. Smith of South Carolina :

We find the three substantial causes for the advance in prices are :

- (1) The tariff.
- (2) Trusts, combines, and monopolies.
- (3) Increased money-supply.

We are without sufficient data to apportion the degree of responsibility among these three causes, but that the first two are the chief malefactors we have no doubt, and they are of our own creation.

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As unfortunately the English press appears to draw its information on American affairs mainly from Republican sources, I propose in this article to give some of the principal figures and facts adduced in the Minority Report in support of the foregoing statement.

The Minority join issue with the Majority on the contention of the latter that "the tariff has been no material factor in causing the advance in prices during the last decade." They recall that when the Payne-Aldrich Bill was under consideration in 1909 the majority of the Committee stood unflinchingly with its framers, and against every effort even to adjust it to "the difference between the cost of production abroad and at home, plus a reasonable profit to the manufacturers." The report adds: "They stood for an unreasonable profit and secured it."

After quoting some American consular reports from Protectionist European States,* the Minority ask if tariff taxation increases the prices to consumers 400 to 500 per cent. more than the tariff imposed in Germany, and to the extent of the duty that will prevent importation in Austria, why should it have no material influence in the United States? As evidence that it has that influence in America the Report cites the case of broom corn:

"The Payne-Aldrich Bill took broom corn from the free list and made it dutiable at \$3 (12s. 6d. †) per ton, about 15 cents (7½d.) per 100 pounds; thereupon the price to the consumer advanced \$1.20 (5s.) per dozen on brooms, the tariff being

* Consul-General Skinner, Hamburg, Germany, reports officially this recent statement of Dr. Trefz, who, he says, has made economic conditions a lifelong study:

"The revenue and tax policy of the Government also plays an important rôle. Articles which have been raised in price a pfennig (about half a farthing) or less per unit by increased taxation are sold to-day at four or five pfennige more than before."

Again, Consul-General Denby, at Vienna, Austria, says that, among other things that have increased the cost of living in Austria:

"(3) Tariffs have distinctly raised prices. The protected Austrian producers take the entire benefit of the tariffs, keeping their prices at as high a figure as possible without permitting importation."

Consul Dunning, of Havre, says that:

"While a certain percentage of the population may be profiting by the increases in tariff rates, the masses are worse off than before."

† Throughout this article the prices in American money are converted at the rate of 4s. 2d. per dollar.

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represented by about $\frac{1}{8}$ of a cent ($\frac{1}{2}d.$) and the graft by \$1.19 $\frac{1}{4}$, the consumer being the victim."

A table attached to the report shows that in the United States, where coffee is imported free, it is cheaper than in other countries where it is an article of universal consumption, and that, generally, more than the amount of the tariff is added before it reaches the consumer.

Referring to the exports of wheat, corn, bacon, beef, mutton, &c., which were enormously in excess of the imports, the report observes :

Whenever we produce any commodity largely in excess of the home demand the surplus must find a market in open and free competition with the producers of that article all over the world. This foreign market fixes the price of that commodity for the whole world, and no tariff we may impose can materially advance the domestic price when unaffected by other causes. This is notably true of cotton, wheat, corn, and some other articles. It is true that as we approach the point where domestic consumption takes our whole product the tariff becomes a larger and larger factor. Yet the producers of the articles are sometimes led to believe that a tariff is of some mysterious benefit to them, while in fact the cost of production is necessarily enhanced by the fact that the producer must, under this tariff scheme, pay higher prices for his clothing, household goods, implements, machinery, and other highly protected articles of necessity. The fact was shown before the committee by farmers called as witnesses from the North-West and other sections that all these supplies, together with wages of labour, had advanced during the last ten years from 25 to 50 per cent. They were already largely increased before these ten years by the Dingley tariff. So that, if farmers had not been compelled to pay these higher prices on articles needed by them and their families, they could make a larger net profit on their products, even should they realise a lower price.

The Minority contend that under these circumstances the farmer is a victim of Protection, as well as other consumers. The report continues thus :

If the purpose of the Payne-Aldrich Bill was not to increase the profit to the manufacturer and cost to the consumer, we are unable to comprehend why the tariff on certain sawed lumber should have been increased 50 per cent. and on shingles 66 per cent. ; and on corrugated iron and steel, 115 per cent. ; and on iron and steel wire, coated with zinc or tin, smaller than No. 16 W.G., 553 per cent. ; and on razors 67 per cent., buckwheat-flour 25 per cent., biscuits 125 per cent., stockings from 20 to 30 per cent. ; and on cheap cotton cloth not exceeding fifty threads to the square inch, and valued at not over nine cents per square yard, 125 per cent., and when bleached and valued at over sixteen cents per pound, 460 per cent. So, also, with other increases noted in the table of increase.

After some instances of the chicanery apparently inseparable from these " scientific " tariffs, whereby an apparent reduction is

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rendered illusory or is so vague as to lead to a considerable increase, the report observes :

In all the United States there were, perhaps, 5 per cent. of the people directly financially interested in maintaining the exorbitant tariff on woollen goods, and perhaps less than 1 per cent. of this 5 per cent. got 95 per cent. of the spoils beyond a living, and yet every citizen from infancy to tottering age must have woollen garments and blankets, not only for his comfort, but to protect health and even life itself.

We doubt not that every increase in cost of these goods has added its thousands of victims to the silent tenants of the cemeteries and graveyards ; yet every effort to reduce even the most prohibitory duties, so as to permit every American citizen to be warmly clad at a reasonable cost, was persistently voted down. But it will be noticed that even here the higher duties are laid on the goods commonly used by those of our people who must labour for their living, or whose incomes are small. On this class of goods the tariff wall was and is so high as practically to forbid importation ; on the higher-priced goods, worn usually by people able to buy without much considering the price, the duties are lower. Farmers from the North-West testified before the committee that blankets, woollen goods, and shoes had advanced about 25 to 30 per cent. in the past ten years. . . .

This discrimination in favour of the rich and against the poor was distinctly pointed out to the Senate whilst the Payne-Aldrich Bill was under consideration. . . .

But no heed was paid to these statements nor to the untiring efforts to reduce the tariff duties made by the Democrats, standing for a tariff for revenue, and aided by the progressive Republicans who stood for protection but not extortion, and the tariff was revised but not reduced.

Some interesting light is thrown upon the genesis of these tariffs by facts given by the Minority to show that instead of the last tariff having been revised downwards, there was a net increase of the duties imposed, of over five and a half million dollars. They say that a representative of the New England Cotton Manufacturers' Association testified before the House Committee that he was not asking for any increase in the cotton schedule ; that the importations were not so large as to justify that. " But when he saw other increases being added in the Senate, he must have thought it just as well to participate in the spoils." To show that there was no occasion for an increase of the cotton duties, particulars are given of the dividends paid by certain mills, which ranged from 10 to 66 per cent. in 1908, the average being 25.2 per cent.

Nothing could be clearer than the statement in the report as to the present condition and requirements of the " infant industries " of America, and the extortionate fashion in which they tax the American consumer :

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Our iron and steel plants are the admiration of their foreign competitors, and men long engaged in that business declare no protection is needed to meet all competition. So it is with many other industries, the American genius in the invention and use of machinery being most conspicuous in economical production. So it would seem the teething infant has passed through the weakness and diseases incident to his age, and has grown strong enough to stand alone and be prepared to fight his battles, like all other classes of our citizens, without special favours, privileges, and exemptions from Government. Yet experience shows us that the more they receive, the larger and more insistent becomes their demand. Take, as a good illustration, our knit-goods industry. Our imports of stockings for the last ten years have never equalled an average of 5 per cent. of our consumption. Less than 5 per cent. of the "cheap foreign goods of pauper labour" could float over the American tariff wall, and yet, in spite of this fact and the fact that already they had a protective tariff of from 51 to 67 per cent., they demanded last year and received an increase to 88 per cent. on that class of goods used mostly by our citizens of moderate means or small income.

The history of Protection is: first, establish and protect with reasonable duties the toddling infant; second, greatly restrict or prohibit foreign importations; third, consolidate all American producers, pay the lowest wages that can be wrung from labour, reduce to the last farthing the cost of production, and exact the utmost tribute from the consumer. The result is great fortunes for the few and great suffering for the many.

We believe that the amount of the tariff is added to the price and taxed to the consumer; that but for the tariff the commodities we buy upon which that tax is laid would be cheaper approximately to the extent of the tariff; and that when we do not buy the imported article the protected manufacturer puts approximately the amount of it on the goods produced by him.

Detailed particulars are then given of the manner in which the tariff affects prices, with the result, for instance, that the New York consumer in 1900 paid \$2.13 (8s. 10½d.) per hundred pounds of sugar more than the consumer in London; that is to say, not only the amount of the tariff, but an addition thereto of 18 cents. (9d.). In this connection the report says:

The Sugar Trust furnishes an example of unparalleled greed even in the history of Protection. Not content with the opportunity afforded it by the Republican party to levy an enormous tax upon every table and household in the United States, it engaged in the most gigantic fraud and robbed, by false weights, its benefactor, the Government, of its share of the spoils. It has been compelled to disgorge over two millions of dollars, perhaps a trifle of the real amount stolen by under-weights.

The following story about the Watch Trust is an interesting illustration of the "comedy of protection":

A large dealer in watches discovered that he could purchase American watches in England and have them delivered in his store in New York at a cost enough lower than he could purchase them in this country from the manufacturers to make the business profitable. He did this and sold them in turn at a lower price than did the manufacturer. The trust, learning of this, after attempting to stop it otherwise, shipped the watches to England in parts, so that they could easily and quickly be put

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together. Then, when this New York man re-imported them after they were put together, the Customs authorities of the port of New York assessed duty upon them as a foreign product. Appeal was made, but the United States General Appraisers, New York, January 14, 1910, approved the decision of the Collector. This was based upon two grounds: First, that the watches were not in the condition in which they were exported; and, second, that there was no certificate of exportation as required by the Secretary of the Treasury. This did not entirely end the matter, but this New York dealer, learning that the trust was about to shut down its factories on account of decreasing business, wrote them offering to purchase their entire output for a number of months at the price that they were then selling to the English dealers. So far as known this offer was never even answered. This shows that the trust would rather shut down, depriving their working men of all wages, rather than sell at home as cheap as they do to the foreigner.

Referring to the "iniquitous woollen schedule," the Report says that the tariff rates are so high on these necessities as practically to preclude any foreign competition except on high-priced goods purchased by the wealthier consumer, who can to some extent disregard the price.

The following table shows the average rates of duties collected under each of the four tariffs existing in America since 1890, and the relative prices of commodities as reported by *Bradstreet*:

Tariff Bill.	Dutiable goods.	All imports.	Relative prices.
McKinley, 1891 and 1894 . .	48.66	22.36	7.6345
Wilson, 1895-1897 . . .	41.29	20.93	6.4153
Dingley, 1898-1908 . . .	47.47	26.15	7.8616
Payne-Aldrich, 1910 . . .	—	—	9.2310

Commenting upon this table, the report says:

From these figures it appears that the duty on all imports averaged 7 per cent. and prices 16 per cent. lower under the Wilson Bill than under the McKinley Bill, and duties 25 per cent. more and prices 23 per cent. higher under the Dingley law than under the Wilson. These are strange coincidences if the tariff has no effect on prices of commodities.

It cites some figures given by Professor J. Lawrence Laughlin recently in a list of commodities largely in use and mainly textile with comparative prices, for 1896 and 1908. Prices for the latter year show an increase ranging from 20 to 35 per cent. The report adds:

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It is a notorious fact that, with the exception of food-stuffs, the general level of prices is about 50 per cent. lower in England than here. The Republicans admit that they are lower, to about the extent of the duty, whenever they set out to frame a tariff Bill.

The section dealing with "trusts combinations and monopolies" gives a most enlightening survey of the manner in which these institutions fleece the consumer, as, for instance, in the reduction in weight of commodities and the use of inferior material. It cites Mr. Moody's statement in his book on trusts, that they began in 1898, adding the significant fact that most of them sprang into existence after the passage of the Dingley Bill. It proceeds as follows:

The Bureau of Statistics on Commerce and Finance published in 1900 a special article on iron and steel, calling attention to the greed manifested by them, stating, among other things:

"The work on shipbuilding in the United States had been retarded because makers of steel materials required a higher price from the American consumers than foreign customers: . . . that the natural result to [sic] such a policy is found in the restriction of domestic consumption and the import duty."

And giving warning that—

"The demand for a reduction of the tariff was more or less sure to arise; . . . that the effort to sustain the high prices at home by selling at lower prices abroad had resulted in less demand at home, so much so that farmers had ceased to purchase barbed wire for fencing. Prices had advanced from \$1.35 [5s. 7d.] to \$3.20 [13s. 4d.] in the course of a year. Hence the reduction of \$1 [4s. 2d.] in about 1900 because of a necessity to keep the nail mills in operation. . . . If steel rails sell at Pittsburg for \$35 [£7 5s. 10d.] for months, while the foreign consumer gets them for \$22 to \$24 [£4 11s. 8d. to £5], the domestic consumer is sure to order no more than he is obliged to have for the time being."

There are few trusts that could survive a revenue tariff. They flourish only under the shadow of high protective walls. Standing behind these walls that shut off foreign competition and destroying domestic competition by consolidations and absorptions, they are limited only to selling at a fraction less than the foreign price plus the protective duty.

The following are some striking illustrations of the cavalier fashion in which the trusts treat the consumer:

In Washington, District of Columbia, for years the weight of a loaf of bread was 16 oz. Lately a new judge, in a trial case, decided that the law regulating the weight of the loaf of bread was obsolete. Immediately all the bakers reduced the weight of the loaf about 20 per cent. In nearly all other American cities the weight is fixed by law, and the pound loaf is still sold for a nickel (5 cents = $2\frac{1}{2}$ d.). Even this is very high when compared with the price of wheat bread in Europe. Wheat bread superior to most of that made in America, and made of American wheat-flour, can be bought in London at retail for 5 cents ($2\frac{1}{2}$ d.) for a 1 lb. 6 oz. loaf. . . . It does seem odd that

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we furnish the London baker with the material for making his bread, and then he makes a loaf weighing 170 per cent. of the weight of our own loaf for the same money.

While everywhere else in the world the price of harvesting machinery has been appreciably reduced since 1900, in the United States it has been materially increased. In fact, the increase really started nearly contemporaneously with the Dingley tariff. . . . The fact is, they were satisfied with a comparatively small profit on their European sales as long as they had a free hand and could charge the American farmer any exorbitant price they deemed expedient. . . .

The methods of the Meat Trust seem to be admirably adapted to taking from the consumer and the producer the largest amount that the traffic will bear. Their destruction of local competitors cannot be improved upon.

Mr. Castleberg, of Richmond, Virginia, and other witnesses, gave the committee the story of their capture of Richmond. According to the testimony, about ten years ago they invaded that city, brought their men there, painted their houses the same colour as the Western houses (we suppose *red*), and advertised they "sold stuff (beef) for less than it cost alive" for a year, until they drove out of business from 75 to 80 per cent. of the local butchers; they have gotten now so that they can demand a price and come very near getting it.

In the same section of the report attention is directed to a statement made by Mr. Jastro, president of the American Live Stock Association, who gave an amusing account of the fashion in which the boot manufacturers, after securing the inclusion of hides in the free list, rewarded the thousands of people throughout the country who signed petitions on the faith of their promise that boots would be cheaper. He quotes a San Francisco paper:

Shoe manufacturers have notified the retail trade . . . that there will be no reduction in the price of their product. The reason given shows that the Boot and Shoe Trust is not deficient in humour. It declares, with every aspect of seriousness, that vegetarianism has grown so common in the country as to seriously affect the use of beef as food and the production of cattle to supply it. . . . Probably the Cutlery Trust will also be affected by the soft-food habit, and may even raise the price of table-knives.

Even the cotton manufacturers, who as shown above were made a free gift of increased duties by the new tariff, are not satisfied with the work of its "scientific" framers. Mr. J. D. Whitaker, manager of one of the best-known commission houses of New England says:

Why the tariff should have been increased, as it certainly was, passes my comprehension. Mr. Aldrich, or perhaps Senator Crane, may be able to offer good reasons, but I am sure the manufacturers cannot. As a result of the changes from the previous tariff, the cotton business throughout New England is to-day at a standstill, and the domestic manufacturers, the foreign manufacturers, and the importers have not been able to adjust themselves to the new conditions.

So far as my knowledge goes there was not even the suggestion for an increased

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tariff rate among the manufacturers of cotton in New England. All we wanted was to be let alone.

What happened? Instead of the old tariff under which we knew exactly what we had to pay for every piece of yarn, we find ourselves saddled with a mixture of *ad valorem* and specific duties which have completely unbalanced the trade. I do not believe there is a man in the cotton business to-day in New England who can tell just where and how he is going to get out of this muddle. . . .

I know nothing of Mr. Aldrich's private affairs, but I do know that somebody who had an axe to grind must have got busy with the committee. The first draft, it will be recalled, made no such radical changes as were later interpolated.

It will end in the same old story. The public will have to pay more for its manufactured cotton goods to enable some mill companies to keep on paying the extravagant dividends they have been paying for the past few years.

Revise the tariff downward was supposed to be the slogan, but instead it has gone up and up, not to protect any industry but to foster some favoured concerns that are not equipped, and never can be equipped, to properly compete with certain foreign goods except at the expense of the people who have to purchase the finished material.

The Minority in the section on Wages quote the following statement by Mr. Byron W. Holt, "a well-recognised authority":

From a somewhat careful estimate which I made in 1903, the cost of living in this country was then nearly 12 per cent. higher than it would have been had there been no tariff. It was estimated that the 17,000,000 families consumed goods worth about \$16,000,000,000 [£3,333,333 6s. 8d.], or \$941 [£196 os. 10d.] per family. On this basis the tariff tax was about \$111 [£23 2s. 6d.] per family, or \$94.48 [£19 13s. 8d.] after deducting the \$16.52 [£3 8s. 10d.] per family which was the amount of tariff taxes actually collected by the Government. That is, the tariff tax collected by the trusts and other protected interests then amounted to \$94.48 [£19 13s. 8d.] per family. There is no reason for supposing that the amount of the tariff-trust tax per family is less now than it was then.

Mr. Byron Holt further states that since 1896 prices have risen about 60 per cent., while money wages have risen about 20 per cent. An examination of the figures of the Railway Statistics shows that all grades below general officers had an average increase of some 20 per cent. in their wages in the ten years from 1898 to 1908. A chart published by the Chicago School Teachers' Conference shows that the wages of 2500 elementary teachers in that city rose about 8 per cent. in the same period, while the cost of living increased by about 44 per cent. The report observes:

The fear that wages would fall if the tariff were removed, and the fall in prices would not be a clear gain to the consumer, is not warranted by the experience of Great Britain. Great Britain is a Free Trade nation, and it is the most prosperous nation in the world except our own. Shoals of emigrants from the tariff-ridden nations of France, Germany, Italy, and Russia come to England to work as labourers, cooks, barbers, waiters, clerks, tailors, musicians, &c., preferring the relatively high wages and low prices of the Free Trade country. On the other hand, Englishmen do

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not emigrate to those countries because the standard of living is lower. The general testimony is that the rate of wages for bricklayers, masons, carpenters, plumbers, plasterers, painters, printers, and all mechanical trades is substantially higher in Great Britain than in those Protectionist countries, while the prices of necessities are lower, leaving the Englishman a wider margin to live upon.

It is about sixty years since Great Britain adopted Free Trade, and during that time, according to a table published in *Whitaker's Almanack*, wages have increased 81.7 per cent. and prices only 3 per cent. It is, therefore, well seen that the abolition of the tariff in England did not bring down the rate of wages. Neither would it in this country. If we remove the obstruction, allowing prices to sink to their natural level, the question of wages may be trusted to take care of itself.

In support of the foregoing remarks, the report cites a comparison between the wages paid and the cost of living in New Bedford, Mass., and Burnley in England,* showing that the balance or margin remaining to the workman after paying for the necessities of life was \$3.93 or, say, 16s. 4d. in America, as against \$5.45 or £1 2s. 8d. in England, although the English wages were considerably lower. The Minority add:

In 1903 the report of the Commissioner of Labour shows that an English labourer could buy all the necessities of life with 205 days' labour, while it would require 225 days' labour for an American to do the same thing. The essential thing in the wages is the net result, not the gross.

A few salient facts of more general application are emphasised by the material reproduced above. For the British working

	New Bedford.	Burnley.
Weekly wages of man	\$9.72 (£2 os. 6d.)	\$6.86 (£1 8s. 7d.)
Weekly wages of girl of twenty . .	7.78 (£1 12s. 5d.)	5.64 (£1 3s. 6d.)
Weekly wages of boy of seventeen . .	5.55 (£1 3s. 1½d.)	3.92 (16s. 4d.)
Weekly wages of girl of fourteen . .	\$2.03 (8s. 4d.)	1.47 (6s. 1½d.)
Total wages	\$25.08 (£5 4s. 2d.)	\$17.89 (£3 14s. 6½d.)
Cost of living (actual)	21.15 (£4 8s. 1½d.)	12.44 (£2 11s. 10d.)
Balance or margin	\$3.93 (16s. 4½d.)	\$5.45 (£1 2s. 8½d.)

Another table shows the proportion which goes to the Government, the American middleman, and the foreign producer, respectively, out of an annual expenditure on imported apparel, &c., by one man earning less than £200 a year. Out of the \$89.40 (£18 12s. 6d.), \$26.22 (£5 9s. 3d.) goes to the Treasury, \$25.68 (£5 7s.) to the middleman, and \$37.50 (£7 16s. 3d.) to the manufacturer of the goods, the latter being of course their world-market price.

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classes the most important of these are (1) that import duties increase prices even beyond the amount of those duties, and (2) that the extra burden thus cast upon the necessities of life falls heaviest upon those least capable of bearing it, namely, the wage-earning and salaried classes. Another feature common to all Protectionist countries is here strikingly illustrated in the case of the United States: the manner in which eventually all tariff schedules come to be arranged for the benefit of special well-organised and powerful interests, the framing of tariffs inevitably falling more and more into the hands of those whose object it is to enrich themselves rather than to benefit the community at large. In the United States the tendency is perhaps more exaggerated than in European tariffs, owing to the power of the American Trusts, though an examination of the process of tariff-building in Germany, Austria, France, and Italy shows much the same results. The fundamental cause of this inevitable feature of Protectionist tariff-building constitutes a fatal objection to them all. The theoretical object of the tariff being to protect certain groups of industries against foreign competition, the most complete information on the point is, of course, obtainable only from the manufacturers who have to meet that competition. It is obviously a matter of extreme difficulty, in practice wellnigh impossible, for those not engaged in an industry to secure such full and accurate information concerning it as those whose daily business it is. The result is that tariff-framers are always in the hands of the most biased witnesses, who naturally do not hesitate to state the case for Protection as strongly as possible, thus securing in the easiest way the largest return for the capital invested in their industry.

The frantic endeavours that are now being made in the United States by appointing a so-called *independent* Tariff Commission, to secure evidence as to the differences in the cost of production in America and European countries, is a confession of the bankruptcy of the legislative efforts to solve this problem. So far as the securing of trustworthy evidence is concerned it is improbable that this Commission will have any greater success than those that preceded it, though it may manage to render absolute dishonesty somewhat more difficult. As a matter of

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fact, the "scientific" tariffs of our Tariff Reformers is a dream of theorists lacking practical experience.

Since 1789 the people of the United States have been endeavouring to grapple with this problem, yet are now, apparently, farther off than ever from any definitive result. Four tariffs since 1891, a nation in revolt against the Payne-Aldrich Tariff of the present year, with the disorganisation of trade which followed each successive change, is fine testimony to that stability of trade which Tariff Reformers contend will be assured by their policy! The abject helplessness of the consumer to grapple with the technical mystifications of tariff schedules—with their ingenious dodges whereby alterations of classification, changes from specific duties to *ad valorem*, &c., and even apparent reductions are so manœuvred as further to increase prices—create a widespread feeling of resentment and discontent which tends to disaffect the American masses and to imperil the stability of the whole social system. The Protectionist idea that it is possible for a Government by artificial means to create prosperity thus produces a disastrous reaction in periods of high cost of living and trade depression. Those who observe with care the by-products of Protectionist policy all over the world are not surprised at the phenomena of social unrest now manifesting themselves with such extraordinary universality and force in all "protected" countries.

The Prospects of English Music

By Francis Toye

It may seem platitudinous to observe that comparisons, if proverbially odious, are practically indispensable. But the observation is none the less true on that account. Comparisons are the milestones on the road of progress, the evidence of past success and present possibilities. Without them we should have no indication wherewith to gauge our excellence or our worthlessness. Indeed, as far as we are concerned, there could be no excellence or worthlessness, for even Macaulay's priggish schoolboy must have learnt by this time that Good is inconceivable without Bad.

Wherefore, in considering the prospects of music in England at the present time, it is expedient to consider the state of music in other countries as well. And be it noted at the outset that the "state of music" does not only mean the excellence of one or two composers. It is ridiculous, for instance, to talk about English, French, and German music, and think exclusively of the various merits of Elgar, Debussy, and Strauss. Yet consciously or subconsciously, this is what very many people do, in spite of the fact that, sociologically considered—and nowadays do we not consider everything sociologically?—the important ingredient in the musical life of a country is not so much the genius of the professional as the enthusiasm of the amateur. And even from the artistic point of view the practice and love of good music among the people is almost as valuable an asset as the originality of the composer. Very often, of course, the latter quality is merely the dramatisation, so to speak, of the former; but not always, for in the domain of artistic achievement it is a man that counts and not a movement.

Let us then, remembering the dual nature of an ideal musical

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condition, look for a moment at other countries than our own. At the present time, there are two countries commonly supposed to be pre-eminent in musical accomplishment—France and Germany. As a matter of fact, Germany hardly deserves the honour. Her reputation is based on the accident of her having once possessed all the greatest names in musical history. That with the possible exception of Strauss, she possesses them no longer is immaterial to the general public. The glamour of Wagner and Brahms still dazzles their eyes so that they do not heed the bankruptcy of modern German music. Germany can show one first-rate and two good second-rate composers. Otherwise she has little enough. The Opera is good of course, but the concerts are incredibly stereotyped and dull ; for the German public seems to be possessed by the allied spirits of Beckmesser and Bismarck, and stubbornly refuses to appreciate anything new which is not German. Indeed, as a critic well said, German music has died of subjective incontinence, and there is no doubt that even in the present, not to speak of the future, England has nothing to fear from comparison with Germany.

France, on the other hand, can boast of the most distinguished and the most interesting school of composers in Europe. Modern French music does not, as many people seem to think, begin with Saint-Saens and end with Debussy. We have also to reckon with Vincent d'Indy, who has done for music in France very much what Henry Irving did for the stage in England ; Fauré, Ravel, Duparc, Dukas and many others. Indeed, as regards composers, France stands *facile princeps*, as far superior to England as England is to Germany. But there are not wanting signs to show that her glory is at its height.

To begin with, she is in a condition almost exactly analogous to that of Germany in the middle and to that of Russia at the end of the past century. There are two or three great composers and a number of smaller men all talented and all enthusiastic. Such a state of things marks the maturity rather than the adolescence of a school of music, more especially in the case of the modern French school, whose music is extremely "special" and, in the opinion of many musicians at least, incapable of any considerable development. It is not without significance, for

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instance, that the two latest compositions of Debussy and Ravel (the latter by far the most gifted of the younger men) should find their inspiration in the rhythms of Spain and not of France. Indeed, it looks as if French music would soon find itself in an *impasse* where an augmented fifth will sound like a triad and a chord of the ninth as commonplace as a dominant seventh.

But the real weakness of the modern French school is the foundation on which it rests. M. Romain Rolland has bewailed the ever-increasing tendency of French composers to drift away from the life of the people. In a democratic country such as France this is certainly most deplorable and may very likely entail the ruin of French music. For the only public to which the modern French composer appeals is comprised in a small coterie of persons, generally resident in Paris, who support him, partly from genuine admiration, mostly from a kind of musical snobbishness. Now in England, where snobbishness takes a very different form, such a phenomenon is, perhaps, not so easy to understand. But the French have not failed to notice it for themselves. The ever-trenchant M. Abel Hermant writes truly enough :

“Les bienfaits du snobisme ne sont, d'ailleurs, plus discutés. . . . Sans lui les artistes ‘en avant’ manqueraient de notoriété et, par suite, de pain. En France nous sommes devenus musiciens grâce à lui.”

Now Fashion may be most conveniently invoked for the benefit of the box-office, but she is a poor goddess to inspire a symphony. And one is left wondering what will be the fate of “advanced” French music when—as is bound to happen sooner or later—the inconstant Parisians begin to worship at some other and less admirable shrine.

In England, at any rate, we have nothing to fear on this score. Our musical public, such as it is, can certainly not be accused of a snobbish devotion to fashion. For our fashionable classes are frankly unmusical; they prefer early Verdi, or even Donizetti, to Wagner, and they pay heavily for the annual privilege of indulging this preference at Covent Garden. It is from the middle classes that we draw our musical audiences, and it is to them that we must look for increased support in the future.

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They are not very discriminating, perhaps, nor yet curious of new music, but they are unmistakably keen, and in London, at any rate, considering the number of orchestral concerts and their comparatively recent establishment, they may be said to do their duty pretty well. The general musical education of the country, too, has improved vastly in the last ten years. Whatever may be the defects of the Royal College and Academy of Music, they have undoubtedly succeeded in this their most important object—and, be it noted in passing, in the production of orchestral players who are certainly equal, and perhaps superior, to their colleagues of other countries.

Indeed, composers apart, there cannot be any reasonable doubt that the musical life of England is more healthy and more vigorous than that of France. English music is less centralised and, far from being the amusement of a few wealthy dilettanti, appeals to a large and thoroughly representative class. A visit to the promenade concerts or the big concerts in the North of England should suffice to convince the most sceptical on this point. Unfortunately, the English public is not at all prejudiced in favour of English music. As a matter of fact, it seems to be rather prejudiced against it than otherwise. A well-known conductor once said that the announcement of a new English work on his programme entailed the loss of half his receipts.

Now, of course, the British composer asserts that this is merely prejudice on the part of the public—and to some extent he is justified in his assertion—and that British compositions are as good as any others. But the public has some excuse. To begin with, till quite recently, most English music was in fact appallingly dull. And even nowadays, when the standard has been raised considerably, too much music is produced which ought to be in the composer's drawer if not in his waste-paper basket. It is ridiculous to expect people to listen to unattractive music and enjoy it simply because the composer is an Englishman. The enthusiasm which underlies this indiscriminate production may be admirable but it is certainly mistaken. For the result is that all English music gets tarred with the same brush and the few really admirable works pass practically unnoticed.

Besides, the British composer, particularly if he happens to

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be under forty, is wonderfully exacting. Not so very long ago one young gentleman wrote to the papers complaining that the public preferred the compositions of Beethoven and Mozart to those of himself and his colleagues. The profession of music seems peculiarly conducive to megalomania. One does not find Sargent or Lavery bewailing the undue popularity of Velasquez or Leonardo da Vinci.

Nevertheless, it would be very disastrous if the English public took no stock of contemporary composers. For an art which ceases to create is a dead art, and creation, to be successful, demands some encouragement. Poverty and lack of recognition are by no means the stimulus to good work that the rich and successful would have us believe.

It is on this account that the production of Elgar's symphony forms such a landmark in the history of English music. We are not concerned for the moment with the discussion of the merits of this particular work. It may be as uninspired as its detractors pretend, or it may be, as its admirers assert, the finest piece of English music ever written. The point is that it was probably worth more in hard cash to the box-office than any other symphony—with the possible exception of Tschaiakovsky's "Pathetic"—yet produced in England. The artistic importance of this extremely prosaic fact cannot be overrated. It means that, somehow or other, Sir Edward Elgar appeals to the public more intimately than his contemporaries, and that a serious and high-minded British composer need not pass the whole of his life in the bankruptcy court. Yet Sir Edward's secret is a very simple one. He has written popular music for the people, so that the people will go and listen to his more ambitious experiments even though they do not quite understand them. "Pomp and Circumstance" and "Salut d'Amour" are responsible for much of the success of the Symphony in A flat. Indeed, on the occasion when that symphony was played, any student of crowds might have remarked hundreds and hundreds of faces totally unfamiliar to the *habitués* of ordinary orchestral concerts: the faces of people who had never, perhaps, entered the Queen's Hall except to attend a popular "Wagner night" or a Ballad concert.

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The very superior, of course, will quarrel violently with this diagnosis. They will point out the worthlessness of "Salut d'Amour," the vulgarity of "Pomp and Circumstance," and ask whether it is seriously proposed to rest the popularity of England's greatest composer on kickshaws such as these. To which we may reasonably reply that popularity has nothing to do with greatness, but that it is a good thing that the great should be popular, however illogically or even undeservedly their popularity may have been acquired. And as to vulgarity, is it not to be found in the works of nearly all great composers? Consider the blatancy of early Wagner, the crudity of some Beethoven, even the exuberant spirits of the composer of "Non più andrai." Speaking generally, vulgarity may be called the composer's measles, a disease to be got over early but without which he cannot be said to have been properly brought up. Nor should such statement seem merely paradoxical when it is considered that vulgarity often postulates strength and directness—qualities most rare and most valuable in a composer. Indeed over-refinement is perhaps the most unmistakable hallmark of a second-rate talent.

Unfortunately, too, it is the characteristic of very many British composers. They write scholarly appendices to Wagner, Brahms, or Tschaikovsky, wonderfully clever, irreproachably well done—sometimes just a little better done than the original models—but lifeless, uninspired, tedious in the extreme. They work very hard to convince us of their refinement. They insist on showing us what a lot they know when all we ask is how much they feel.

Now Sir Edward Elgar has at least dared to be straightforward. He is not so desperately anxious to be somebody greater than himself that he has ceased to be anybody at all. His music may be influenced sometimes by Wagner, sometimes by Tschaikovsky, but the flavour of the whole remains thoroughly Elgarian. To the writer of this essay much of it is unsympathetic but it remains, none the less, truly important and representative of one side of the English character.

The only other serious composer who might, perhaps, rival Sir Edward's popularity is Mr. Joseph Holbrook. He possesses

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many qualities and a real vein of genius ; but unfortunately he seems to suffer from a disease which, for want of a better name, we may call Saxophonitis. The introduction into the orchestra of the concertina or the bass-flute, to say nothing of the aggressive family of saxophones, may be a work of technical piety but is assuredly not one of musical necessity. Nor is English music going to achieve greatness thereby, charm Mr. Holbrook never so wisely.

It seems hardly necessary to treat of the other modern composers at all fully. Any judgment of their respective merits must so largely depend on personal predilection that such a task would be, perhaps, useless and certainly invidious. Without doubt, however, two or three have done extremely good work in widely different spheres—Sir Charles Stanford, Sir Hubert Parry, Dr. Walford Davies, and Mr. Delius, for instance. Mr. Granville Bantock, too, quite apart from his various essays in Orientalism—which, clever and original as they are, do not affect the future of English music one way or the other—has earned our undying gratitude by his arrangement of some of the old music for the Virginals. Indeed, the arrangement is worthy of those survivals from a period when, to quote a contemporary boast, “England was justly proud of her composers.”

Of the younger men, we may mention Arnold Bax, W. H. Bell, Dale, Frank Bridge, and Cyril Scott, all of whom show something more than promise. Bax particularly seems to improve steadily year by year, while Cyril Scott is one of those fortunate composers whom it is impossible to argue about. One either likes his music or one does not. In the opinion of many competent judges, however, Dr. Vaughan-Williams is the most gifted of our younger school. Certainly his music does seem impregnated with the grey, cold atmosphere of the eastern counties. It is really English in feeling. Nobody but an Englishman could have written “In the Fen Country” or the song-cycle “The Shropshire Lad.” This characteristically English quality is obscured to many people by the fact that Dr. Vaughan-Williams has chosen to interpret it in that particular modern idiom which is associated with France. But surely the English composer has only shown the highest wisdom in learning his

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technique from those professors who have always excelled in technical accomplishment? More especially since the essential spirit of his music is not in the least affected by the means he employs to express it.

But if we may reasonably look to Dr. Vaughan-Williams to translate the wintry bleakness of our fogs into music, who will sing for us the summer freshness of our water-meadows, the exaltation of our down-land? There seems to be but little eagerness to indulge our fancy. Composer after composer has passed us by, pursuing German philosophy or Italian garishness. English simplicity has for many a long year been considered of no musical account. Yet it was the peculiar characteristic of the greatest English composer who ever lived. When England led the second violins in the orchestra of Europe, and had not yet been relegated to the post of sub-organist by Mynheer Handel, she excelled in two directions—church music and dramatic music. The dignity of the one and the lyrical “out-of-door” freshness of the other were justly celebrated,⁵ and if the mantle of Orlando Gibbons may be said to have fallen on Sir Edward Elgar, the mantle of Purcell is still suspended somewhere between heaven and earth.

But perhaps it will find a resting-place sooner than many people imagine. The enthusiastic revival of folk-music and Morris dancing which has characterised the last few years is not likely to be altogether fruitless. Indeed it cannot be too strongly impressed on our composers that their attention should be turned to the songs and dances of their own country. To begin with, they are musically most valuable: few, if any, nations can surpass us in this respect. And, more important still, the study of them will bring into English music just that attractive element which it lacks at present. Not that anybody, least of all the writer of this essay, wishes to make a fetish of folk-music. It is pure artistic snobbery to pretend, as do some pedants who ought to know better, that a folk-tune is necessarily more sacred than an art-tune. Nor is music which is based on a folk-theme *ipso facto* more truly national than any other music. What is wanted is that the spirit of our folk-songs should be incorporated into our modern music—which at present it most

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certainly is not. True, some of the Irishmen have served their country better. But the only English composer, apart from Dr. Vaughan-Williams, who remains consistently faithful to the traditions of England is Mr. Edward German. His delightful comic operas are always redolent of Morris dances and the lighter folk-songs. And the public unconsciously, perhaps, appreciates them for that very reason.

But undoubtedly the most serious defect in all British music is its lack of rhythm. Now the musical importance of rhythm can hardly be exaggerated, as Wagner pointed out long ago. It is the pulse of music, its very life-blood. It holds the attention of the listener even more surely than melody herself. We may probably trace our present lack of this most valuable quality to the long predominance of oratorio and second-rate church music. But we cannot pretend that it has at any time been the strong point of English composers. Even our traditional songs are rather deficient in rhythmical excellence compared to those of France or Russia. Yet it is curious to note that our Morris dances, more than almost any other national dances, postulate a strong rhythmical sense. Nor, apparently, are the English people wanting in rhythmical appreciation. Nearly all the popular songs of the last five or six years have been strongly and often admirably rhythmical. So that there is no cause to despair of ourselves in this respect. It merely looks as if the sense were there and had not yet been translated into music.

That there are other blots on our musical escutcheon cannot be denied. We have no national opera, though, thanks to the efforts of Mr. Beecham, we may yet manage to get one. But the whole question of English opera seems to revolve in a vicious circle. We cannot expect composers to write operas till there is a national opera-house to produce them, and there is no probability of seeing a national opera-house till there are sufficient English operas to form a repertory.

Furthermore, the taste of a large portion of our public has been vitiated by the drawing-room ballad. We have no reason to complain of our music-halls. Whatever their defects, they remain far superior to similar institutions in other countries and are perfectly harmless. But our drawing-room ballads, with

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their pretentious sentimentality, are probably the worst music to be found in this or any other universe. Fortunately, however, their influence seems to be on the wane.

It can hardly be urged that this consideration of our musical outlook is unduly optimistic. No attempt has been made to minimise the importance of what is bad or to exaggerate the influence of what is good in the present condition of affairs. Yet any impartial observer must surely be driven to the conclusion that the prospects of English music are, on the whole, decidedly bright. Its qualities are many and its defects remediable. In any case it is difficult to see to whom the future belongs if not to us. Only we need self-confidence. Musically speaking, we have always suffered from undue humility. A witty Japanese once remarked that perhaps the reason the Greeks excelled in sculpture was because they were not able to copy from the antique. In much the same spirit we may assert that the best thing that could happen to English musicians would be the imposition of a prohibitive tariff to prevent the further importation of all foreign masterpieces. For no music can hope to attain to cosmopolitan importance unless it be thoroughly national both in inception and in execution. English music has at last the chance to develop that quality.

Book Notices

POETRY AND DRAMA

AMBERGRIS: SELECTED POEMS OF ALEISTER CROWLEY. Elkin Mathews.
3s. 6d. net.

It is perhaps not uncharacteristic of the poet of these verses that he should give them a title which has really but little connection with them. A certain perverseness or wilfulness is manifest in much of his work, and surprise and paradox are effects which seem dear to him. For these poems are of Grecian rather than of Arabian or Persian origin, and the fragrance of *Ambergris* is a much lighter and more spiritual thing than the rich and arrogant perfume of Arabia. Maybe Mr. Crowley so entitled his poems, as one christens a child Rose or Wilhelmina or Théophile, without any descriptive or moral intentions at the back of one's mind. Maybe, he just fell a victim to the charms of a pretty word, as any susceptible poet might, and made her forthwith the doorkeeper of his poetic seraglio.

Perhaps it was not worth writing, since he who can afford to be vain can afford to forego the demands of his vanity, yet there it is, and of itself it would make one wonder if the author of *Ambergris* and some thirty other volumes had any right to be piqued because he is not as well known and as well acknowledged as he would like to be.

A glance through his press notices convinces one that there is at least a chance that he has such a right.

He has been roundly condemned, treated to impertinence, and in some cases extravagantly praised, but no one seems to have given him that deadly kind of appreciation which is the lazy critic's heart-felt thanks that there is nothing to criticise. Nobody has called him a classical poet, or "one who is preserving the best traditions of our noble heritage of song," or assured him that he is "of the true succession," or anything of that kind. This shows that there is, at least, a fair chance of his being a good poet, though of course it does not prove it, for it is possible for a man to be a very bad poet and yet not be praised by the Weary Willies of academic criticism. A first glance at *Ambergris* shows Mr. Aleister Crowley as perhaps the most passionate disciple poet ever had. Such imitation of Swinburne's manner, as is revealed in most of his early work, could only have been born of the strongest love for the champing colourous rhythms of the Victorian. By itself, for the passion which inspired it, it commands respect. But there is too much of such work included here. It prevents access to what is strong and personal in the book. It shows a passion which was one day bound to define itself in letters of original flame. It prophesied, but a sceptical world only believes such when they come true. That something has come true in our poet's case will be admitted, I think, on reading *Alice*:

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The stars are hidden in dark and mist,
The moon and sun are dead,
Because my love has caught and kissed
My body in her bed.
No light may shine this happy night—
Unless my Alice be the light.

This night—O never dawn shall crest
The world of waking,
Because my lover has my breast
On hers for dawn and spring.
This night shall never be withdrawn—
Unless my Alice be the dawn.

Mr. Crowley is very successful in this kind of thing. These love-songs of his have a wonderful ardour, an almost Sapphic fury. They flash and shine with images that are like little streaks of flame. Sometimes, though, he is more delicate and more ethereal as in the following verse from *Red Poppy*:

One kiss like snow to slip
Cool fragrance from thy lip
To melt on mine ;
One kiss, a white-sail ship
To laugh and leap and dip
Her brows divine ;
One kiss, a starbeam faint
With love of a sweet saint
Stolen like a sacrament
In the night's shrine.

The verse with which the book opens is a beautiful stanza. It has all the hard brilliance and the lustre which are characteristic of the writer's work. The opening picture breaks on the senses like a shaft of sudden sunshine.

Ere the grape of joy is golden
With the summer and the sun,
Ere the maidens un beholden
Gather one by one,
To the vineyard comes the shower,
No sweet rain to fresh the flower,
But the thunder rain that cleaves,
Rends and ruins tender leaves.

Among many things that occur to one in reading Mr. Crowley's verses is their singular disaversion from the things of the day, their entire lack of what is called "the modern note" in poetry. Of course such a devotion as in his early work he gave to Swinburne, Browning, and Shelley would not allow him to serve other masters. We must think that he deliberately shut his eyes to the writings of the intimate, romantic, impressionist school, or else how could so susceptible an artist have escaped its infection ?

Another thing that is apparent in this poet's work, despite the cumulative effect of his poems, is the fitfulness of his inspiration. His gift, splendid as it appears at times, is unique and occasional rather than rich and sustained. A journey through the garden of the poet's verses has all

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the excitement and the drawbacks of making one's way by means of the illumination of lightning. There is a lot of darkness to a small proportion of extreme brilliance, though, perhaps, as with all rare and superfine things, this is necessarily the case. It is their price.

I will now take some single images or metaphors from the poems and place them by themselves. It is in these things and by their quality that the poet is shown. Is this not natural, for what is art after all but one vain adjective for ever seeking its impossible noun? What is all poetry but one imperfect metaphor, an analogy made with one of the comparisons only half guessed at through Eternity's veil?

Observe the tremendous compression of thought in the lines, where the poet speaks of old love buried and seemingly forgot, rising up and breaking out from

. . . the untrusty coffin of the mind.

Again, what a delightful picture is suggested in the

winged ardour of the stately ships.

How closely those two words *winged* and *ardour* are bound! Welded in the original passion of creation, they hold their idea with a noble security. Criticism cannot sunder them. Beautiful, too, I fancy are the lines:

To some impossible diadem of dawn.

The trampling of his (the sun's) horses heard as wind.

My empire changes not with time.
Men's Kingdoms cadent as a rime
Move me as waves that rise and fall.

Of poetry Mr. Crowley says:

Thou art an Aphrodite; from the foam
Of golden grape and red thou risest up
Immaculate; *Thou hast an ebon comb*
Of shade and silence, and a jasper cup. . . .

This, of a lady:

So grave and delicate and tall—
Shall laughter never sweep
Like a moss-guarded waterfall,
Across her ivory sleep?

There are some noble and vigorous images scattered among Mr. Crowley's verses, whose invention alone marks him out as no inconsiderable poet.

For the rest, great metrical force, rhythms so violent as almost sometimes to exhaust themselves, and, in some of the later work, a curious employment in his philosophy of paradox—that Mr. Facing-Both-Ways of literary effects.

I will end on a lighter note, and quote the beautiful and tender song from *The Star and the Garter*. Is there not in it a reminiscence of all the beauty of our lives that has passed like water through the helpless senses? Is there not a certain very fairy and frosty note in this song, such as—to be

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ridiculously fanciful—an elf might make with a rose-leaf and a fretted mandoline of hoar-frost, something cold, yet warm at heart, like a very lovely yet unreachable lady, the lovelier for the pedestal of snows on which she is set ?

Make me a roseleaf with your mouth,
And I will waft it through the air
To some far garden of the South,
The herald of our happening there !

Fragrant, caressing, steals the breeze ;
Curls into kisses on your lips :—
I know interminable seas,
Winged ardour of the stately ships.

EDWARD STORER.

SONGS OF CHILDHOOD. By WALTER RAMAL. Longmans.
POEMS BY WALTER DE LA MARE. Murray.

In 1902 appeared a book of one hundred and six small pages called *Songs of Childhood* with the name "Walter Ramal" on the title-page. Two years later the short prose romance of *Henry Brocken* revealed that "Walter Ramal" was W. J. de la Mare. *Poems* by Walter de la Mare followed in 1906, of about the same length as the first book. Since then a few poems and stories by him have been seen in two or three different journals and magazines ; but these three are all his books. He has made no other appearance, nothing has been told of him, nothing said or done which might connect in the public mind the name of Walter de la Mare with this small body of poetry, as the names of men and their work are in the course of time connected so that the name comes to smell, as soon as heard, simply or subtly of the whole work and awakens a rich image of it. For nothing in his books except the beauty could encourage curiosity. The personal quality is intense and consistent, but it has no obvious egotism, no significant first person singular, no confession, defiance, lament, or hinted mystery. Mr. de la Mare's work is, in fact, the perfection of personality, and, in an impersonal way, without deliberation or obtrusiveness. He remains an entirely hidden magician behind his work. Seldom does he show himself, the author, even as much as in the beginning of *Miss Loo* :

When thin-strewn memory I look through,
I see most clearly poor Miss Loo.

For the most part his poetry has been what nearly all would agree to call logical. The chief exceptions are the series of "Characters from Shakespeare" in *Poems*, and even these are not unquestionable exceptions, because, though in blank verse and relating to well-known matters, they have an all but independent life. If it is of the essence of the lyric that it should have an independent life singing itself into the brain of the reader with no aid of past knowledge or present thought, but directly through the door of the individual spirit, then no question but Mr. de la Mare's poems are the purest lyrics. Most are very short and rhymed, the majority are no longer than a sonnet, but in a great variety of metres and stanza forms. The seconds during which the eye drinks up these few words are not too short for a door to swing silently wide open upon a dim-spread and strange

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world. Neither is this power due to any violence, extravagance, or marked peculiarity of thought or of rhythm, or of vocabulary, nor to any extraordinary choice of subjects. The movement of his verse is always half-hidden under the thought of which it forms a part. It is at his best in the inward melody, the spiritual or apparently bodiless rhythms, so characteristic of this age, in the work of men like Messrs. Bridges, Yeats, and Sturge Moore. Yet he can, and many times does much with customary and decided rhythm as in

No sound over the deep, only the desolate foam,
White in the evening mist, of the last wave home.

He has another poem called *Reverie* in the stanza of *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, used without innovation, in fact with greater rigidity; yet, if greater, with ease a picture of perfect and singular loveliness of a young girl:

It seems an inward melody
She paces to.

Another remarkable and characteristic achievement in this poem is that it makes us feel the absolute fitness of the girl's name. She is introduced at once in the opening line:

When slim Sophia mounts her horse . . .

And yet from beginning to end we do not hesitate; for not only is the name fit, but the poem gives a subtly powerful new personality to the name even in spite of any obscure prejudice due, perhaps, to its Hanoverian associations. Neither here nor perhaps anywhere else does the poet rely on fine words or references to traditionally rich or beautiful things. Out of what a simple and unadorned element is the beauty of *Lovelocks* made:

I watched the Lady Caroline
Bind up her dark and beauteous hair;
Her face was rosy in the glass,
And 'twixt the coils her hands would pass,
White in the candleshine.

Her bottles on the table lay,
Stoppered yet sweet of violet;
Her image in the mirror stooped
To view those locks as lightly looped
As cherry-boughs in May.

It is only in his poems of childhood—not always poems for children—that he uses conventions very noticeably.

It is no journey for Mr. de la Mare to his goblins, elves, witches, pilgrims, and mariners. They are as much a part of his world as the sea, or almond-trees, or flowers: his hooting goblins and droning bees are equally alive and impressive. He is Lord of Tartary, though he has written a poem on what he would do supposing that he were:

If I were Lord of Tartary,
Myself and me alone,
My bed should be of ivory,
Of beaten gold my throne;

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And in my court should peacocks flaunt,
And in my forests tigers haunt,
And in my pools great fishes slant
Their fins athwart the sun. . . .

And this is, too, nearly humorous to contradict what has been said of the poet's habitual indifference to pomp or rather to the language of pomp. Nowhere is the triumph of his hushed magic more complete than in these poems of childhood.

THE REVOLT OF WOMAN AND OTHER POEMS. By VIVIAN LOCKE ELLIS.
London : Locke Ellis. 1s. net.

There is a wonderful reward of lyrical poetry for any one who buys this tiny white book. Mr. Locke Ellis's poems have a solemn motion about them that comes from breathing the purer air of Parnassus. We confess that we have not understood the poem which gives its name to the book, which is the more remarkable because the other long poem in the collection, *A Dream of Babylon*, is full of a delicate imagery which is emotional without ever being obscure.

Mr. Feith Henderson has made an exquisite little drawing for a frontispiece.

THE HEART OF A DANCER AND OTHER VERSE. By W. W. PEPLOE. Edinburgh : Otto Schulze and Co.

These verses are heavily printed on a very large page and luxuriously bound. The titles, too, are luxurious. It is quite fascinating to read the list of contents : Liebestod, Fleur du Mal, Desdichado, Moment du Jeu, Anima Infidelis, Black Minor, are six consecutive titles which suggest devilry all over Europe : but when we turn to the poems themselves we find ourselves back in Edinburgh again.

RUMBO RHYMES : OR, THE GREAT COMBINE. A SATIRE. Written by ALFRED C. CALMOUR. Pictured by WALTER CRANE. London : Harper and Brothers. 5s. net.

Man being recognised (by himself) as " Lord of Creation," it is remarkable that the possibility, in these days, of the subject creatures combining to bring their grievances to his notice has not been foreseen.

Here at last is an account in rhyme of the great mass-meeting held, an Ourang-Outang in the chair, when

The victims of the pot and pan
Went forth against the tyrant man.

Mr. Walter Crane's pictures of all sorts of living things, clean and unclean, are admirable.

FICTION

HOWARD'S END. By E. M. FORSTER. Arnold. 6s.

Mr. Forster, though of a philosophic turn of mind, has achieved through a work of art what could not possibly be achieved through a thesis. He has given us a glimpse of the conglomerate life of changing England, and he has shown us the union of contraries, contraries which meet violently and

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settle down together according to the eternal reconciling order of things. We can think of no novel which gives us thus objectively and synthetically a representation of the march of forces in English life. For it is nothing less than England as a whole that he is envisaging here—England as a land, and England as a nation. “For what world are her fair complexities, her changes of soil, her sinuous coast? Does she belong to those who have moulded her and made her feared by other lands, or to those who have added nothing to her power, but have somehow seen her, seen the whole island at once, lying as a jewel in a silver sea, sailing as a ship of souls, with all the brave world’s fleet accompanying her towards eternity?”

The main conflict of forces lies between what for lack of better terms we must call the “practical” and “artistic” tempers. The former are represented in this novel by the family of the Wilcoxes; they are the extremes, representing common sense, hardness, fixity, conventionalism, financial integrity, and mercilessness. The extreme on the other side is represented in the person of Helen Schlyel, an imaginative, impetuous, idealistic but ill-balanced young lady. We have metallic fixity on the one side, boundless elasticity on the other. From real opposites, with a host of intermediate temperaments, is the nation composed; and Mr. Forster constructs it for us mainly in terms of its opposites.

“Only connect.” That is his motto. “Connect the prose and the passion, and both will be exalted, and human love will be seen at its height. Live in fragments no longer.” It is in Margaret Schlyel, Helen’s elder sister, that we find an embodiment of this connecting principle. She has the imagination and the humaneness of Helen; but she has also much of the common sense and the logic which the Wilcoxes would possess if only they could reason out their mechanical lives. Margaret is not nearly so real or so human as the hapless Helen; she is perhaps almost an abstraction invented to express the author; but she is very, very wise. It is she who first perceives how it was that Mrs. Wilcox could adore her old home, “Howard’s End,” as the “Holy of Holies,” and yet could think that her preposterous mechanical son “does see through foreigners so.” For “Howards End” is a symbol of England, is England in little. It is the house which Mrs. Wilcox loved. It is the property which Mr. Wilcox could “let.” It is all that is precious in English life, personal, sentimental, full of profound associations with the eternal past. And it is all that is progressive and odious in English life. It is a piece of property that can be bought and sold, that can fluctuate in value according as the suburbs do or do not come out to meet it. And what part does it play in the life of Leonard Bart—Leonard Bart, who belongs to the imaginative, artistic extreme, but is condemned to live his ignorant life in sordid, penniless misery? But then Leonard Bart, like Mr. Wilcox, could not “connect.” He could never find a *modus vivendi* between the ideal and the actual. So Leonard is a failure, and Helen is a failure, and the mechanical, prosperous Charles Wilcox is a failure; but Margaret is a success, a symbol of all that Mr. Forster would make consolatory to us and reassuring; for she is supposed to be one who makes and moulds, but retains the faculty of “seeing.”

Through this difficult maze Mr. Forster makes his way with wonderful lucidity. He has knit together his general view with an exact conception of individuals in a manner that is very striking. The characters are real, and the story as a whole is singularly coherent and illuminating.

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BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

AN ENGLISHMAN IN IRELAND. By R. A. SCOTT-JAMES. Photographs. Dent. 5s. net.

Mr. Scott-James went to Ireland in the spirit of a traveller. Setting out from Belfast in a canoe, he made inland by river, lake, and canal, till he struck the Shannon, down which he sped towards Limerick amid an excellent company of dangers from wind and wave and roaring bulls. Everywhere he felt as happily foreign—and as happily at home—as if he had been in Macedonia. He found even Belfast rich in foreign delights. His impressions of “things seen”—of hospitalities enjoyed, of local points-of-view, of places of haunting beauty like Clonmacnoise—convey to us much of the thrill and freshness of pleasant travel. One may agree or disagree with the general theories with which he brings his book to a close, but to accompany so open-eyed and open-hearted a traveller through the unfrequented places of Ireland is a happy experience for the imagination.

WILLIAM SHARP (FIONA MACLEOD). By ELIZABETH SHARP. Heinemann. 16s. net.

Mrs. Sharp's memoir of her husband contains some interesting letters from Pater, Meredith, Mr. W. B. Yeats, and other writers. Its chief interest, however, lies in its history of the Fiona Macleod mystery, and in the proofs it gives us that to some of Sharp's friends the mystery was never much of a mystery at all. The book leaves us a little puzzled as to why Sharp chose to write under the pseudonym: it reveals him to us, however, as a man who enjoyed dramatic assumptions of strange personalities. Mrs. Sharp has done nobly by her husband's fame in this volume.

CECIL RHODES: HIS PRIVATE LIFE. By His Private Secretary, PHILIP JOURDAIN. John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.

An artless and charming picture of the man which may fitly supplement—or mitigate, according to the point of view—the more familiar picture of him as financier and “Empire-builder.” It charms not so much from its enthusiasm (though there is enough of that) as from its obvious truthfulness and sincerity. Nothing is too trivial for Mr. Jourdain to mention—Rhodes's taste in mutton-chops, his dislike of empty tins (that prominent feature in the South African landscape), his preference for blue eyes, his latter-day passion for bridge (watched with a jealous eye by a secretary anxious about his master's health), his way of reading the paper (share list last), his indifference to women (it was mostly the silly or the calculating ones who came his way), his absurd quarrel with Luke Fildes over an unfinished portrait, and all manner of little details which help to reduce the Colossus to the ordinary dimensions of humanity. Many people will never have *liked* Rhodes until they have made his acquaintance from the secretarial point of view. Mr. Jourdain is no Boswell, any more than Rhodes is a Johnson; but he has caught something of his attitude.

ROSA BONHEUR. REMINISCENCES. By THEODORE STANTON. Melrose. 12s. 6d. net.

The author of this work has in several ways exceeded the limit of his title, for the book is more than a volume of reminiscences—it is an intimate,

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personal revelation of the woman, as well as of the artist. As all good biographers should, Mr. Stanton loves his subject, and by the time the reader has finished the second or third chapter he or she will feel somewhat in love with Rosa Bonheur too. And, on laying down the book, one knows Raymond Bonheur, Nathalie Micas, and the little circle of relatives and intimate friends who made up Rosa's life—knows them personally, for Mr. Stanton has done his work well, and, in addition to making a book of real personal interest, has contributed an important item to historical records. The plates accompanying his work are excellent, but the "Horse Fair" is so obvious a frontispiece that one feels almost surprised to find it in that position in this fine record of "a grand and valiant artist, a true and charitable friend, whose life-work is beautiful and will not perish."

THE ROMANCE OF PRINCESS AMELIA, INCLUDING EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE AND UNPUBLISHED PAPERS. By WILLIAM S. CHILDE-PEMBERTON. Eveleigh Nash. 16s. net.

There is pathos and tragedy in the life of this youngest, and the most amiable, of the numerous children of George III. He had little pleasure in any of them, and it was the death of Amelia in 1810—the book keeps the centenary—that brought about the return of the madness which was never again lifted. In this sketch of a slight, unhappy, and wasted life, most interest will be found in the story of the engagement—scandal has even said the marriage—to General FitzRoy, one of the king's equerries. The attachment lasted from childhood, and seems to have been, if not connived at, certainly not forbidden by the members of the family; the king, for his part, was as blind to domestic as he was to popular tendencies and remained, apparently, in complete ignorance till near the end. The Royal Marriage Act was an impenetrable obstacle, and during the last sad years the Princess had resigned herself to the death which had no great terrors for her. Her letters to FitzRoy leave no doubt of the sincerity of her affection and the sweetness of her disposition; she even signed herself "A. F. R."—a foolish fancy which easily gave rise to the rumours of a secret marriage. The most unpleasant passage in a painful story is of how the Prince of Wales (that latest *protégé* of Mr. Redford) contrived to outrage both personal honour and family affection by tricking FitzRoy out of the legacies the poor girl had left him.

CLARA NOVELLO'S REMINISCENCES. COMPILED BY HER DAUGHTER CONTESSA VALERIA GIGLIUCCI, WITH A MEMOIR BY ARTHUR D. COLERIDGE. Edward Arnold. 10s. net.

Though Clara Novello only died in 1908, her artistic career lay in what we are accustomed to regard as the remote past. Lamb wrote to her as a girl, and also told her, when she sang, to "stop that d——d noise": as a student in Paris she was kissed by two "very ugly" princesses, one of them the Duchesse d'Angoulême: she took the principal soprano part in Beethoven's Mass in D at its first performance in England: and at the Royal Musical Festival in Westminster Abbey in 1834 she sang with Grisi, Tamburini, Braham, and Rubini. Her popularity was at its height in this country during the fifties, when she returned to the platform in consequence of the confiscation of her husband's estates during the troubles of 1848. She was at her best in oratorio, bringing to the practice of that rather effete

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art a devotional sense which is not nowadays demanded of the Handelian artist. But her diary is less concerned with music than with personalities and impressions, and the changes incidental to a life mainly spent in different parts of the Continent. She has anecdotes of nearly all the eminent musicians of her times ; and it may serve a cautionary purpose to recall her remark that Florence Nightingale was criticised (like some other ladies of to-day) as being "unfeminine," and even as "hunting for a husband."

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF LORD BYRON. By FRANCIS GRIBBLE. London : Eveleigh Nash. 15s. net.

Mr. Gribble is, perhaps, correct in saying that the story of Byron's love affairs is the story of his life ; and he has in effect given us a new biography of the poet as a man and a new solution, of course, of the "mystery."

He writes with a light cynicism which sometimes for a horrible moment verges on the facetious ; but his manner is successful in making us realise the humanity of even a great genius ; he does not want to make a grand passion out of every slip of a girl with eyes like saucers who throws herself at a poet's head ; and he is not wanting a proper dignity when he touches the central problem of the book. Here two main theses are involved : first, that the one abiding love of Lord Byron's life was for Mary Chaworth, the vague figure who jilted him when he was only a fat school-boy. Secondly, that the charges brought against him and his sister Augusta Leigh by Lady Byron, the charges sanctimoniously revived by Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and argued in defence of his grandmother's memory by Lord Lovelace, were absolutely unfounded.

That Byron continued to love Mary Chaworth after their first separation, that he met her again, but found no happiness, and that he could not wholly forget her for all his poses and flirtations and sensualities, all this has, we think, been satisfactorily proved by Mr. Gribble, following up the lines of evidence suggested by Mr. Richard Edgcumbe ; letters, poems, and the fragmentary journal of 1813 leave no reasonable doubt. It is sufficiently evident that Byron never loved (in the English sense of the word) Jane Clairmont, and that his relations with her were no more edifying than those of Alfred de Musset with Aimée d'Alton : also that Lady Byron was just the sort of pious and strong-tempered woman who was capable of making any accusation when once her temper, or her piety, was aroused. Mr. Gribble has no difficulty in showing that the supposed proofs of the scandalous charges concerning Augusta Leigh which the late Lord Lovelace professed to print in *Astarte* are really remarkably slender, and are continually withdrawn as we approach them ; until they finally dwindle to one tender and mysterious letter written by Byron from Venice in 1818.

The picture one sees of Lord Byron after all this is rather sad. One wonders if Mr. Shaw had it in his mind when he gave us in *Man and Superman* his view of a Don Juan for ever struggling to escape from his "victims." Byron was persecuted by a series of women, from his nagging mother to the Guiccioli, who wanted to love or at least to tyrannise him ; he was bullied, jilted, and pursued by sentimentalists, flirts, and furies, till he plunged desperately into those Venetian orgies, from which he nobly escaped to join Mavrocordato at Missolonghi and die at last fighting with men.

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LETTERS AND SKETCHES FROM NORTHERN NIGERIA. By MARTIN S. KISCH. Chatto and Windus. 6s. net.

The sketches accompanying the letters, many of them evidently hastily executed little pen-pictures of two or three strokes, are quite the best part of this book. Mr. Kisch had a happy knack of catching and reproducing facial expressions, whether of his fellow-Europeans or of Nigerian natives, which redeems the "letters" from dulness. For these latter are links in a chain of missives written to friends, published without any alteration except the irritating substitution of dashes for the medial letters in such names as occur, and forming a more or less connected narrative of the work of an Assistant-Resident in the Niger territories. The book, according to its preface, is published as a memorial to an obscure empire-builder who evidently did his work well, and who, possessing no literary attainments worth mention, had Sambourneish skill with his pen. A useful outline of Nigerian history is appended to the work.

ESSAYS

ON LIFE AND LETTERS. By ANATOLE FRANCE. Translated by A. W. EVANS. First series. Lane. 6s.

Anatole France is the most personal of literary critics. "The good critic," he declares in the very famous preface to the present volume, "is he who relates the adventures of his own soul among masterpieces," and the criticisms contained here are as delightfully autobiographical in essence as the Diary of Samuel Pepys or Horace Walpole's letters. Balzac, Zola, George Sand, Paul Bourget, and Maupassant are among the author's fields of adventure. In Mr. Evans's skilful translation, *On Life and Letters* makes a most desirable book of criticism.

MAETERLINCK'S SYMBOLISM: THE BLUE BIRD AND OTHER ESSAYS. By HENRY ROSE. A. E. Fifield. 1s. net.

A thoughtful exposition of the moral meaning and purpose of the play throughout which the writer traces the influence of Swedenborg's mystic teaching. The other essays concern themselves with the religious teaching of Browning and with the part which music plays as a humanitarian and regenerative force in life.

NORWICH: A SOCIAL STUDY. By C. B. HAWKINS. Lee Warner. 5s. net.

The author of this study has evidently a very kindly feeling for his subject. He has compiled a clear, minute, and well-reasoned analysis of the social and economic conditions in an exceedingly interesting city, of which the variety of occupations pursued, and conditions—in many respects unique—affecting its workers, add value to his work. The book has a distinct value for students of social problems, but it is written, nevertheless, in a way which gives it value for the general reader, who may gather from its pages that this man knew Norwich, as he knew what to omit from his book as unessential to the subjects of which it treats. Like a good citizen, he has more than one word of praise for the "benevolent despotism" practised at the Carrow Works—where, among other estimable schemes, an old age pension scheme has been in force for some years, providing Messrs.

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Colman's superannuated employees with a pension of 8*s.* a week without any contribution being levied from their wages during the period of employment. Statistics, plentiful throughout the book, are not thrust forward as arbitrary and unassailable proof of points advanced, but are handled fairly and reasonably as evidence. Sometimes a gleam of purely personal observation creeps in among weightier matters, as—"the Hippodrome is at least 3*d.* [for admission] and if you have reached the stage of 'walking out,' it is *de rigueur* to go to the pit, which costs 6*d.*" That "*de rigueur*" is delightful!

PEOPLE AND QUESTIONS. By G. S. STREET. Martin Secker.

In this volume, Mr. Street has collected a number of essays that have appeared in magazines, delightful little *nugæ*, all of which show the writer to have the true literary touch. It is rather a conscious art, perhaps; nor does the philosophy of them cut down very deep. Yet Mr. Street is a philosopher in a charming worldly manner, seeing things and people with a kindly spirit of good-natured tolerance, himself in the pose of the literary epicurean who has just realised that he is getting on in life. We recommend them cordially, for they are more than merely amusing—they are human; more than mere flights of fancy—they are the honest works of a man who is an artist at heart and a gentleman, in the old sense of the word, in feeling, and Mr. Street's own diatribe on the "gentleman" will help to captain what we mean. This is a little book of a quality only too rare in these days of commercial writing.

CONFESSIONS OF A BARBARIAN. By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK. John Lane. 5*s.* net.

Mr. Viereck is an American of German extraction, and he finds the circumstance not only interesting, but momentous. He speaks of himself as "standing in symbolic relation to two hemispheres," as destined "to pry two worlds—Archimedes aspired to lift but one—out of the furrow of their mutual misconception." His book has not had quite that effect; but it is a clever and readably insolent analysis of European and American ideas and morals. (It is part of his point of view that "sex has nothing to do with morals. It belongs to the sphere of passion: being natural, it is immoral.") But the book will find its warmest admirers among those who appreciate the charm of egoism. "The distinguished Harvard Professor," he tells us, "was not far wrong when he said I was more interested in myself than in Europe." But it is good work.

THE MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS. By HARRY GRAHAM. Methuen and Co. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

We must admire the versatility of Mr. Graham, who, already known as the author of much light and agreeable verse and of a volume of pleasant historical studies, now appears as what may be called the undress historian of Parliament. The book is really a very happy combination of the serious and the frivolous sides of that great topic. It may be described as Erskine May diluted with copious dashes of Sir Henry Lucy and Mr. Michael MacDonagh. The man in the street who wants to get an idea of the working of Parliamentary institutions will find it here in the most easily

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assimilable form ; if, again, he seeks only Parliamentary "gossip," he will find it also in plenty. In its way, quite an admirable compilation, which cannot fail to find a considerable popularity.

EGYPT'S RUIN. By THEODORE ROTHSTEIN. A. E. Fifield.

This book is a detailed and uncompromising indictment of the British financial and administrative record in Egypt. It condemns also Lord Cromer's policy and reputation. The writer is much in earnest and supports his view with a wealth of statistics and references. Yet it makes one rub one's eyes to realise his confident belief that a continuance of the *régime* of Ismail Pasha with Ottoman control would have been better for the fellaheen. The author is "one who, though not himself an Englishman, has by his long residence among us made England his adopted home, and who has her honour sincerely at heart." Perhaps "courage" is the right word to use to describe the effort of the owner of these credentials to convince Englishmen that their work in Egypt is an organised hypocrisy instigated and run in the interests of Jewish moneylenders. Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt writes an introduction and associates himself with the views of the author.

HISTORICAL

AN OLIVE-BRANCH IN IRELAND AND ITS HISTORY. By WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M.P. Macmillan. 10s. net.

Mr. O'Brien here gives his reminiscences of Irish Parliamentary politics from the time of the O'Shea divorce case till the present day. He throws some interesting new light on the Boulogne negotiations, making it appear that Parnell was willing to retire and save the unity of the Irish party, had it not been for Mr. Dillon's inability to negotiate with ordinary tact. Mr. Dillon is the villain of the present book, for him alone there is no olive-branch. Mr. O'Brien, however, is, like most prophets, a man of fierce prejudices, and, much as his constructive arduours are to be admired, his destructive fury is often of a kind to appeal to the mob rather than the quiet reader. At the same time, in spite of many superfluous and whirling words, his book is fascinating and vital.

LIFE IN THE ROMAN WORLD OF NERO AND ST. PAUL. By T. G. TUCKER, Litt.D. Macmillan. 12s. 6d. net.

It is evidently Professor Tucker's aim to be at once as learned as a German and as lively as a journalist. Not that he thrusts his learning upon us. We are here told little of cognomen and agnomen and the dry details of Roman antiquities. The author attempts rather to give the general reader a broad view of life as it was lived in Rome and throughout the Roman world in the days of the Roman Empire. He has chapters on women, children, town-houses, furniture, amusements, travel, and twenty other subjects. He treats, too, of Imperial administration and taxes, and assures us that, even during the reigns of Nero and Caligula, Roman subjects, outside Rome itself, had little of which to complain. Professor Tucker sees things, however, from the point of view of the dominant Roman, not of the subject peoples. He writes lightly and interestingly, though he does not quite capture the imagination.

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LEADERS OF THE PEOPLE. STUDIES IN DEMOCRATIC HISTORY. By JOSEPH CLAYTON. Illustrated. Martin Secker. 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Clayton's historical "studies" stretch from Anselm at one end to Ernest Jones, the chartist, at the other. He "appreciates" Thomas Becket and Sir Thomas More in two excellent chapters, and in two other chapters he gives us refreshing appreciations of Wat Tyler, the first English democrat, and Jack Cade, the leader of the discontented Kentish squires. Mr. Clayton enjoys pointing a moral, and, in his essay on Eliot, Pym, and Hampden, he does not fail to comment on the decrease in the power of the House of Commons over the Ministry, as well as in other directions, in recent years. He expresses the hope that his chapters may be a contribution to the materials for a "history of the growth of the idea of freedom and popular liberty in this country."

THE INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY. By MAX NORDAU. Translated from the German by M. A. HAMILTON. London: Rebman, Ltd. 8s. net.

Dr. Nordau has written another brilliant book, not less fearless and original than his *Degeneration*, but less exaggerated and iconoclastic. The work itself is much broader than the title suggests, and covers, in a series of chapters each packed with original thought, the whole philosophy of man's position in the visible world. And as Dr. Nordau is agnostic in the best and accurate sense of the word the visible world is the only one with which he feels called upon to deal. This position is clearly expressed in the closing pages of the book, which exhort humanity to regard itself no longer *sub specie æternitatis*—that way lie fallacy and windy generalisation and philosophical terms which have no content—but *sub specie sæculi*.

Yet it is remarkable that the more limited outlook looks to a progress which other philosophers, in their anxiety for metaphysical or theological perquisites, have a tendency to neglect. The progressive adaptation of man to his environment, the gradual elimination of pain and poverty, the destruction of parasitism, give scope for the exercise of man's noblest powers, each generation working for its successor and finding happiness in the work, without being distracted by vain illusions or grasping at the distant stars. History is really a part of anthropology, the study of individuals or of communities in relation to their environment, as types or as departures from type. It would be impossible in a short notice to examine the wealth of this book, from the sceptical examination of the ordinary meanings of history and the writing of history in the first chapter to the inspiring close.

It would require a volume to praise Dr. Nordau, or to disagree with him. We may mention, however, that his besetting fallacy is that of intellectualism. It is probably a slip of language and not of thought; but he is continually falling into the false and misleading suggestion that human institutions were devised or thought out by priests or "exploiters." The Social Contract of Hobbes (with whom Dr. Nordau has much in common) and Rousseau is admirable as a working hypothesis; but it is impossible to protest too strongly at this time of day against such expressions as "the invention of the State" or "the invention of religion." The fallacy is one which is countenanced in the survey of savage institutions by such leaders as J. G. Frazer; but for the refutation of it Dr. Nordau might

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turn to the inaugural lecture of the Reader in Anthropology delivered at Oxford a few weeks ago.

BRITAIN B.C. AS DESCRIBED IN CLASSICAL WRITINGS. By HENRY SHARPE. Williams and Norgate. 5s.

"The history of Britain before the Christian era," says Mr. Sharpe, "has not yet been written." The present volume is only a contribution towards the materials for such a history, for the complete historian of the time will have to master the Celtic, as well as the classical, sources. It is good meanwhile to have all the references in Strabo, Polybius, Diodorus Siculus, Cæsar, Pliny, and the rest, intelligently brought together, as has been done by Mr. Sharpe in this volume. Incidentally, Mr. Sharpe discredits the old stories about Phœnician commerce with Cornwall and the Scilly Islands. He also holds that "before 300 B.C. Britain was peaceful and fairly civilised"

LONDON: THE CITY. By SIR WALTER BESANT. A. and C. Black. 30s. net.

In this, the seventh volume of Sir Walter Besant's monumental work, we arrive at topographical detail, the previous six volumes having exhausted the historical aspect of London. Most of the book was written by Sir Walter himself, and shows all the care and enthusiasm he lavished on his gigantic task: but he had, necessarily, to avail himself of the work of assistants, especially on such points as the descriptions of the City Companies and City churches. The plan of the book follows the lines of groups of streets, neglecting the arbitrary boundaries of wards. It is an ample, conscientious, and splendid record, and there is a reminder of the mortality of all such works in the fact that already, since the death of the author, some parts are out of date: so busy is the hand of change with London to-day.

THE GLORY OF THE SHIA WORLD. THE TALE OF A PILGRIMAGE. Translated and edited from a Persian Manuscript by MAJOR P. M. SYKES, C.M.S., assisted by KHAN BAHADUR AHMED DIN KHAN. Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.

The unattractive title of this book gives little idea of its contents, which are, in fact, the autobiography of Nurullah Khan, from the time when, in A.D. 1859, he "emerged from the plain of Nothingness into the atmosphere of Being," till the conclusion of a pilgrimage to Meshed which he undertook in fulfilment of a vow made during a cholera scare. Nurullah had made the acquaintance of an English doctor, and it was at his suggestion that he wrote this narrative of the well-to-do Persian life "for the information of the inhabitants of the Seven Climates" (it is a metaphorical phrase, and not a satire on the English weather). The story has all the freshness of perfect sincerity, and the glamour of unfamiliarity: it is one thing to read of Persian ways in the letters of the foreign observer, and quite another in the language of the Persian himself. Nurullah tells, with much interpolation from the poets, of his travels, his marriage (with "a houri with eyes like those of the gazelle, under eyebrows resembling a crescent moon"), his father and family life, his fellow-countrymen and official life and poetry and religion; all with much quaint detail and illus-

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trative anecdote. Here, for practically the first time, we have the Persian point of view.

SEA-WOLVES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN : THE GRAND PERIOD OF THE MOSLEM CORSAIRS. By COMMANDER E. HAMILTON CURREY, R.N. John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.

Commander Currey has written an admirable book on the biggest experiment in piracy the world has ever seen. What the Danes were to England in the days of King Alfred—only more so—the Moslem corsairs were to the Mediterranean during the sixteenth century. It was a strange evolution. Driven from Spain after the fall of Granada in 1492, the Moors underwent a sudden change of all their qualities. On shore learned, cultured, and civilised, they became, on taking to the sea, blood-thirsty savages of the worst description. For nearly a century—till the death of Ali Basha in 1580—they held the coasts practically at their mercy. Having the “habit of the sea,” they withstood all who were sent against them, even to the picked janizaries who had never before been known to fail. It was a discreditable episode in the history of dawning civilisation, and Commander Currey has rendered a service in compiling this account of these amazing ruffians. Their golden age closes with the death of Ali Basha, of whom we read that “in default of offspring he maintained at his charges five hundred corsairs, whom he called his children.”

THE ROMANCE OF BOOKSELLING : A HISTORY FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By FRANK A. MUMBY, WITH A BIBLIOGRAPHY by W. H. PEET. Chapman and Hall. 16s. net.

To write the history of bookselling is very much to write the history of books, and to write the history of books is to write the history of human thought. Mr. Mumby's big project results in a big book, which is, on the whole, more comprehensive than discriminating. Beginning with Babylonian book tablets, he brings us down to the latest accessions to the trade during the last few years—years which have, admittedly, been fraught with momentous changes for the trade. But its traditions have always been those of unrest ; and if to-day the publishers find themselves, as the Americans say, “up against” a censorship less defensible, because less responsible, than that of the Star Chamber, they have not to fear either the pillory or the hangman's axe which cut off the right hand of John Stubbs. That the loyal man, before he fainted, took off his hat with his left hand and cried, “God save the Queen !” is an incident in the annals of the trade which may be remembered against the sneers about “Barabbas.” The chief difference the years have brought is that publishers seem to have become less literary and more commercially minded, but that is a development not confined to their business, and is due more to economic reasons than to the theological one of original sin. It is interesting to learn that the vogue of Paternoster Row, which has recently been threatened by the migration of so many important firms westward, dates only from the days of Queen Anne. In earlier times the headquarters of the trade were St. Paul's Churchyard, while Paternoster Row was given over to “merciers, haberdashers, and sempstresses.” It is a fine instance of the reciprocal impulse in readjustment.

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GREEK INFLUENCE ON ENGLISH POETRY. By the late PROFESSOR J. CHURTON COLLINS. Edited, with an Introduction, by PROFESSOR M. MACMILLAN. London: Pitman and Sons. 3s. 6d. net.

In this little volume has been collected the last work of Professor Churton Collins, a course of five lectures which he delivered from the newly founded chair of English Literature in the University of Birmingham. They are here reprinted from his own notes, which he would certainly have expanded and developed before allowing their publication, showing as they do many signs of unfortunate haste and compression. And compression in such a subject sometimes involves apparent dogmatism and exaggeration. The five lectures are an admirable preliminary review of the influence of Greek thought in English literature, but space did not allow much discrimination among the sometimes very obscure witnesses who are summoned from the glorious company of English poets. Nor was Professor Collins ever fond of qualifying the opinions he based on an almost incredible erudition and a perfect memory. Some of the most interesting paragraphs of the book deal with Tennyson and Matthew Arnold. The Homeric feeling of the best passages of the *Idylls of the King* is well illustrated. We do not think it has ever been suggested before that the form of that work, the "idyllic epic" as Professor Collins calls it, was actually contemplated by Theocritus in the two poems dealing with the story of Heracles. The suggestion is possibly correct, but it is not probable that the idea had entered Tennyson's mind when he planned the *Idylls* which originated as we know with the single poem on the passing of Arthur. Professor Collins was splendidly equipped as a critic with learning and enthusiasm but he lacked sensitiveness. There is really nothing Greek in Swinburne's *Anactoria* except the text; and the remark that Keats "was too lazy and dissolute to undertake the drudgery necessary for the task of reading Greek poetry in the original" is simply astonishing. But these little lapses only revive in a reader the regret that Professor Collins did not live to correct them.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY AND OTHER FAIRY TALES. Retold by A. T. QUILLER-
COUCH. Illustrated by EDMUND DULAC. Hodder. 15s. net.

Mr. Dulac's illustrations are, of course, the reason of this beautiful book's being. Mr. Dulac, like Mr. Rackham, has a genius for taking the classics of childhood and giving them a new interest for old readers. Children will probably object that he does not really illustrate the stories, but merely uses them as a sort of screen upon which to throw his magic arrangements of bright and moony colours. He is a decorator, indeed, rather than an illustrator of books. But, at his best, as in the picture of Cinderella's coach hastening to the ball through an eighteenth-century moonscape, how exquisite a decorator! The stories retold in the present book are "The Sleeping Beauty," "Cinderella," "Bluebeard," and "Beauty and the Beast."

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